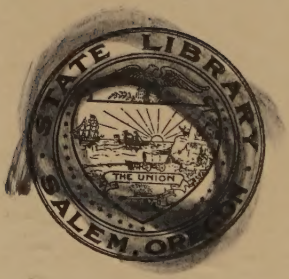
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WIT, WISDOM AND ELOQUENCE

HENRY CLAY'S FAREWELL TO THE SENATE

WIT, WISDOM AND ELOQUENCE

Compiled By
R. L. GRAY

Fourth Edition
REVISED AND ENLARGED

ATLANTA
THE HARRISON COMPANY
1930

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R. L. GRAY

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PREFACE

WHEN I was a practicing lawyer I kept a scrap book. And whenever I read a very amusing story, or some beautiful flight of oratory I put it in this book. After publishing my scrap book I visited a great many cities North and South selling my book, and in this way I met many talented lawyers, judges, and congressmen. This was a keen intellectual treat, especially as they bought and praised my book. Many of those I met made suggestions as to how I could improve it and told me of writings and speeches of which I had not heard. And with each new edition I revised and improved it. It was a common thing to be told that I ought to get some good publishers to take my book and thus be able to give it a wide sale as it deserved. And now I offer to the public this revised and enlarged fourth edition, which in the language of the great Daniel Webster, contains sentiments that "lift mortals to the skies and none of that other sentiment which would drag angels down." In very few instances have I published anything in full. It is a volume of excerpts. I have found in this busy age few have time to read long speeches and this is what makes this volume most interesting. I have, however, considering the great interest taken in Prohibition, published the great debate in full between those two doughty warriors, Senators Reed and Borah. I wish also to call attention to the excerpts and description of another historical debate—the one on the Slavery Question. This is by Senator Albert J. Beveridge, in his interesting Life of Lincoln. It is with the permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company, that I can give my readers this. The next debate of interest to which I wish to call attention, is given in excerpts from a great religious one between the Rev. Henry M. Field and Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. I have always found it to be a characteristic of the American people to wish to hear both sides of every question. Certainly that great humorist, Mark Twain, thought so, as he said he wanted to hear the Devil's side, before condemning him.

Colonel Ingersoll was certainly a very remarkable orator—I have many selections from him of the deepest interest. All these are given through the courtesy of his family. The reader will

also find most interesting the selections from that talented English writer, H. G. Wells. Certainly everyone should read his beautiful tribute to Christ. This is permitted through the courtesy of his publishers, The Macmillan Company. I wish to commend all I have from the late Henry W. Grady. As Ingersoll was the most brilliant orator of the North, Grady was the most brilliant of the South. I can recall with pleasure the days he thrilled the entire country, and especially the great North with his beautiful eloquence. Although he spoke in the years soon after the Civil War, when the land was full of bitterness, when there was crimination and recrimination, one will not find a single sentence of his marred by a bitter word. I am permitted to give all I have from him by the courtesy of his family. The reader will find some very fine excerpts from great jury speeches, through the courtesy of the Editor of *Classics of the Bar.* While I cannot expect the reader to agree with all I publish, I feel there is not to be found in the volume an ignoble nor unworthy sentiment. I feel that the stories are of the best, while the eloquence outranks the Olympian Gods. When going around over the country and meeting men of many minds, I came across some who would say, "You have some very fine things in your book, but I do not like this selection or I do not like this Author or the other one," and so refused to take a copy and thus deprived themselves of much pleasure. I have not been partial to any section but have taken selections from any one who uttered a very noble or lofty sentiment in eloquent language. I hope this little volume will broaden the minds of those who read it and rid them of intolerance. While we expect to appeal to the legal profession first, we feel that other professions, such as the medical and the clergy should be deeply interested. And although it might be expecting too much, we wish this volume to go into every home in the land—North and South, East and West, and to our Canadian and English cousins. I have enough material just as interesting as that in this volume, to make another volume, and we await the reception of this before publishing the second.

—R. L. Gray.

Staunton, Virginia, January 1, 1930.

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ANGLO-SAXON'S FOREMOST WITS, ORATORS, AND LOGICIANS

Henry W. Grady, Henry Clay, President Lincoln, Governor Robert Taylor, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Rev. Lyman Abbott, Rev. Henry M. Field, Mark Twain.

Senators John W. Daniel, Ben Hill, Voorhees and Reed.

W. C. Brann, H. G. Wells, Lord Erskine, and many others.

LAUGHTER AND CHEERS—CHEERS AND TEARS

Eloquence that outranks the Olympian Gods—that lifts mortals to the skies, and drags no angels down.

Reason holds aloft her inextinguishable torch while on the ever broadening brow of science falls the ever coming morning of an ever better day.

America

My Country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

The Star Spangled Banner

Oh say, can you see, by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in the air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
Oh say, does that star spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Grady's Bible Story

By HENRY W. GRADY

There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page, "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was"—then turning the page—"140 cubic feet long, forty cubic feet wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch inside and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: "Boys, this is the first time I ever met with this in the Bible, but I accept it as an evidence of the assertion that women are fearfully and wonderfully made."

Love—Marriage

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

I tell you, this is a pretty good world if we only love somebody in it; if we only make somebody happy. The man that has gained the love of one good, splendid, pure woman, his life has been a success, no matter if he dies in the ditch; and if he gets to be a crowned monarch of the world, and never had the love of one splendid heart, his life has been an aspen vapor. Let me say right here, I regard marriage as the holiest institution among men. Without the fire-side there is no human advancement; without the family relation there is no life worth living. Every good government is made up of good families, and anything that tends to destroy the family is perfectly devilish and infamous. Let me say right here—and I have thought a great deal about it—let me say right here—the grandest ambition that any man can possibly have, is to so live and so improve himself in heart and brain as to be worthy of the love of some splendid woman; and the grandest ambition of any girl is to make herself worthy of the love and adoration of some magnificent man.

The Jew and His Bacon

By CAPTAIN BUMGARDNER

There was a Jewish gentleman who went into a restaurant to get his dinner; and the devil of temptation whispered in his ear: "Eat some bacon." He knew that if there was anything in the universe calculated to excite the wrath of the God that made every shining star it was to see a gentleman eat bacon. He knew it—and he knew this Infinite Being was looking. But his appetite got the better of his conscience, as it often has with us all, and he ate that bacon. He knew it was wrong. When he went into that restaurant, the weather was delightful, the air was as blue as June. And when he came out, the sky was covered with angry clouds, the lightning leaping from one to the other, and the earth shook beneath the voice of thunder. And he went back into that restaurant with a face as white as milk, and he said to one of the keepers, "My God, did you ever hear such a fuss about a little piece of bacon?"

Tell All Your Faults to Your Girl

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

It is not necessary to be rich in order to be happy. It is only necessary to be in love. Thousands of men go to college and get a certificate that they have an education, and that certificate is in Latin, and they stop studying, and in two years to save their lives they couldn't read the certificate they got. It is mostly so in marrying. They stop courting when they get married. They think, we have won her, and that is enough. Ah! the difference before and after! How well they look! How bright their eyes! How light their steps, and how full they were of generosity and laughter! I tell you a man should consider himself in good luck if a woman loves him when he is doing his level best! Good luck! Good luck! And another thing that is the cause of much trouble is that people don't court fairly. They do what they

call putting their best foot forward. That means lying a little. I say put your worst foot forward. *If you have got any faults admit them.* If you drink, say so and quit it. *If you chew and smoke and swear, say so.* If some of your kindred are not very good people, say so. If you have had two or three that died on the gallows, or that ought to have died there, say so. Tell all your faults, then if she says she will have you, you have got the dead wood on that woman forever. I claim that there should be perfect equality in the home, and I cannot think of anything nearer heaven than a home where there is true republicanism and true democracy at the fireside. All are equal.

And then, do you know, I like to think that love is eternal; that if you really love the woman, for her sake, you will love her no matter what she may do; that if she really loves you, for your sake, the same—if you really love her you will always see the face you loved and won.

Against the Saloon

By HENRY W. GRADY

My friends, hesitate before you vote liquor back into Atlanta, now that it is shut out. Don't trust it. It is powerful, aggressive and universal in its attacks. Tonight it enters an humble home to strike the roses from a woman's cheek, and tomorrow it challenges this Republic in the halls of Congress. Today it strikes a crust from the lips of a starving child, and tomorrow levies tribute from the Government itself. There is no cottage in this city humble enough to escape it—no palace strong enough to shut it out. It defies the law when it cannot coerce suffrage. It is flexible to cajole, but merciless in victory. It is the mortal enemy of peace and order. The despoiler of men, the terror of women, the cloud that shadows the face of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshrived to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues to Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua stood beyond Jericho. O,

my countrymen! loving God and humanity, do not bring this grand old city again under the dominion of that power. It can profit no man by its return. It can uplift no industry, revive no interest, remedy no wrong. You know that it cannot. It comes to ruin, and it shall profit mainly by the ruin of your sons or mine. It comes to mislead human souls and crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels. It comes to bring gray-haired mothers down in shame and sorrow to their graves. It comes to turn the wife's love into despair and her pride into shame. It comes to still the laughter on the lips of little children. It comes to stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation. It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home, and it knows that it must measure its prosperity by the swiftness and certainty with which it wrecks this work.

Have you thought about what a distress warrant is? Have you ever thought about a woman being turned out of her house—the little cottage that covers her and her children? Can you picture—you who live in comfortable homes filled with light and warmth and books and joy, can you think of these people—human beings, our brothers and sisters—the poor mother, brave, though her heart is breaking, huddling her children about her—and the father, weak but loving, and loving all the deeper because he knows his weakness has brought them to this want and degradation—little children asking, "Mamma, where will we sleep tonight?" Can you picture that, and then their taking themselves up and the woman putting her hand with undying love and faith in the hand of the man she swore to follow through good and evil report, and marching up and down the street—this pitiable procession—through the unthinking streets, by laughing children and shining windows, looking for a hole where, like the foxes, they may hide their poor heads? My friends, they talk to you about personal liberty, that a man should have the right to go into a grog shop and see this pitiful procession now stopped—parading up and down our streets again. They talk to you about the shades of Washington and Monroe—and Jefferson. I would not

give one happy, rosy little woman, uplifted from that degradation—happy again in her home, the cricket chirping on her hearthstone, and her children about her knees, her husband redeemed from drink at her side—I would not give one of them for all the shades of all the men that ever contended since Cæsar fought and Cataline conspired.

In Hell at Last

By FLETCHER VINCENT

Before the war the Therminites near Bridgewater, Va., believed that the world was coming to an end upon a certain day, and an old preacher gathered his flock together to preach to them so that he could be making them ready for the next world at the time this one should come to an end—so he was seated upon a straw stack preaching, and after a while he fell asleep, and some boys seeing him asleep set fire to the stack, and when the flames gathered around the old fellow he jumped up and exclaimed: "In hell at last, just as I expected."

The Anglo Saxon

By HENRY W. GRADY

The Anglo Saxon blood has dominated always and everywhere. It fed Alfred when he wrote the charter of English liberty; it gathered about Hampden as he stood beneath the oak; it thundered in Cromwell's veins as he fought his king; it humbled Napoleon at Waterloo; it has touched the desert and jungle with undying glory; it carried the drumbeat of England around the world and spread on every continent the gospel of liberty; it established this republic, carved it from the wilderness, conquered it from the Indians, wrested it from England, and at last stilling its own tumult, conquered it forever as the home of the Anglo Saxon, and the theatre of his transcending achievement.

Tom Marshall's Wit

By ZEB VANCE

One time General Tom Marshall was speaking to a large gathering in Buffalo, when some one present, every few moments, kept shouting, "Louder! Louder!" Tom stood this for a while, but at last, turning gravely to the presiding officer, he said: "Mr. Chairman. At the last day, when the angel Gabriel shall, with his golden trumpet, proclaim that time shall be no longer; when the quick and dead shall appear before the Mercy Seat to be judged, I doubt not, sir, that the solemnity of that solemn and awful scene will be interrupted by some drunken fool from Buffalo, shouting, 'Louder, louder! Sir!'"

Lizard Story

By A. LINCOLN

"The meeting house," he said, "was in the woods and quite a distance from any other house. It was only used once a month. A preacher—an old line Baptist—was dressed in coarse linen pantaloons, and shirt of the same material. The pants, manufactured after the old fashion, with baggy legs and flap in front, were made to attach to his frame without the aid of suspenders. A single button held his shirt in position, and that was at the collar. He rose up in the pulpit and with a loud voice announced his text thus: 'I am the Christ, whom I shall represent today.' About this time a little blue lizard ran up underneath his roomy pantaloons. The old preacher, not wishing to interrupt the steady flow of his sermon, slapped away on his legs, expected to arrest the intruder; but his efforts were unavailing, and the little fellow kept on ascending higher and higher. Continuing the sermon the preacher slyly loosed the central button which graced the waist-band of his pantaloons, and with a kick, off came that easy-fitting garment. But meanwhile Mr. Lizard had passed the equatorial line of waist-band and was calmly exploring that part

of the preacher's anatomy which lay underneath the back of his shirt. Things were now growing interesting, but the sermon was still grinding on. The next movement on the preacher's part was for the collar button, and with one sweep of his arm off came the tow linen shirt. The congregation sat for an instant as if dazed; at length one old lady in the rear of the room rose up and glancing at the excited object in the pulpit, shouted at the top of her voice: 'If you represent Christ, then I'm done with the Bible.'"

Woman's Love

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

The one thing constant, the one peak that rises above all clouds, the one window in which the light forever burns, the one star that darkness cannot quench, is woman's love. Love, human love, love of men and women, love of mothers, fathers, and babes, is the perpetual and beneficient force. Not the love of phantoms, the love that builds cathedrals and dungeons, that trembles and prays, that kneels and curses; but the real love, the love that felled the forests, navigated the seas, subdued the earth, explored continents, built countless homes, and founded nations—the love that kindled the creative flame and wrought the miracles of art, that gave us all there is of music, from the cradle song that gives to infancy its smiling sleep to the great symphony that bears the souls away with wings of fire—the real love, mother of every virtue and of every joy.

Vision of Country's Capitol

By HENRY W. GRADY

A few Sundays ago I stood on a hill in Washington. My heart thrilled as I looked on the towering marble of my country's Capitol, and a mist gathered in my eyes as, standing there I thought of its tremendous significance and the powers there as-

sembled, and the responsibilities there centered—its army, its presidents, its congress, its courts, its gathered treasure, its navy, and its sixty million citizens. It seemed to me the best and mightiest sight that the sun could find in its wheeling course—this majestic home of liberty. A few days later I visited a country home. A modest, quiet house sheltered by great trees and set in a circle of field and meadow, gracious with the promise of harvest—barns and cribs well filled and the old smoke-house odorous with treasure—inside the house thrift, comfort, and that cleanliness that is next to godliness—outside stood the master strong and wholesome and upright, wearing no man's collar; with no mortgage on his roof, and no lien on his ripening harvest —nearby stood his aged father, happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to the house the old man's hands rested on the young man's shoulder, as they drew near the door the old mother appeared; the sunset falling on her face, softening its wrinkles and its tenderness, lighting up her patient eyes, and the rich music of her heart trembling on her lips, as in simple phrase she welcomed her husband and son to their home. Beyond was the good wife, true of touch and tender, happy amid her household cares. And the children, strong and sturdy, trooping down the lane with the lowing herd, or weary of simple sports, seeking, as truant birds do, the quiet of the old home nest. And I saw the night descend on that home, falling gently as from the wings of the unseen dove. And the stars swarmed in the bending skies—the trees thrilled with the crickets' cry—the restless birds called from the neighboring wood and the father, a simple man, gathering the family about him. And as I gazed the memory of the great Capitol faded from my brain. Forgotten its treasure and its splendor. And I said, "Surely here—here, in the homes of the people is lodged the ark of the covenant of my country. Here is its majesty and its strength. The homes of the people; let us keep them pure and independent and all will be well with the Republic."

The Death of Grady

By JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES

Oh, brilliant and incomparable Grady! We lay for a season thy precious dust beneath the soil that bore and cherished thee, but we fling back against all our brightening skies the thoughtless speech that calls thee dead! God reigns and His purpose lives, and although these brave lips are silent here, the seeds sown in his incarnate eloquence will sprinkle patriots through the years to come, and perpetuate thy living in a race of nobler men!

But all our words are empty, and they mock the air. If we should speak the eulogy that fills this day, let us build within the city that he loved, a monument tall as his services, and noble as the place he filled. Let every Georgian lend a hand, and as it rises to confront in majesty his darkened home, let the widow who weeps there be told that every stone that makes it has been sawn from the sound prosperity that he builded and that the light which plays upon its summit is, in afterglow, the sunshine that he brought into the world.

And for the rest—silence. The sweetest thing about his funeral was that no sound broke the stillness save the reading of the Scriptures, and the melody of music. No fire that can be kindled upon the altar of speech can relume the radiant spark that perished yesterday. No blaze born in all our eulogy can burn beside the sunlight of his useful life. After all, there is nothing grander than such living.

I have seen the light that gleamed from the headlight of some giant engine rushing onward through the darkness, heedless of opposition, fearless of danger, and I thought it was grand. I have seen the light come over the eastern hills in glory, driving the hazy darkness like mist before a sea-born gale, till leaf and tree and blade of grass glitttered in the myriad diamonds of the morning ray, and I thought it was grand. I have seen the light that leaped at midnight athwart the storm-swept sky, shivering over chaotic clouds, mid howling winds, till cloud and darkness

and the shadow-haunted earth flashed into midday splendor, and I knew it was grand. But the grandest thing next to the radiance that flows from the Almighty Throne is the light of a noble and beautiful life, wrapping itself in benediction round the destinies of men, and finding its home in the blessed bosom of the Everlasting God.

Vision of a Wounded Soldier

By Henry W. Grady

A soldier lay wounded on a hard fought field, the roar of the battle had died away, and he rested in the deadly stillness of its aftermath. Not a sound was heard as he lay there sorely smitten and speechless, but the shriek of wounded and the sigh of the dying soul, as it escaped from the tumult of earth into the unspeakable peace of the stars. Over the field flickered the lanterns of the surgeons with the litter bearers, searching that they might take away those whose lives could be saved and leave in sorrow those who were doomed to die with pleading eyes through the darkness. This poor soldier watched, unable to turn or to speak as the lanterns drew near. At last the light flashed in his face, and the surgeon with kindly face bent over him, hesitated a moment, shook his head, and was gone, leaving the poor fellow alone with death. He watched in patient agony as they went on from one part of the field to another. As they came back the surgeon bent over him again. "I believe if this poor fellow lives to sun-down tomorrow he will get well." And again leaving him, not to death but with hope; all night these words fell into his heart as the dew fell from the stars upon his lips, "If he but lives till sun-down, he will get well."

He turned his weary head to the east and watched for the coming sun. At last the stars went out, the east trembled with radiance, and the sun slowly lifting above the horizon tinged his pallid face with flame. He watched it inch by inch as it climbed slowly up the heavens. He thought of life—its hopes and am-

bitions, its sweetness and its raptures—and he fortified his soul against despair until the sun had reached high noon. It sloped down its slow descent, and his life was ebbing away and his heart was faltering, and he needed stronger stimulants to make him stand the struggle until the end of the day had come. He thought of his far-off home—the blessed house resting in the tranquil peace with the roses climbing to its door, and the trees whispering to its windows and dozing in the sunshine, the orchard and the little brook running like a silver thread through the forests. "If I live till sundown I will see it again. I will walk down the shady lane; I will open the battered gate, and the mocking bird shall call to me from the orchard, and I will drink again at the old mossy spring." And he thought of the wife who had come from the neighboring farm house and put her hand shyly in his, and brought sweetness to his life and light to his home. "If I live till sun-down I shall look once more into her deep and loving eyes and press her brown head once more to my aching breast." And he thought of his old father patient in prayer, bending lower every day under his load of sorrow and old age. "If I but live till sun-down I shall see him again and wind my strong arms about his feeble body, and his hands shall rest upon my head while the unspeakable healing of his blessing falls into my heart." And he thought of the little children that clambered on his knees and tangled their hands into his heart-strings, making to him such music as the world shall not equal or heaven surpass. "If I live till sun-down they shall again find my parched lips with their warm mouths, and their little fingers shall run once more over my face." And he then thought of his old mother, who gathered these children about her and breathed her old heart afresh in their brightness and attuned her old lips anew to their prattle, that she might live till her big boy came home. "If I live till sun-down I will see her again, and I will rest my head at my old place on her knees, and weep away all memory of this desolate night." And the Son of God, who had died for men, bending from the stars, put the hand that had been

nailed to the cross on ebbing life and held on the staunch until the sun went down and the stars came out, and shone down in the brave man's heart and blurred in his glistening eyes, and the lanterns of the surgeons came and he was taken from death to life. The world is a battlefield strewn with the wrecks of governments, of institutions, of theories and faiths that have gone down in the ravages of years.

Another of Old Abe Lincoln's Stories

Mr. Lincoln said he was trying a case in Illinois when he appeared for a prisoner charged with aggravated assault and battery. The complainant had told a horrible story of the attack, which his appearance fully justified, when the district attorney handed the witness over to Mr. Lincoln for cross-examination. Mr. Lincoln said he had no testimony, and unless he could break down the complainant's story he saw no way out. He had come to the conclusion that the witness was a bumptious man, who rather prided himself upon his smartness in repartee, and so after looking at him for some minutes he said: "Well, my friend, how much ground did you and my client here fight over?" The fellow answered: "About six acres." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "don't you think that this is an almighty small crop of fight to gather from such a big piece of ground?" The jury laughed, the court and district attorney, and complainants all joined in and the case was laughed out of court."

The Old Methodist Woman

By ZEB VANCE

There was a good old Methodist woman who was invited by a Presbyterian woman friend to go to her Presbyterian Church to hear a Presbyterian preacher. Well, when they got there, they took seats up in the amen corner, and to the surprise of the good old Methodist woman, she found that the Presbyterian preacher could preach a real soul-stirring sermon, and she expressed her

satisfaction by saying Amen. This attracted the attention of the Presbyterian deacons, and they commenced looking cross-eyed at her. But the sermon grew better and better, and the Methodist woman was soon crying, "Hallelujah!" The dignity of the Presbyterian deacons was shocked. From crying "Hallelujah" the good old Methodist woman soon got to clapping her hands and shouting. This was too much for the deacons, and two of them took hold of her and picking her up, carried her out of the church. As they passed down the aisle with her, she exclaimed, "I cannot stand the honor," and repeated this statement several times, "I cannot stand the honor." The curiosity of the old deacons was excited to know what she meant, and when they put her down in the vestibule of the church, they asked why she had said what she did. She replied: "Christ rode out of Jerusalem on one donkey, and I have ridden out of this church on two."

Denounces Dictators

By HENRY CLAY

Recall to your recollection the free nations which have gone before us. Where are they now? Gone, glimmering through the dream of things that were, a school boy's tale, the wonder of an hour.

And how have they lost their liberties? If we could transport ourselves back to the ages when Greece and Rome fluorished in their greatest prosperity, and mingling in the throngs, should ask a Grecian if he did not fear that some daring military chieftain, covered with glory, some Philip, or Alexander, would one day overthrow the liberties of his country? The confident and indignant Grecian would exclaim, "No, we have nothing to fear from our heroes, our liberties will be eternal!" If a Roman citizen had been asked if he did not fear that the conqueror of Gaul might establish a throne upon the ruins of public liberty, he would have instantly repelled the unjust insinuation. Yet Greece fell, Caesar passed the Rubicon, and the patriotic arm

even of Brutus could not preserve the liberties of his devoted country. And when in the very year it was declared that monarchy would never more rear its frightful head in France, Bonapart, with his grenadiers, entered the palace of St. Cloud, and dispersing with the bayonet the deputies of the people, deliberating upon the affairs of state, laid the foundation of that vast fabric of despotism which over-shadowed all Europe. Remember that Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar, England her Cromwell, France her Bonapart, and that if we could escape the rock upon which they split, we must avoid their errors!

The Great Slavery Compromise of 1850

Great Actors on This Senate Stage, Webster, Clay and Calhoun

From Albert J. Beveridge's "Life of Lincoln"

(Permission of Houghton Mifflin Company)

The venerable Kentuckian Henry Clay took the floor in support of his proposals. The Senate Chamber was crowded and the corridors were so thronged that the Vice-President ordered all doors closed and the anterooms cleared. Clay was in his seventy-third year and showed his age. His cheeks were sunken, nose pinched, head bald on top, and a fringe of long, gray hair fell upon his shoulders. He was dressed in solid black and from a high black satin stock emerged a "huge white shirt collar, which reached his ears."

Clay made no effort to conceal his profound emotion, and began with a prayer that God would avert disaster—never had he spoken to "any assembly so oppressed, so appalled, so anxious," he solemnly avowed. . . .

Such was the situation when on March 7, 1850, Webster made his appeal for the Union. "All hopes rest on Mr. Webster," wrote an uncommonly careful and well-posted Washington correspondent. Early in the morning the Sergeant-at-Arms of

the Senate went to the house of the sick, old statesman and told him that the Senate Chamber was already crowded. When Senators arrived, they found that, for hours, their seats had been occupied by women, while members of the House and distinguished men from all over the country filled the aisles. Foreign ministers were present, alertly attentive. The galleries were packed, the corridors and every approach to the Senate room densely crowded by throngs struggling to get within the sound of Webster's voice. Never in our history had so many people tried to hear a speech in Congress. . . .

Throughout the heated debate he had uttered scarcely a word, listening in silence, his features immovable but troubled, his great dark eyes growing ever more sombre, his still but gloomy attitude ever more determined. And now the time had come for him to speak. It was to be the last of Webster's historic deliverances, and it was to end all hope, if any remained, of his political advancement. Webster knew the storm which the plea he was about to deliver would bring down upon him. "I have my doubts that the speech I am going to make will ruin me," he had told a colleague that morning.

Breathless silence fell when Webster arose. For a moment he stood, every eye focused upon him, every ear strained to catch the first note of that composed but sonorous voice. "Mr. President," he began, "I wish to speak today, not as a Massachusetts man, nor as a Northern man, but as an American . . . I speak today for the preservation of the Union. "Hear me for my cause." How fortunate that there was a Senate of the United States, he said, "a body to which the country looks with confidence, for wise, moderate, patriotic, and healing counsels."

Webster had spoken but a short time when a tall, gaunt figure, a long black cloak gathered about him, tottered into the Chamber and was helped to his chair by a fellow Senator. John C. Calhoun had risen from his death-bed to come to the Senate and hear his ancient friend and colleague, albeit his antagonist. When he had listened to Webster's last word, he uttered with

unexpected spirit a few sentences in answer, and went home to die. Between Webster and Calhoun there was mingled admiration, respect, and affection which conflict of ideas never impaired.

Soon Webster reached the subject of slavery. He conceded that it always had existed—it had prevailed among the Jews, the Greeks, the Romans. The "Gospel of Jesus Christ" did not condemn it. So stood the record of the ages; but now two sections of the American Nation held opposite views. The Southern people had been accustomed all their lives "to this relation between the two races," had been taught from their birth to treat slaves "with care and kindness" and, "in general," had done so. "There are thousands of religious men, with consciences as tender as any of their brethren at the North, who do not see the unlawfulness of slavery," said Webster. Southern supporters of the institution were "just as conscientious" as the Northern opponents of it. . . . .

Webster declared that he had no opinion as to how slavery could be extinguished; but "if any gentleman from the South shall propose a scheme, to be carried on by this government upon a large scale, for the transportation of free colored people to any colony or any place in the world." Webster vowed that he would "incur almost any degree of expense to accomplish that object."

Slowly Calhoun rose and, with unforseen strength and surprising resonance of voice, spoke briefly in reply. . . . .

No man would be so happy as he, if he could believe that "this Union, formed by our ancestors, should live forever." In his services "of *forty* years," he had done nothing to weaken it, insisted Calhoun, for he had "done full justice to all sections." But Webster was mistaken in thinking that the Union could not be dissolved. Could "no degree of oppression, no outrage, no broken faith . . . produce the destruction of this Union? Why, sir, if that becomes a fixed fact, it will itself become the great instrument of producing oppression, outrage, and broken

faith. No, sir! The Union can be broken. Great moral causes will break it, if they go on; and it can only be preserved by justice, good faith, and a rigid adherence to the Constitution." . . . As the debate went forward, Webster took the floor now and then, to advance the compromise. . . .

"Sir, my object is peace. My object is reconciliation. . . . I am against agitators, North and South. I am against local ideas, North and South. . . . I know no locality in America. . . . I shall pursue such a course as shall promote the good, and the harmony, and the union of the whole country. This I shall do, God willing, to the end of the chapter." . . .

"Sir, I shall stand by the Union, and by all who stand by it. . . . I mean to stand upon the Constitution. . . . I shall know but one country. . . . I was born an American; I will live an American; I shall die an American; . . . What are personal consequences? . . . No man can suffer too much, and no man can fall too soon, if he suffer or if he fall in defense of the liberties and Constitution of his country."

These were the last words ever spoken by Daniel Webster in the Senate of the United States. . . .

Love for the Union

By HENRY W. GRADY

Let me say here that I yield to no man in my love for this Union. I was taught from my cradle to love it, and my father, loving it to the last, nevertheless gave his life for Georgia when she asked it at his hands. Loving the Union as he did, yet would I do unto Georgia even as he did. I said once in New York, and I repeat it here, honoring his memory as I do nothing on this earth, I still thank God that the American conflict was adjudged by higher wisdom than his or mine, that the honest purposes of the South were crossed, her brave armies beaten, and the American Union saved from the storm of war. I love this Union because I am an American citizen. I love it because it stands in

the light while other nations are groping in the dark. I love it because here, in this republic of a homogeneous people, must be worked out the great problem that perplex the world and establish the axioms that must uplift and regenerate humanity. I love it because it is my country, and my State stood by when its flag was once unfurled, and uplifted her stainless sword, and pledged "her life, her property and her sacred honor," and when the last star glittered from the silken folds, and with her precious blood wrote her loyalty in its crimson bars. I love it, because I know its flag, fluttering from the misty heights of the future, followed by a devoted people once estranged and thereby closer bound, shall blaze out the way, and make clear the path up which all the nations of the earth shall come in God's appointed time.

No Kings—No Popes—No Titled Nobility—No Drunkenness—No Prohibition

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

If I had the power to produce exactly what I want for next Christmas, I would have all the kings and emperors resign and allow the people to govern themselves.

I would have all the nobility drop their titles and give their lands back to the people. I would have the Pope throw away his tiara, take off his sacred vestments, and admit that he is not acting for God—is not infallible—but is just an ordinary Italian. I would have all the . . . priests and clergymen . . . tell all their "flocks" to think for themselves, to be manly men and womanly women, and to do all in their power to increase the sum of human happiness.

I would have all the professors in colleges, all the teachers in schools of every kind, including those in Sunday schools, agree that they would teach only what they know, that they would not palm off guesses as demonstrated truths.

I would like to see all the politicians changed to statesmen—to men who long to make their country great and free—to

men who care more for public good than private gain—men who long to be of use.

I would like to see all the editors of papers and magazines agree to print the truth and nothing but the truth, to avoid all slander and misrepresentation, and to let the private affairs of the people alone.

I would like to see drunkenness and prohibition both abolished.

I would like to see corporal punishment done away with in every home, in every school, in every asylum, reformatory, and prison. Cruelty hardens and degrades, kindness reforms and ennobles.

I would like to see the millionaires unite and form a trust for the public good.

I would like to see a fair division of profits between capital and labor, so that the toiler could save enough to mingle a little June with the December of his life.

I would like to see an international court established in which to settle disputes between nations, so that armies could be disbanded and the great navies allowed to rust and rot in perfect peace.

I would like to see the whole world free—free from injustice —free from superstition.

This will do for next Christmas. The following Christmas, I may want more.

The Bear Story

By HARRY ST. GEORGE TUCKER

A Rocky Mountain hunter met a bear in a level trail on a mountain side, with a cliff on the one hand and a perpendicular precipice on the other. This bear hunter could neither dodge to the right or to the left, there was no friendly tree near, his only weapon his knife, and no alternative but to fight. It was to be the bear fight of his life. He knelt down and made this prayer: "Oh Lord! I am now forty years of age, and I never prayed

to Thee before in all my life. I am not like the Methodist and Baptist, who are constantly worrying Thee with their little cares. All I have to say is, if you are not on my side don't be on the bear's side, but lay low and say nothing, and see the biggest bear fight you ever read about."

Amusing Examination of Law Student

By Judge Joe Baldwin

Judge: Mr. Knowly, what is an estate female, contingent on the happening of a past event, limited by contingent devise to the children of grantees after possibility of issue extinct considered with reference to the statute De Donis?

Knowly: Squire, the devil himself couldn't answer that, and I guess he's as smart as airy other lawyer—but I reckon it is——

Judge: What is a chose in action?

Knowly: A chosen action? eh?—yes—exactly—just so—a chosen action? Why, a chosen action is—where a man's got a right to fetch two or three actions, and he chuses one of 'em which he will fetch—the one that's chuse is the chosen action; that's easy, Squire.

Judge: Well, what is a chose in possession?

Knowly: A chosen possession? A chosen possession? Why, Squire, if a man has two possessions to be chuse, which he is to chuse as a guardeen which the estate have not been divided, and they come to a divide of it in lots which the commissioners has set aside and prized, and he chuses one of them possessions, which one he chuses, that is the chusen possession. That ain't hard, nuther.

Judge: Mr. K., how many fees are there?

Knowly: How many fees?—why, Squire, several; doctors' fees, lawyers' fees, sheriffs' fees, jailors' fees, clerks' fees, both courts, and most everybody else's.

Judge: What is the difference between a fee simple and contingent fee?

Knowly: The difference between—yes—exactly—jess so. Why, Squire—a simple fee is where a client gives his lawyer so much anyhow, let it go how it will; and a contingent fee is where he takes it on the sheers, and no cure, no pay.

Judge: What are the marital rights of a husband at common law?

Knowly: The marital rights?—(smiling)—concerning of what, Judge?

Judge: Her property?

Knowly: Oh—that—why—yes—jess so—why, Squire, he gets her truck—i. e., if he can without committing a trespass—what's hers is his, and what's his is his own. Squire, I know'd that before I ever opened a law-book.

Judge: Is the wife entitled to dower in the husband's lands if she survives him?

Knowly: Oh, yes, Squire—in course—I've seen that tried in Alabama; that is, Squire, you understand if the estate is solvent to pay the debts.

Judge: Suppose the husband's estate is insolvent—what then?

Knowly: Why, then, in course not.

Judge: Why not?

Knowly: Why not?—why, Squire, it stands to reason: for then, you see, the husband might gather a whole heap of land, and then jest fraudulently die to give his wife dower rights in his land. I jest know plenty of men about here mean enough to do it, and jump at the chance.

Judge: Has a man a natural right to dispose of his property by will?

Knowly: Why, now, Squire, concerning of that—my mind ain't so clare as on t'other p'ints—it strikes me sorta vague—something about a cow laying or that should have laid down in a place which she had a right, and another cow-beast, nor airy another havin' no rights to disturb her—ain't that it, Squire?

Judge: Well, Mr. K., what is the distinction between Law and Equity?

Knowly: Why, Squire, law, as it happens—'cordin' to proof and the way the jury goes; Eckity is jestis—and a man gits a devilish sight of law, and gits devilish little jestis.

Judge: Does Equity ever interfere with law?

Knowly: Not that I seed, Squire.

Judge: Whose son is a bastard considered in law?

Knowly: Why, Squire, that's further than I've got—I've ginerally seed that it was laid to the young man in the settlement best able to pay over its *maintenance;* and, I suppose, it would be his son-in-law.

Judge: What is a libel?

Knowly: Why, Squire, if a man gits another in a room, and locks the door on him, and makes him sign a paper certifying he's told a lie on him, the paper is a lie-bill.

Judge: What is the difference between trespass and case?

Knowly: Why, Squire, trespass air when a man trespasses on another. Now, Squire, your putting so many hard questions to me, that is a trespass.

Judge: Yes, and if the fellow can't answer a single one, I should say he was a case.

Opinion of Lawyers, Doctors, and Preachers

By DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The lawyers are the cleverest men, the ministers are the most learned, and the doctors are the most sensible. The lawyers are a picked lot, "first scholars" and the like, but their business is as unsympathetic as Jack Ketch's. There is nothing humanizing in their relations with their fellow-creatures. They go for the side that retains them. They defend the man they know to be a rogue, and not very rarely throw suspicion on the man they know to be innocent. Mind you, I am not finding fault with them; every side of a case has a right to the best statement it admits of; but I say it does not tend to make them sympathetic. Suppose in case of fever vs. patient, the doctor should side with either party accord-

ing to whether the old miser or his expectant heir was his employer. Suppose the minister should side with the Lord or the devil, according to the salary offered and other incidental advantages, where the soul of a sinner was in question. You can see what a piece of work it would make of their sympathies. But the lawyers are quicker-witted than either of the other professions, and abler men generally. They are good natured, or, if they quarrel, their quarrels are above board. I don't think they are as accomplished as the ministers, but they have a way of cramming with special knowledge for a case which leaves a certain shallow sediment of intelligence in their memories about a good many things. They are apt to talk law in mixed company, and they have a way of looking round when they make a point, as if they were addressing a jury, that is mighty aggravating, as I once had occasion to see when one of 'em, and a pretty famous one, put me on the witness stand at a dinner party.

Myth and Fable

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

"We read the pagan sacred books with profit and delight. With myth and fable we are ever charmed, and find a pleasure in the endless repetition of the beautiful, poetic, and absurd: we find in all these records of the past, philosophies and dreams and efforts stained with tears, of great and tender souls who tried to pierce the mystery of life and death, to answer the eternal questions of whence and whither, and vainly sought to make with bits of shattered glass a mirror that would reflect the face and form of nature's perfect self. These myths were born of hope, and fear, and tears, and smiles, and they were colored by all there is of joy and grief between the rosy dawn of birth, and death's sad night. They clothed even the storms with passion, and gave to gods the faults and frailties of the sons of men. In them, the winds and waves were music, and all the lakes, and streams, and springs, the mountains, woods, and perfumed hills were haunted

by a thousand fairy forms. They thrilled the vines of spring; made summer's billowed breast the throne and home of love; filled autumn's arms with sun-kissed grapes, and gathered sheaves; and pictured winter as a weak old king. These myths, though false, are beautiful, and have for many ages and countless ways enriched the heart and kindled thought. But if the world were taught that all these things are true and all inspired of God, and that eternal punishment will be the lot of him who dares to deny or doubt, the sweetest myth of all the fable world would lose its beauty and become a scorned and hateful thing to every brave and thoughtful man."

Sympathy for Tramps

By Robert G. Ingersoll

"I sympathize with the wanderers, with the vagrants out of employment, with the sad and weary men who are seeking for work. When I see one of these men—poor and friendless—no matter how bad he is, I think that somebody loved him once—that he was once held in the arms of a mother—that he slept beneath her loving eyes and wakened in the light of her smile. I see him in the cradle listening to lullabys, sung soft and low, and his little face is dimpled as though touched by the rosy fingers of joy. And then I think of the strange and winding roads he has traveled from that mother's arms to vagrancy and want."

Henry Ford and High Wages

From the Press

"The deeds of generals, kings, and emperors, pale into insignificance beside the achievements of this quiet Yankee manufacturer."

The idea of charity experts is that working people should be taught to live on less. We want our people to desire more and higher things and demand a higher standard of life. They can't

have a higher standard until they demand it. No man can be efficient and do satisfactory work if he does not come to his job every morning with health and happiness. No man can do his best work if he is worried about an unpaid rent bill or with a loan shark in pursuit of his wages. I believe in a living wage for all workers. Then none will need charity!

"I believe we should all be producers. Organized charity and schools of philanthropy and the whole idea of "giving" to the poor are on the wrong track. They don't produce anything. If a railroad had a bad piece of track that wrecked cars every day and piled them in the ditch it would cure nothing merely to build a fine repair shop. The track itself should be fixed. Charity and philanthropy are the repair shops and their efficiency, however high, does not remove the cause of the human wrecks.

"I don't like the idea of charity. I hope the excuse for organized charity will soon pass away. I am sure there is no reason why we can't produce enough for all, if the right methods are used. In my business we have proved that our people can earn a living wage.

"You can't give any man anything. Trying to help men by handing them something is a failure. We don't give our men anything. They earn all they get. Men must achieve what they have—they cannot get it in any other way.

"Charity societies collect large amounts and spend a great part of it in office expenses. Experts give advice to poor people who cannot possibly adopt these suggestions, because the suggestions cost money they haven't got. You may want to ride on the street cars, but you can't unless you have the fare.

"Charity experts have given us a lot of advice, just as expert automobile manufacturers have given us advice to change our methods. We have no experts in our shops. We have mechanics and human beings. In the last six months we have increased our efficiency so that we are away ahead. We are compelled to build new plants to do the work that has been done for us in outside shops. Our new efficiency is not gained by speeding up

machines and men; it comes from minds free of most of the worry resulting from wages so low that the worker and his family are poorly nourished, poorly housed, pursued by loan sharks, and fearing that he may lose his job.

"There are no ignorant people—every person is smart in one way or another. There is a man for every job and a job for every man. Each man has his special talent and we have found the job to suit the man, interest him and make him happy. The man also suits the job. Oh, it is great to realize what powers are in the weakest of us!

"With scientific methods, proper instructions, the right tools and a good shop, a man with less than half his wits can earn his living wage and only work eight hours a day.

"To pay dividends and to make up for wasteful methods, wages must be kept down and hours long. This brings more waste.

"Instead of producing good citizens and happy human beings, such a business—run the Wall Street way—reduces its employees to the competitive basis and destroys their usefulness and makes them unhappy.

"We raised the wage scale and reduced the hours when three thousand men stood at the gate ready to get the wages down.

"A man can eat only a little—he can't use much money and he can't take any of it with him when he dies. I have all the jobs I can handle right here.

"I wouldn't give ten cents for the greatest painting in the world —I would rather see the live well-fed children playing around the home with their own mothers there. I want to do what I can to establish a library table and a case of books in every home in this country.

"Emigrants from Russia and other countries getting jobs in our plants will never again be satisfied with less than enough wages for health and happiness, and never again be willing to live on the peon standard.

"Discouragement caused by poverty makes men sick and breaks up families, and no hospital treatment can make them well. The

treatment must include assurance of food and other necessities of living in their own homes and with their own families and a feeling that they are useful and independent citizens. We have brought men back to our shops from Arizona sanitariums where they were not improving. They gained weight, strength and confidence every day. At sanitariums everyone is sick. They talk about their troubles because they have nothing else to do. They get discouraged when separated from their regular work. They become part of our working organization, and the feeling that they are getting back to the regular affairs of life aids in obtaining the beneficial results. I believe that 95% of the population has tuberculosis at one time or another and that most of us get over the trouble. Summer comes on or we have strength, or some other favorable condition enables our system to conquer the disease. But freedom from worry with a living wage contributes most to our health and happiness.

"I believe in a living wage for all workers. Then none will need charity."

An Amusing Belief in Evolution

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

"The human race has been guilty of almost countless crimes; but I have some excuse for mankind. This world, after all, is not very well adopted to raising good people. In the first place, nearly all of it is water. It is much better adapted to fish culture than the production of folks. I have still another excuse. I believe that man came up from the lower animals. I do not say this as a fact. I simply say I believe it to be a fact. Upon that question I stand about eight to seven, which, for all practical purposes, is very near a certainty. When I first heard that doctrine I did not like it. My heart was filled with sympathy for those people who have nothing to be proud of except ancestors. I thought, how terrible this will be upon the nobility of the Old World. Think of their being forced to trace their ancestry back

to the duke Orang Outang, or to the princess Chimpanzee. After thinking it all over, I came to the conclusion that I liked the doctrine. I became convinced in spite of myself. I read about rudimentary bones and muscles. I was told that everybody had rudimentary muscles extending from the ear into the cheek. I asked, "What are they?" I was told, "They are the remains of muscles; that they became rudimentary from lack of use; they went into bankruptcy. They are the muscles with which your ancestors used to flap their ears." I do not now so much wonder that we once had them as that we have outgrown them. After all, I had rather belong to a race that started from the skull-less vertebrates in the dim Laurentian seas, vertebrates wriggling without knowing why they wiggled, swimming without knowing where they were going, but that in some way began to develop, and began to get a little higher and a little higher in the scale of existence; that came up by degrees through millions of ages through all the animal world, through all that crawls and swims and floats and climbs and walks, and finally produced the gentleman in the dug-out; and then from this man, getting a little grander, and each one below calling every one above him a heretic, calling everyone who had made a little advance an infidel —for in the history of this world the man who is ahead has always been called a heretic—I would rather come from a race that started from the skull-less vertebrate, and came up and up and finally produced Shakespeare, the man who found the human intellect dwelling in a hut, touched it with the wand of his genius and it became a palace doomed and pinnacled—I would rather belong to that race, a race that has before it an infinite future, with the angel of progress leaning from the far horizon, beckoning men forward upward and onward forever—I had rather belong to such a race, commencing there, producing this, and with that hope, than to have sprung from a perfect pair upon which the Lord has lost money every moment from that day to this."

Tribute to the Negro Slave

By HENRY W. GRADY

"The relations of the Southern people with the Negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenseless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his eternal credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battles, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by *every man who honors loyalty and devotion.* . . . What of the negro? This of him. I want no better friend than the black boy who was raised by my side, and who is now trudging patiently with downcast eyes and shambling figure through his lowly way in life. I want no sweeter music than the crooning of my old "mammy," now dead and gone to rest, as I heard it as she held me in her loving arms, and bending her old black face above me stole the cares from my brain, and led me smiling into sleep. I want no truer soul than that which moved the trusty slave, who for four years, while my father fought with the armies that barred his freedom, slept every night at my mother's door, holding her and her children as safe as if her husband stood guard, and ready to lay down his humble life on her threshhold. History has no parallel to the faith kept by the negro in the South during the war. Often five hundred negroes to a single white man, and yet through these dusky throngs the women and children walked in safety, and the unprotected homes rested in peace. . . . A thousand torches would have disbanded every Southern army, *but not one was lighted.*"

The Stingy Man—The Boss—Who Abuses His Wife and Whips His Children

By Robert G. Ingersoll

"If there is any man I detest, it is the man who thinks he is the head of the family—the man who thinks he is boss! Whoever marries simply for himself will make a mistake; but whoever loves a woman so well that he says, 'I will make her happy,' makes no mistake. And so with the woman who says, 'I will make him happy.' There is only one way to be happy, and that is to make somebody else so, and you cannot be happy by going cross lots; you have got to go the regular turnpike road. Imagine a young man and a young woman courting, walking out in the moonlight, and the nightingale singing a song of pain and love, as though the thorn touched her heart—imagine them stopping there in the moonlight and starlight and song, and saying, 'Now, here, let us settle who is 'boss.' I tell you it is an infamous word and an infamous feeling—I abhor the man who is 'boss'—who is going to govern in his family, and when he speaks orders all the rest to be still as some mighty ideas is about to be launched from his mouth. I hate above all things a cross man. What right has he to murder the sunshine of a day? What right has he to assassinate the joy of life? When you go home you ought to go like a ray of light—so that it will, even in the night, burst out of the doors and windows and illuminate the darkness. Do you know another thing? I despise a stingy man. I do not see how it is possible for a man to die worth fifty million dollars, in a city full of want, when he meets almost every day the withered hand of beggary and the white lips of famine. Do you know that I have known men who would trust their wives with their hearts and their honor but not with their pocketbook; not with a dollar? When she asks him for money he says, "What did you do with that fifty cents I gave you last Christmas?' When you spend a dollar, spend it like a king, like it was withered leaves, and you were the owner of unbounded forests. Think

of having a wife that is afraid of you. What kind of children do you expect to have with a beggar and a coward for their mother? It is not necessary to be great to be happy; it is not necessary to be rich to be just and generous and to have a heart filled with divine affection. I tell you children should be reared with love, with kindness, with tenderness, and not with brutality. When your little child tells a lie, do not rush at him as though the world were about to go into bankruptcy. Be honest with them. A tyrant father will have liars for his children; do you know that? When one of your children tells a lie, be honest with him; tell him that you have told hundreds of them yourself. Tell him it is not the best way; that you have tried it. Tell him as the man did in Maine when his boy left home: 'John, honesty is the best policy; I have tried both.'

"Why not be honest with these children? Just imagine a man who deals in stocks whipping his boy for putting false rumors afloat! Think of a lawyer beating his own flesh and blood for evading the truth when he makes half of his own living that way. Think of a minister punishing his child for not telling all he thinks. Some Christians, good Christians, when a child commits a fault, drive it from the door and say: 'Never do you darken this house again.' And then these same people will get down on their knees and ask God to take care of the child they have driven from home. I do not believe in the government of the lash. If any one of you ever expects to whip your children again, I want you to have a photograph taken of yourself when you are in the act, with your face red with vulgar anger, and the face of the little child, with eyes swimming in tears and the little chin dimpled with fear, like a piece of water struck by a sudden cold wind. Have the picture taken. If the child should die, I cannot think of a sweeter way to spend an autumn afternoon than to go out to the cemetery, when the maples are clad in tender gold, and little scarlet runners are coming, like poems of regret, from the sad heart of the earth—and sit down upon the grave and look at that photograph, and think of the flesh, now

dust, that you beat. I tell you it is wrong; it is no way to raise children. Make your home happy. Give them a little liberty and love, and do not drive them out of your house.

Nature Soured

By Robert G. Ingersoll

"Nature soured or withered—deformed so that celibacy is mistaken for virtue. The imagination becomes polluted, and the poor wretch believes that he is purer than his thoughts, holier than his desires, and that to outrage nature is the highest form of religion. But nature imprisoned, obstructed, tormented, always has sought for and has always found revenge. Men and women desire each other, and this desire is a condition of civilization, progress, and happiness, and of everything of real value. But there is this profound difference in the sexes: in man this desire is the foundation of love, while in women love is the foundation of this desire."

The Sacredness of British Law

By Lord John P. Curran

"I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from, the British soil; which proclaims, even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced, no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have beeen cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty:

his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation."

Lord Mansfield decided that the air of Britain was too pure for a slave to breathe.

A Tribute to Robert E. Lee

By SENATOR B. H. HILL

"When the future historian comes to survey the character of Lee, he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plain of humanity, and he will have to lift his eyes high toward heaven to catch its summit. He possessed every virtue of the other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was Cæsar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was as obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was as gentle as a woman in life, pure and modest as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles."

Message to New England

By HENRY W. GRADY

Happy am I that this mission has brought my feet at last to press New England's historic soil, and my eyes to the knowledge of her beauty and her thrift. Here, within touch of Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill—where Webster thundered and Longfellow sang, Emerson thought and Channing preached—here in the cradle of American letters, and almost of American

liberty, I hasten to make the obeisance that every American owes New England when first he stands uncovered in her mighty presence. Strange apparition! This stern and unique figure—carved from the ocean and the wilderness—its majesty kindling and growing amid the storms of winters and of wars—until at last the gloom was broken, its beauty disclosed in the sunshine, and the heroic workers rested at its base—while startled kings and emperors gazed and marveled that from the rude touch of this handful, cast on a bleak and unknown shore, should have come the embodied genius of human government, and the perfected model of human liberty! God bless the memory of those immortal workers—and prosper the fortunes of their living sons—and perpetuate the inspiration of their handiwork. . . .

Far to the South, Mr. President, separated from this section by a line, once defined in irrepressible difference, once traced in fratricidal blood, and now, thank God, but a vanishing shadow, lies the fairest and richest domain of this earth. It is the home of a brave and hospitable people. There, is centered all that can please or prosper human kind. A perfect climate, above a fertile soil, yields to the husbandman every product of the temperate zone. There, by night the cotton whitens beneath the stars, and by day the wheat locks the sunshine in its bearded sheaf. In the same field the clover steals the fragrance of the wind, and the tobacco catches the quick aroma of the rains. There, are mountains stored with exhaustless treasures; forests, vast and primeval, and rivers that, tumbling or loitering, run wanton to the sea. . . .

A mighty duty, sir, and a mighty inspiration impels every one of us tonight to lose in patriotic consecration whatever estranges, whatever divides. We, sir, are Americans—and we fight for human liberty. The uplifting force of the American idea is under every throne on earth. . . . To redeem the earth from kingcraft and oppression—this is our mission. And we shall not fail. God has sown in our soil the seed of his millennial harvest, and he will not lay the sickle to the ripening

crop until his full and perfect day has come. Our history, sir, has been a constant and expanding miracle from Plymouth Rock and Jamestown all the way—aye, even from the hour when, from the voiceless and trackless ocean, a new world rose to the sight of the inspired sailor. As we approach the fourth centennial of that stupendous day—when the old world will come to marvel and to learn, amid our gathered treasures—let us resolve to crown the miracles of our past with the spectacle of a Republic compact, united, indissoluble in the bonds of love—loving from the lakes to the Gulf—the wounds of war healed in every heart as on every hill serene and resplendent at the summit of human achievement and earthly glory—blazing out the path, and making clear the way up which all the nations of the earth must come in God's appointed time!

Shame of the Whipping-Post—Cruelty Unspeakable—Outrage, Infinite

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Any punishment that degrades the punished, must necessarily degrade the one inflicting the punishment. No punishment should be inflicted by a human being that could not be inflicted by a gentleman.

Some people are in favor of flogging because they say that some offenses are of such a frightful nature that flogging is the only punishment. They forget that the punishment must be inflicted by somebody, and that somebody is a low, contemptible cur. The president of the Humane Society of Illinois has had a bill introduced into the Legislature of the State for establishment of the whipping-post. The shadow of that post would disgrace and darken the whole State. Nothing could be more infamous, and yet this man is president of the Humane Society. Now, the question arises, what is humane about this society? With his idea about the whipping-post, he might join a society of hyenas for the cultivation of ferocity.

The Man That Makes His Home a Heaven— The One That Makes His Home a Hell

By W. C. Brann

The place to take the true measure of a man is not in the darkest place or in the amen corner, nor the cornfield, but by his own fireside. There he lays aside his mask, and you may learn whether he is an imp or an angel, cur or king, hero or humbug. I care not what the world says of him: whether it crowns him boss or pelts him with bad eggs. I care not a copper what his reputation or religion may be: if his babies dread his homecoming and his better half swallows her heart every time she has to ask him for a five-dollar bill, he is a fraud of the first water, even though he prays night and morning until he is black in the face and howls hallelujah until he shakes the eternal hills. But if his children rush to the front door to meet him and love's sunshine illuminates the face of his wife every time she hears his footfall, you can take it for granted that he is pure, for his home is a heaven—and the humbug never gets that near the great white throne of God. He may be a rank atheist and red-flag anarchist, a Mormon and a mugwump; he may buy votes in blocks of five, and bet on the elections; he may deal 'em from the bottom of the deck and drink beer until he can't tell a silver dollar from a circular saw, and still be an infinitely better man than the cowardly little humbug who is all suavity in society but who makes home a hell, who vents upon the helpless heads of his wife and children an ill nature he would inflict on his fellow men but dares not. I can forgive much in that fellow mortal who would rather make men swear than women weep; who would rather have the hate of the whole world than the contempt of his wife; who would rather call anger to the eyes of a king than fear to the face of a child.

Give Praise to Labor and to Science

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

A new era is dawning on the world. We are beginning to believe in the religion of usefulness.

The men who felled the forests, cultivated the earth, spanned the rivers with bridges of steel, built the railways and canals, the great ships, invented the locomotives and engines, supplying the countless wants of man; the men who invented the telegraphs and cables, and freighted the electric spark with thought and love; the men who invented the looms and spindles that clothe the world, the inventors of printing and the great presses that fill the earth with poetry, fiction, and fact, that save and keep all knowledge for the children yet to be; the inventors of all the wonderful machines that deftly mold from wood and steel the things we use; the men who have explored the heavens and traced the orbits of the stars—who have read the story of the world in mountain range and billowed sea; the men who have lengthened life and conquered pain; the great philosophers and naturalists who have filled the world with light; the great poets whose thoughts have charmed the souls, the great painters and sculptors who have made the canvass speak, the marble live; the great orators who have swayed the world, the composers who have given their souls to sound, the captains of industry, the producers, the soldiers who have battled for the right, the vast host of useful men—these are our Christs, our apostles, and our saints. The triumphs of science are our miracles. The books filled with the facts of Nature are our sacred scriptures, and the force that is in every atom and every star—in everything that lives and grows and thinks, that hopes and suffers, is the only possible Nature's God.

The absolute we cannot know—beyond the horizon of the Natural we cannot go. All our duties are within our reach—all our obligations must be discharged here, in this world. Let us love and labor. Let us wait and work. Let us cultivate courage and cheerfulness—open our hearts to the good—our minds to the true.

Let us live free lives. Let us hope that the future will bring peace and joy to all the children of men, and above all, let us preserve the veracity of our souls.

Mark Twain Defends the Devil

By MARK TWAIN

I have no special regard for Satan, but I can at least claim that I have no prejudice against him. It may even be that I am a little in his favor, on account of his not having a fair show. All religions issue Bibles against him, but we never hear his side. We have none but the evidence for the prosecution, and yet we have rendered the verdict. Under the common law, every one is presumed to be innocent until his guilt is proved beyond a reasonable doubt—every prisoner has a right to be heard in court—to call for witnesses to a fair and impartial trial. This Satan has not had. He has had no trial at all. Yet he has been convicted. This is contrary to English jurisprudence—to the most sacred principles of justice. Of course Satan has some kind of a defense, it goes without saying. It may be a poor one, but that is nothing; that might be said of any of us. As soon as I can get at the facts I will undertake his rehabilitation myself, if I can find an impolite publisher. It is a thing which we ought to do for anybody who is under a cloud.

We may not pay him reverence, for that would be indiscreet, but we can at least respect his talents. A person who has for untold centuries maintained the imposing position of spiritual head of four-fifths of the human race, and political head of the whole of it, must be granted the possession of executive abilities of the loftiest order. In his large presence the other popes and politicians shrink to midgets for the misroscope. I would like to see him. I would rather see him and shake him by the tail than any other member of the European Concert.

Virtue of the Wife or Daughter Not Protected by Revolver or Bowie Knife

Speech of ROBERT OULD

(Trial of Gen. Daniel E. Sickles for Murder of His Wife's Lover)
From *Classics of the Bar,* Vol. 7

May It Please Your Honor:

We admit in all their fullness the justice of the denunciations which have been made against adultery, and we do not deny the sacredness of the family relations, which have been so pathetically alluded to by the gentlemen on the other side, nor their importance to the peace and happiness of society. . . . It was truly and well said by the learned gentlemen on the other side, that adultery drives a wife from her husband's side, and severs those whom God has joined together. It is true that such iniquity may render desolate the hearthstone, but is it not equally true that by taking away a human life a household may be wrecked? . . .

I . . . denounce the doctrine that the protection of the wife's or daughter's virtue is to be found in the husband's or brother's revolver. It may do for other countries, for other climes, and for other religions, where the law of force as applied to woman is carried out in all its violence and wrong, but not in a Christian community, where woman is ennobled and dignified and elevated by Christian law, and male chastity is to be found in the woman's own virtue and in her own character. Stronger than the bars and bolts, the flash of woman's virtue is as quick as God's lightning and as sure. Far more effectual is it for silencing seducers or revellers in licentiousness than derringer or revolver. Every pure woman necessarily, and by the gift of God, in Christian communities, carries that weapon along with her.

There is no seducer, no villain, I care not from whence he comes or how he may have trained himself in the arts of seduction, who can resist the showing of that weapon for one solitary instant. I thank God that the matrons and maids of our land

have a surer protection than the pistol or the bowie knife. Sad, indeed, would be their fate if it were not so. One-half of this whole community would not use a weapon and the other half would use it wrongfully and improperly. The spirit of virtue which God has implanted in the woman's heart tells her as if by the flash of lightning what are the intentions towards her of a man, whether honorable or dishonorable, and she has but to use for one moment this gift which God in His benevolence and bounty has given to her for the purpose of silencing and stifling, not in death but in shame to the proposer, every offer that would imply the slightest touch of contamination or of insult. It is found everywhere. It is a circle of glory which adorns the female brow and sheds its blessed and happy light alike on hovel and on palace. It stands there as the protector of the wife, though the husband may be on distant seas, far away from home with his protecting arm. It is there ready to assist at a moment, and to resist effectually, the advance of every slimy reprobate who, under the guise of friendship or of fraud, walks into the house of purity for the purpose of defiling one of its inmates. The very moment you bring the law of force for the purpose of protecting female honor, that moment you sacrifice female honor. If it is to be protected by the sword, the knife, and the pistol, it is unworthy of protection. Unless it be that God-ennobling nobility in and of itself, and unless it exists of itself and for itself, it is unworthy to be cherished or known. . . .

That although sinning himself, he was sinned against; that, instead of, as has been charged in this case, his entering into the house of his bosom friend for the purpose of wronging him, malignity and violently, in defiance of all the laws of God and man, and of the sacred obligations of friendship, he himself was seduced by the temptations repeated and continued until those higher moral bulwarks that should have supported his character gave way beneath repeated shocks.

Jealousy

By SHAKESPEARE

Iago—O, beware, my lord, of jealousy; it is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock the meat it feeds on, that cuckold lives in bliss who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger: But O, what damned minutes tell he o'er; who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves.—Othello—O misery!!

Mark Anthony Pours Out His Love to Cleopatra

By GENERAL LITTLE

I am dying, Egypt, dying.
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows,
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arm, O Queen, support me;
Hearken to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.
As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendor of thy smile,
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.
I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Hark! the insulting foreman's cry;
They are coming! Quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee—
Cleopatra—Rome—farewell.

How to Win Your Girl

By SHAKESPEARE

"A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after love the more.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For get you gone, she doth not mean away!
That man that hath a tongue I say, is no man
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
She is a woman, and therefore can be wooed,
She is a woman, and therefore can be won."

Why a Gloomy Blue Law Sabbath?

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Nothing is more gloomy than an orthodox Sabbath. The mechanic who has worked during the week in heat and dust, the laboring man who has barely succeeded in keeping his soul in his body, the poor woman who has been sewing for the rich, have a right to their pleasure on the Sabbath. Gladly would I turn it into a holiday, a day of rest and peace, a day to get acquainted with your wife and children, a day to exchange civilities with your neighbor. Gladly would I see the Sunday school where the doctrine of eternal fire is taught, changed to a happy dance upon the village green.

In the olden times, they thought some days were too good for a child to enjoy himself. When I was a boy Sunday was considered altogether too holy to be happy in. Sunday used to commence then when the sun went down on Saturday night. We commenced at that time for the purpose of getting a good start, and when the sun fell below the horizon on Saturday evening, there was a darkness fell upon the house ten thousand times deeper than that of night. Nobody said a pleasant word; nobody laughed; nobody smiled; the child that looked the sickest

was regarded as the most pious. That night you could not even crack hickory nuts. If you were caught chewing gum it was only another evidence of total depravity of the human heart. It was an exceedingly solemn night. Dyspepsia was in the very air you breathed. Everybody looked sad and mournful. I have noticed all my life that many people think they have religion when they are troubled with dyspepsia. On Sunday morning the solemnity had simply increased. Then we went to church. The preacher preached about two hours. In those days, no matter how cold the weather was, there was no fire in the church. After the sermon we had an intermission. Then came the catechism with the chief end of man. After that, we started for home, sad and solemn. When we got home, if we had been good boys, and the weather was warm, sometimes they would take us out to the graveyard to cheer us up a little.

Long Hours—Low Wages—Intemperance—Prostitution

By WENDELL PHILLIPS

Let me tell you why I am interested in the Labor Question. Not simply because of the long hours of labor; not simply because of a specific oppression of a class. I sympathize with the sufferers there; I am ready to fight on their side. But I look out upon Christiandom, with its three hundred millions of people, and I see, that, out of this number of people, one hundred millions never had enough to eat. Psychologists tell us that this body of ours, unless it is properly fed, properly developed, fed with rich blood and carefully nourished, does no justice to the brain. You cannot make a bright or a good man in a starved body; and so this one-third of the inhabitants of Christendom, who have never had food enough, can never be what they should be.

I believe in the Temperance movement. I am a Temperance man of nearly forty years' standing; and I think it one of the grandest things in the world, because it holds the basis of self-control. Intemperance is the cause of poverty, I know; but there

is another side to that—poverty is the cause of intemperance. Crowd a man with fourteen hours' work a day, and you crowd him down to a mere animal life. You have eclipsed his aspirations, dulled his tastes, stunted his intellect, and made him a mere tool, to work fourteen hours and catch a thought in the interval; and while one man in a hundred will rise to be a genius, ninety-nine will cower down under the circumstances.

That is why I say, lift a man, give him life, let him work eight hours a day, give him the school, develop his taste for music, give him a garden, give him beautiful things to see, and good books to read, and you will starve out those lower appetites. Give a man a chance to earn a good living, and you may save his life. So it is with women in prostitution. Poverty is the road to it; it is this that makes them the prey of the wealth and the leisure of another class. Give a hundred men in this country good wages and eight hours' work and ninety-nine will disdain to steal. Give a hundred women a good chance to get a good living, and ninety-nine of them will disdain to barter their virtue for gold.

You will find in our criminal institutions today a great many men with big brains, who ought to have risen in the world—perhaps gone to Congress. You may laugh, but I tell you the biggest brains don't go to Congress.

Putting aside all theories, every lover of progress must see, with profound regret, the introduction here of any element which will lessen wages. The mainspring of our progress is high wages —wages at such a level that the working man can spare his wife to preside over a home, can command leisure, go to lectures, take a newspaper, and lift himself from the deadening routine of mere toil. That dollar left after all the bills are paid on Saturday night, means education, independence, self-respect, manhood; it increases the value of every acre nearby, fills the town with dwellings, opens public libraries and crowds them; dots the continent with cities, and cobwebs it with railways. That one remaining dollar insures progress, and guarantees Astor's millions

to their owner better than a score of statutes. It is worth more than a thousand colleges, and makes armies and police superfluous.

Mother Says a Kind Word for the Devil

By MARK TWAIN

Mark Twain said to a friend one day, "My mother is one of the kindest-hearted women in the world—she is so kind-hearted that she cannot stand to hear anybody abused, and I bet that she would even have a good word for the Devil." So they made up a plan to see if his mother would defend the Devil, so at the dinner table Mark and his friend both pitched into the old Devil, giving him Hell for who lasts the longest, and finally his mother said, "Well, boys, I know the Devil has done some awful things and is a great sinner, but you know we are all sinners and you must not be too hard on him—there must be some good in him." Whereupon Mark and his friend had a big laugh.

Tests of Character

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

There are several tests of character. It may be that all the virtues can be expressed in the word "kindness" and that nearly all vices are gathered together in the word "cruelty." Laughter is a test of character. When we know what a man laughs at, we know what he really is. Does he laugh at misfortune, at poverty, at honesty in rags, at industry without food, at the agonies of his fellow man? Does he laugh when he sees the convict clothed in the garments of shame—at the criminal on the scaffold? Does he rub his hands with glee over the embers of an enemy's home? Think of a man capable of laughing while looking at Marguerite in the prison cell with her dead babe by her side. Can a good man mock the children of deformity? There is another test. How does a man use power? Is he gentle or cruel? Does he defend the weak, succor the oppressed, or trample

on the fallen? There is another test: How does a man treat animals in his power—his faithful horse—his patient ox—his loving dog? A nation is judged by its laws—by the punishment it inflicts. The nation that punishes ordinary offenses with death is regarded as barbarous, and the nation that tortures before it kills is denounced as savages. There is still another test: The civilized man gives to others the rights that he claims for himself. He believes in the liberty of thought and expression, and abhors persecution, for conscience sake. Kindness is found with true greatness. Tyranny lodges only in the breast of the small, the narrow, the shriveled, and the selfish.

Religious Debate

Rev. Henry M. Field to Robert G. Ingersoll

Dear Sir: I am glad that I know you, even though some of my brethren look upon you as a monster because of your unbelief. I shall never forget the long evening I spent at your house in Washington; and in what I have to say, however it may fail to convince you, I trust you will feel that I have not shown myself unworthy of your courtesy or confidence.

Your conversation, then and at other times, interested me greatly. I recognized at once the elements of your power over large audiences, in your wit and dramatic talent—personating characters and imitating tones of voice and expression of countenance—and your remarkable use of languages, which even in familiar talk often rose to a high degree of eloquence. All this was a keen intellectual stimulus. I was, for the most part, a listener; but as we talked freely of religious matters, I protested against your unbelief as utterly without reason. Yet there was no offense given or taken, and we parted, I trust, with a feeling of mutual respect.

Still further, we found many points of sympathy. I do not hesitate to say that there are many things in which I agree with you, in which I love what you love and hate what you hate. A man's hatreds are not the least important part of him; they are

among the best indications of his character. You love truth, and hate lying and hypocrisy—all the petty arts and deceits of the world by which men represent themselves to be other than they are—as well as the pride and arrogance, in which they assume superiority over their fellow-beings. Above all, you hate every form of injustice and oppression. Nothing moves your indigation so much as "man's inhumanity to man," and you mutter "curses, not loud but deep," on the whole race of tyrants and oppressors, whom you would sweep from the face of the earth. And yet, you do not hate oppression more than I, nor love liberty more. Nor will I admit that you have any stronger desire for that intellectual freedom, to the attainment of which you look forward as the last and greatest emancipation of mankind.

Nor have you a greater horror of superstitution. Indeed, I might say that you cannot have so great, for the best of all reasons, that you have not seen so much of it; you have not stood on the banks of the Ganges and seen the Hindoos by tens of thousands rushing madly to throw themselves into the sacred river, even carrying the ashes of their dead to cast them upon the waters. It seems but yesterday that I was sitting on the back of an elephant, looking down upon the horrible scene of human degradation. Such superstition overthrows the very foundations of morality. In place of the natural senses of right and wrong, which is written in men's consciences and hearts, it introduces an artificial standard, by which the order of things is totally reversed: right is made wrong, and wrong is made right. It makes that a virtue which is not a virtue, and that a crime which is not a crime. Religion consists in a round of observances that have no relation whatever to natural goodness, but which rather exclude it by being a substitute for it. Penances and pilgrimages take the place of justice and mercy, benevolences, and charity. Such a religion, so far from being a purifier, is the greatest corrupter of morals; so that it is no extravagance to say of the Hindoos, who are a gentle race, that they might be virtuous and good if they were not so religious. But this colosal superstition

weighs upon their very existence, crushing out even natural virtue. Such a religion is an immeasurable curse.

I hope this language is strong enough to satisfy even your own intense hatred of superstition. You cannot loathe it more than I do. So far we agree perfectly. But unfortunately you do not limit your crusade to the religions of Asia, but turn the same style of argument against the religion of Europe and America, and, indeed, against the religious belief and worship of every country and clime. In this matter you make no distinctions: you would sweep them all away; church and cathedral must go with the temple and the pagoda, as alike manifestations of human credulity, and proofs of the intellectual feebleness and folly of mankind. While under the impression of that memorable evening at your house, I took up some of your public addresses, and experienced a strange revulsion of feeling. I could hardly believe my eyes as I read, so inexpressibly was I shocked. Things which I held sacred you not only rejected with unbelief, but sneered at with contempt. Your words were full of a bitterness so unlike anything I had heard from your lips, that I could not reconcile the two, till I reflected that in Robert Ingersoll (as in the most of us) there were two men, who were not only distinct, but contrary the one to the other—the one gentle and sweet-tempered; the other delighting in war as his native element.

Between the two, I have decided preference for the former. I have no dispute with the quiet and peaceable gentleman, whose kindly spirit makes sunshine in his home; but it is *that other man* over yonder, who comes forth into the arena like a gladiator, defiant and belligerent, that rouses my antagonism. And yet I do not intend to *stand up* even against him; but if he will only *sit down* and listen patiently, and answer in those soft tones of voice which he knows so well how to use, we can have a quiet talk, which will certainly do him no harm, while it relieves my troubled mind.

I know how you reason against the Divine existence from the moral disorder of the world. The argument is one that takes

strong hold of the imagination, and may be used with tremendous effect. You set forth in colors none too strong the injustice that prevails in the relations of men to one another—the inequalities of society; the haughtiness of the rich and the misery of the poor; you draw lurid pictures of the vice and crime which runs riot in the great capitals which are the centres of civilization; and when you have wound up your audience to the highest pitch, you ask, "How can it be that there is a just God in heaven, who looks down upon the earth and sees all this horrible confusion, and yet does not lift His hand to avenge the innocent or punish the guilty?"

With an air of modesty and diffidence that would carry an audience by storm, you confess your ignorance of what, perhaps, others are better acquainted with, when you say "This world is all that I know anything about, *so far as I recollect!*" This is very wittily put, and some may suppose it contains an argument; but do you really mean to say that you do not *know* anything except what you "recollect," or what you have seen with your eyes.

Now, does it never occur to you that there is something very cruel in this treatment of the belief of your fellow-creatures, on whose hope of another life hangs all that relieves the darkness of their present existence? To many of them life is a burden to carry, and they need all the helps to carry it that can be found in reason, in philosophy, or in religion. But what support does your hollow creed supply? You are a man of warm heart, of the tenderest sympathies. Those who know you best, and love you most, tell me that you cannot bear the sight of suffering even in animals; that your natural sensibility is such that you find no pleasure in sports, in hunting or fishing; to shoot a robin would make you feel like a murderer. If you see a poor man in trouble your first impulse is to help him. You cannot see a child in tears but you want to take up the little fellow in your arms, and make him smile again. A mother has lost her only son. She goes to his grave and throws herself upon it, the very picture of woe. One thought only keeps her from despair; it is

that beyond this life there is a world where she may once more clasp her boy in her arms. What will you say to that mother? You are silent, and your silence is a sentence of death to her hopes. By that grave you cannot speak; for if you were to open your lips and tell that mother what you really believe, it would be that her son is blotted out of existence, and that she can never look upon his face again.

When such sorrow comes to you, you feel it as keenly as any man. With your strong domestic attachments one cannot pass out of your little circle without leaving a great void in your heart, and your grief is as eloquent as it is hopeless.

I observe that you not infrequently entertain yourself and your audience by caricaturing certain doctrines of the Christian religion. The "Atonement," as you look upon it, is simply "punishing the wrong man"—letting the guilty escape and putting the innocent to death. This is vindicating justice by permitting injustice. But is there not another side to this? Does not the idea of sacrifice run through human life, and ennoble human character? You see a mother denying herself for her children, foregoing every comfort, enduring every hardship, till at last, worn out by her labor and her privation, she folds her hands upon her breast. May it not be said truly that she *gives her life* for the life of her children? History is full of sacrifice, and it is the best part of history. I will not speak of "the noble army of martyrs," but of heroes who have died for their country or for liberty—what is it but this element of devotion for the good of others that gives such glory to their immortal names? How then should it be thought a thing without reason that a Deliverer of the race should give His life for the life of the world?

So, too, you find a subject for caricature in the doctrine of "Regeneration." But what is regeneration but a change of character shown in a change of life? Is that so very absurd? Have you ever seen a drunkard reformed? Have you ever seen a man of impure life, who, after running his evil course, had, like the prodigal, "come to himself"—that is, awakened to his shame,

and turning from it, come back to the path of purity, and finally regained a true and noble manhood? Probably you would admit this, but say that the change was the result of reflection, and of the man's own strength of will. The doctrine of regeneration only adds to the will of man the power of God. We believe that a man is weak, but that God is mighty; and that when man tries to raise himself, an arm is stretched out to lift him up to a height which he could not attain alone. Sometimes one who has led the worst life, after being plunged into such remorse and despair that he feels as if he were enduring the agonies of hell, turns back and takes another course. He becomes "a new creature," whom his friends can hardly recognize as he "sits clothed and in his right mind." The change is from darkness to light, from death to life; and he who has known but one such case will never say that the language is too strong which describes that man as "born again."

But the doctrine which excites your bitterest animosity is that of Future Retribution. The prospect of another life, reaching on into an unknown futurity, you would contemplate with composure were it not for the dark shadow hanging over it. But to live only to suffer; to live when asking to die; to "long for death, and not be able to find it"—is a prospect which arouses the anger of one who would look with calmness upon death as an eternal sleep. The doctrine loses none of its terrors in passing through your hands; for it is one of the means by which you work upon the feelings of your hearers. You prononunce it "the most horrible belief that ever entered the human mind: that the Creator should bring beings into existence to destroy them! This would make Him the most fearful tyrant in the universe—a Moloch devouring his own children!" I shudder when I recall the fierce energy with which you spoke as you said, "Such a God I hate with all the intensity of my being!"

But gently, gently, sir! we will let this burst of fury pass before we resume the conversation. When you are a little more tranquil, I would modestly suggest that perhaps you *are fighting*

a figment of *your imagination.* I never heard of any Christian teacher who said that "The Creator brought beings into the world to destroy them!"

Let us take a case which would awaken your just indignation—that of a selfish, hard-hearted, and cruel man; who sacrifices the interests of everybody to his own; who grinds the faces of the poor, robbing the widow and the orphan of their little all: and who, so far from making restitution, dies with his ill-gotten gains held fast in his clenched hand. How long must the night be to sleep away the memory of such a hideous life? If he wake, will not the recollection cling to him still? Are there any waters of oblivion that can cleanse his miserable soul? If not—if he cannot *forget*—surely he cannot *forgive* himself for the baseness which now he has no opportunity to repair. Here, then, is a retribution which is inseparable from his being, which is a part of his very existence. The undying memory brings the undying pain.

Take another case—alas! too sadly frequent. A man of pleasure betrays a young, innocent, trusting woman by the promise of his love, and then casts her off, leaving her to sink down, down, through every degree of misery and shame, till she is lost in depths which plummet never sounded, and disappears. Is he not to suffer for this poor creature's ruin? Can he rid himself of it by fleeing beyond "that bourne from whence no traveler returns?" Not unless he can flee from himself: for in the lowest depths of the underworld—a world in which the sun never shines—that image will still pursue him as he wanders in its gloomy shades—a tall form glides by him like an affrighted ghost. The face is the same, beautiful even in its sorrow, but with a look upon it as of one who has already suffered an eternity of woe. In an instant all the past comes back again. He sees the young, blessed mother wandering in some lonely place, that only the heavens may witness her agony and her despair. There he sees her holding up in her arms the babe that had no right to be born, and calling up God to judge her betrayer. How far in the

future must he travel to forget that look? Is there any escape except by plunging into the gulf of annihilation?

. . . . . .

You tell me that your object is to drive fear out of the world. That is a noble ambition; if you succeeded, you would be indeed a deliverer. Of course, you mean only irrational fears. You would not have men throw off the fear of violating the laws of nature; for that would lead to incalculable misery. You aim only at the terrors born of ignorance and superstition. But how are you going to get rid of these? You trust to the progress of science, which has dispelled so many fears arising from physical phenomena, by showing that calamities ascribed to spiritual agencies are explained by natural causes. But science can only go a certain way, beyond which we come into the sphere of the unknown, where all is dark as before.

I do not presume to think that I have convinced you, or changed your opinion, but it is always right to appeal to a man's "sober second thought"—to that better judgment that comes with increasing knowledge and advancing years; and I will not give up hope that you will yet see things more clearly, and recognize the mistake you have made in not distinguishing Religion from Superstition—two things as far apart as "the hither from the utmost pole." Superstition is the greatest enemy of Religion. It is the nightmare of the mind, filling it with all imaginable terrors, a black cloud which broods over half the world. Against this you may well invoke the light of science to scatter its darkness. Whoever helps to sweep it away, is a benefactor of his race. But when this is done, and the moral atmosphere is made pure and sweet, then you, as well as we, may be conscious of a new Presence coming into the hushed and vacant air, as Religion, daughter of the skies, descends to earth to bring peace and good will to men.

To me, moral evil in the universe is a tremendous reality, and I do not see how to limit it within the bounds of time. Retribution is to me a necesssary part of the Divine law. A law without a penalty for its violation is no law. But I rest the argument for

it, not on the Bible, but *on principles which you yourself acknowledge*. You say, "There are no punishments, no rewards: there are consequences." Very well, take the "consequences," and see where they lead you. When a man by his vices has reduced his body to a wreck and his mind to idiocy, you say this is the "consequence" of his vicious life. Is it a great stretch of language to say that it is his "punishment," and none the less punishment because self-inflicted? To the poor sufferer raving in a madhouse, it matters little what it is called, so long as he is experiencing the agonies of hell. And here your theory of "consequences," if followed up, will lead you very far. For if man lives after death, and keeps his personal identity, do not the "consequences" of his past life follow him into the future? And if his existence is immortal, are not the consequences immortal also? And what is this but endless retribution?

But you tell me the moral effect of retribution is destroyed by the easy way in which a man escapes the penalty. He has but to repent, and he is restored to the same condition before the law as if he had not sinned. Not so do I understand it. "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," but forgiveness does not reverse the course of nature; it does not prevent the operation of natural law. A drunkard may repent as he is nearing his end, but that does not undo the wrong that he has done, nor avert the consequences. In spite of his tears, he dies in an agony of shame and remorse. The inexorable law must be fulfilled.

And so in the future world. Even though a man be forgiven, he does not wholly escape the evil of his past life. A retribution follows him even within the heavenly gates; for if he does not suffer, still that bad life has so shriveled up his moral nature as to diminish his power of enjoyment. There are degrees of happiness, as one star differeth from another star in glory; and he who begins wrong, will find that it is not as well to sin and repent of it as not to sin at all. He enters the other world in a state of spiritual infancy, and will have to begin at the bottom and climb slowly upward.

And will those thoughts be wholly free from sadness? The drunken brute who breaks the heart that loved him may weep bitterly, and his poor wife may forgive him with her dying lips; but *he cannot forgive himself,* and *never* can he recall without grief that bowed head and that broken heart. This preserves the element of retribution, while it does not shut the door to forgiveness and mercy.

This faith in another life is a precious inheritance, which cannot be torn from the agonized bosom without a wrench that tears every heartstring; and it was to this I referred as the last refuge of a poor, suffering, despairing soul, when I asked: "Does it never occur to you that there is something very cruel in this treatment of the belief of your fellow-creatures, on whose hope of another life hangs all that relieves the darkness of their present existence?"

In this conclusion, which is not adopted lightly, but after innumerable struggles with doubt, after the experience and the reflection of years, I feel "A great peace." It is the glow of sunset that gilds the approach of evening. For (we must confess it) it is toward that you and I are advancing. The sun has passed the meridian, and hastens to his going down. Whatever of good this life has for us (and I am far from being one of those who look upon it as a vale of tears) will soon be behind us. I see the shadows creeping on; yet I welcome the twilight that will be a night all glorious with stars. As I look upward, the feeling of awe is blended with a strange, overpowering sense of the Infinite Goodness, which surrounds me like an atmosphere.

In reading your glittering phrases, I seem to be losing hold of everything, and to be sinking, sinking, till I touch the lowest depths of an abyss; while from the blackness above me a sound like a death knell tolls the midnight of the soul.

Recoiling from this Gospel of Despair, I turn to One in whose face there is something at once human and divine—an indescribable majesty, united with more than human tenderness and pity; One who was born among the poor, and had nowhere to lay His

head, and yet went about doing good; poor, yet making many rich; who trod the world in deepest loneliness, and yet whose presence lighted up every dwelling into which He came; who took up little children in His arms, and blessed them; a giver of joy to others, and yet a sufferer Himself; who tasted every human sorrow, and yet was always ready to minister to others' grief, weeping with them that wept; coming to Bethany to comfort Mary and Martha concerning their brother; rebuking the proud, but gentle and pitiful to the most abject of human creatures; stopping amid the throng at the cry of a blind beggar by the wayside; willing to be known as the "friend of sinners," if He might recall them into the way of peace; who did not scorn even the fallen woman who sank at His feet, but by His gentle words, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more," lifted her up, and set her in the path of a virtuous womanhood; and who, when dying on the cross, prayed: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." In this Friend of the friendless, Comforter of the comfortless, Forgiver of the penitent, and Guide of the erring, I find a greatness that I had not found in any of the philosophers or teachers of the world. No voice in all the ages thrills me like that which whispers close to my heart, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest," to which I answer: THIS IS MY MASTER, AND I WILL FOLLOW HIM.

INGERSOLL'S REPLY TO DR. FIELD

My dear Dr. Field:

I answer your letter because it is manly, candid, and generous. The first question that arises between us, is as to the innocence of honest error—as to the right to express an honest thought. You must know that perfectly honest men differ on many important subjects. Upon the question of immortality you have done me, unintentionally, a great injustice. With regard to that hope, I have never uttered "a flippant or a trivial" word. All I have said upon this subject has been to express my hope and confess my lack of knowledge. Neither by word nor look have I expressed

any other feeling than sympathy with those who hope to live again—for those who bend above their dead and dream of life to come. But I have denounced the selfishness and heartlessness of those who expect for themselves an eternity of joy, and for the rest of mankind, predict, without a tear, a world of endless pain. When I say that I do not know—when I deny the existence of perdition, you reply that "there is something very cruel in this treatment of the belief of my fellow-creatures." You have had the goodness to invite me to a grave over which a mother bends and weeps for her only son. I accept your invitation. We will go together. Do not, I pray you, deal in splendid generalities. Be explicit. Remember that the son for whom the loving mother weeps was not a Christian, not a believer in the inspiration of the Bible, nor in the divinity of Jesus Christ. The mother turns to you for consolation, for some star of hope in the midnight of her grief. What must you say? Do not desert the Presbyterian creed. Suppose the mother, lifting her tear-stained face, should say: "My son was good, generous, loving, and kind. He gave his life for me. Is there no hope for him?" Would you not be compelled to say: "Your son lived in a Christian land. The means of grace were within his reach. He died not having experienced a change of heart, and your son is forever lost"? What could I say? Let me tell you: "My dear madam, this reverend gentleman knows nothing of another world. He cannot see beyond the tomb. He has simply stated to you the superstitions of ignorance, of cruelty, and fear. If there be in this universe a God, he certainly is as good as you are. Why should he have loved your son in life—loved him, according to this reverend gentleman, to that degree that he gave his life for him; and why should that love be changed to hatred the moment your son was dead? My dear woman, there are no punishments, there are no rewards—there are consequences; and of one thing you may rest assured, and that is, that every soul, no matter what sphere it may inhabit, will have the everlasting opportunity of doing right." A man, having committed a crime, may be pardoned, but I deny the

right of the state to punish an innocent man in the place of the pardoned—no matter how willing the innocent man may be to suffer the punishment. Let it be understood once for all: Nature cannot pardon. You have asked me what is to become of one who seduces and betrays, of the criminal with the blood of his victim upon his hands. Without the slightest hesitation I answer, whoever commits a crime against another must, to the utmost of his power in this world and in another, if there be one, make full and ample restitution, and in addition must bear the natural consequences of his offense. No man can be perfectly happy, either in this world or in any other, who has by his perfidy broken a loving and confiding heart. No power can step between acts and consequences—no forgiveness, no atonement. But my dear friend, you have taught for many years, if you are an evangelical Christian, that a man may seduce and betray, and that the poor victim, driven to insanity, leaping from some wharf at night where ships strain at their anchors in storm and darkness—you have taught that this poor girl may be tormented forever by a God of infinite compassion. This is not all that you have taught. You have said to the seducer, to the betrayer, to the one who would not listen to her wailing cry—who would not even stretch forth his hand to catch her fluttering garments—you have said to him: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be happy forever; you shall live in the realm of infinite delight, from which you can, without a shadow falling upon your face, observe the poor girl, your victim, writhing in the agonies of hell." You have taught this. For my part, I do not see how an angel in heaven, meeting another angel whom he had robbed on earth, could feel entirely blissful. I go further. Any decent angel, no matter if sitting at the right hand of God, should he see in hell one of his victims, would leave heaven itself for the purpose of wiping one tear from the cheek of the damned.

After all, is it not possible that we may find that everything has been necessarily produced, that all religions and superstitions, all mistakes and all crimes, were simply necessities? May

we not find that every soul has, like Mazappa, been lashed to the wild horse of passion, or like Prometheus, to the rocks of fate? You ask me to take the "sober second thought." I beg of you to take the first, and if you do, you will instantly perceive that he who commits the "smallest sin" no more deserves eternal pain than he who does the smallest virtuous deed deserves eternal bliss. . . . . For you personally, I have the highest regard and the sincerest respect, and I beg of you not to pollute the soul of childhood, not to furrow the cheeks of mothers, by preaching a creed that should be shrieked in a mad house. Do not make the cradle as terrible as the coffin. Preach, I pray you, the gospel of Intellectual Hospitality—the liberty of thought and speech. Take from loving hearts the awful fear. Have mercy on your fellow-men. Do not drive to madness the mothers whose tears are falling on the pallid faces of those who died in unbelief. Pity the erring, wayward, suffering, weeping world. . . . I belong to the great church that holds the world within its starlight aisles; that claim the great and good of every race and clime; that finds with joy the grain of gold in every creed and floods with light and love the germs of good in every soul. Most men are provincial, narrow, one-sided, only partially developed. In a new country we often see a little patch of land, a clearing in which the pioneer has built his cabin. This little clearing is just large enough to support a family, and the remainder of the farm is still forest, in which snakes crawl and wild beasts occasionally crouch. It is thus with the brain of the average man. There is a little clearing, a little patch, just large enough to practice medicine with, or sell goods, or practice law, or preach with, or do some kind of business, sufficient to obtain bread and food and shelter for a family, while all the rest of the brain is covered with primeval forest, in which lie coiled the serpents of superstition and from which springs the wild beasts of orthodox religion. Neither in the interest of truth, nor for the benefit of man, it is necessary to assert what we do not know. No cause is great enough to demand a sacrifice of candor. The mysteries of life and death, of good and evil, have

never yet been solved. I combat those only who, knowing nothing of the future, prophecy an eternity of pain—those only who sow the seeds of fear in the hearts of men—those only who poison all the springs of life, and seat a skeleton at every feast. Let us banish the shriveled hags of superstition; let us welcome the beautiful daughters of truth and joy.

Old "Abe's" Hog Story

By A. Lincoln

There was a farmer in Illinois that I used to know. He took it into his head to go into hog raising. He sent out to Europe and imported the finest breed of hogs he could buy. The prize hog was put in a pen, and the farmer's two mischievous boys, James and John, were told to be sure not to let him out. But James, the worst of the two, let the brute out next day. The hog went straight for the boys and drove John up a tree. Then the hog went for the seat of James' trousers, and the only way the boy could save himself was by holding on to the hog's tail. The hog would not give up his hunt nor the boy his hold. After they had made a good many circles around the tree, the boy's courage began to give out, and he shouted to his brother: "I say, John, come down, quick, and help me let this hog go."

Tolerance and Intolerance

Rev. H. K. Miller

The intolerant person doubts the validity of his own position. As a compensation he excoriates the other fellow.

Those who "cast the first stone" are invariably the pasty-faced hypocrites who, rotten to the core themselves, seek to placate their own guilty conscience by persecuting others who have been caught in doing what they themselves do in secret or feverishly desire to do. It gives them a sense of moral superiority to look down upon real or fancied delinquencies of others which they persistently condone in themselves.

Those religionists who are most intolerant of the beliefs and religious practices of others are the zealots and fanatics of great "faith" but little "knowledge." Lacking the ability to reason through the conflicting claims of variant sects, they content themselves with assuming that they and their church are alone the custodians of truth, the oracles of God, and all others must be self-deceived enemies of "true" religion.

A more mature view shows one that there is truth and error in every religion. It behooves us to be broad, sympathetic and tolerant. After all God cares not for explicit belief in any particular set of theories about him and any external organization of ecclesiastical pomp. According to the whole witness of both the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, the God of both Christian and Jew delights in obedience, filial devotion, love, mercy and service rather than orthodoxy of belief.

We need to cultivate generosity, sympathy and a right sense of perspective in all of life's relationships. More tolerance in labor disputes, an effort to see the other fellow's side and appreciate his problems, would save the terrible waste of strife. Generosity upon the part of the managerial group, willingness to take less profits; tolerance on the part of labor, willingness to gauge its demand by the actual ability of the industry to yield larger labor returns—such mutual tolerance and good-will would make for the benefit of both groups. Strikes and lock-outs would then become as useless as they now are wasteful.

Tolerance of the opinions and practices of others would do much to sweeten and beautify life. What if another's standards are different from yours? Possibly the non-conformist is right and you are wrong. Certainly nothing is more undesirable than that we should all think and act exactly alike. That would stop all progress and reduce life to a dull, drab, unimaginative level. Evolution would be replaced by retrogression, and social life would die of dry rot.

The racial leaders who have called men forth to new advance, pitching the tents of life on loftier heights, have been

almost without exception men who have dared to defy the prejudices, practices and conventions of their day. The prophets were stoned, Jesus was crucified, Galileo was imprisoned, Columbus was ridiculed, and always the leaders have been scorned, hooted and persecuted. But their work lives on, and the passing years place a halo about their head. Those whom their contemporaries scorned, we venerate.

Intolerance has been the leprous crime of the ages. It is deadly with the poison of the snake bite. It is cankerous with the gall of hate. It has produced more misery than any other weed that crowds out of the garden of life the flowers of love, sympathy and faith. It has stultified the brain, perverted the mind and frozen the human sentiments in the hearts of millions. It has perverted the religion of Christ which is a religion of love, forbearance, neighborliness and good-will, dividing the church into hostile groups who have preached a gospel of suspicion and hate rather than of co-operation and fellowship.

Intolerance has driven the simple-hearted and pure-souled girl who has sinned through ignorance of nature's laws, through deception, or excess of love into the gutter of shame, into the hell of disrepute, instead of leading her gently by the hand back to sun-kissed summits in the spirit of him who challenged a band of hypocrites to cast the first stone. Intolerance has sapped the fragrance from the flowers of life, it has turned the roses to dust and ashes, it has poisoned the fountains of faith, fanned the flames of suspicion, turned the prayers of life into curses, the fruits of love to bitterness, and the melodies of life to a minor wail. It has created the Pharisee and hypocrite, hated of man, despised of God. It has given birth to a pestiferous brood of meddlesome fanatics with jaundiced souls, dyseptic livers and mirthless lives who sit up in cold and unsympathetic judgment and condemn the little faults of their fellows while they themselves are guilty of the gravest offenses.

Now over against this spirit of bigotry and intolerance, this long-faced and white-livered piosity, tolerance has placed the

ideal of a wholesome and beautiful good-fellowship. Tolerance is like a flower whose beauty makes every life sublime and every pathway royal, whether cloud and darkness reign or noontide suns prevail. Tolerance warms the heart, sweetens the affections and strengthens life with the golden glory of rich and noble friendships, helps one to overlook the faults in his fellows, magnify the good, love God better and his fellows with a purer soul.

Let us be more tolerant!

Hypocrites

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness.—MATTHEW 23:27.

And when thou prayest, thou shall not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their rewards.—MATTHEW 6:5.

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

I tell you I had rather make somebody happy, I would rather have the love of somebody; I would rather go to the forest, far away, and build me a little cabin—build it myself and daub it with mud, and live there with my wife and children; I had rather go there and live myself—our little family—and have a little path that led down to the spring, where water bubbled out day and night like a little poem from the heart of the earth, a little hut with some hollyhocks at the corner, with their bannered blossoms open to the sun, and with the thrush in the air, like a song of joy in the morning; I would rather live there and have some lattice work across the window, so that the sunlight would fall checkered on the baby in the cradle; I would rather live there and have my soul erect and free, than to live in a palace of gold and wear the crown of imperial power and know that my soul was slimy with hypocrisy.

Great Peroration—Defense of Cherokee Indians —Tribute to Supreme Court

WM. WIRT, *Counsel for Indians*

The State of Georgia was trying to banish the Indians from the State and finally did so.

"The great interest excited throughout the Union by this controversy," says the *North American Review* of that period, "was naturally to be expected from the novelty of the case, the dignity of the parties, and the high importance of the principles in question. The scene wore, in some degree, the imposing majesty of those ancient debates, in which the great father of Roman eloquence sustained, before the Senate, the rights of allied and dependent, but still sovereign princes, who had found themselves compelled to seek for protection and redress from ths justice of the mighty Republic. We may add, that the high and well-earned reputation of the counsel, retained by the Indians, added another point of resemblance to the parallel."

"It is with no ordinary feelings that I am about to take leave of this cause. The existence of this remnant of a once great and mighty nation is at stake; and it is for your honors to say whether they shall be blotted out from the creation, in utter disregarded of all our treaties. They are here in the last extremity, and with them must perish forever the honor of the American name. The faith of our nation is fatally linked with their existence, and the blow which destroys them quenches forever our own glory: for what glory can there be, of which a patriot can be proud, after the good name of his country shall have departed? We may gather laurels on the field and trophies on the ocean, but they will never hide this foul blot upon our escutcheon. 'Remember the Cherokee Nation;' will be answer enough to the proudest boasts that we can ever make—answer enough to cover with confusion the face and the heart of every man among us, in which bosom the last spark of grace has not been extinguished. Such, it is possible, there may be who are

willing to glory in their own shame and to triumph in the disgrace which they are permitted to heap upon this nation. But, thank Heaven! they are comparatively few. The great majority of the American people see this subject in its true light. They have hearts of flesh in their bosoms, instead of hearts of stone; and every rising and setting sun witnesses the smoke of the incense from the thousands and tens of thousands of domestic altars ascending to the throne of grace to invoke its guidance and blessing on your councils. The most undoubting confidence is reposed in this tribunal.

"We know that whatever can be properly done for this unfortunate people will be done by this honorable court. Their cause is one that must come to every honest and feeling heart. They have been true and faithful to us, and have a right to expect a corresponding fidelity on our part. Through a long course of years, they have followed our counsel with the docility of children. Our wish has been their law. We asked them to become civilized, and they became so. They assumed our dress, copied our names, pursued our course of education, adopted our form of government, embraced our religion, and have been proud to imitate us in every thing in their power. They have watched the progress of our prosperity with the strongest interest, and have marked the rising grandeur of our nation with as much interest as if they had belonged to us. They have even adopted our resentments, and in our war with the Seminole tribes, they voluntarily joined our arms and gave effectual aid in driving back those barbarians from the very State that now oppresses them. They threw upon the field in that war, a body of men who proved, by their martial bearing, their descent from the noble race that were once the lords of these extensive forests—men worthy to associate with the 'lion,' who, in their own language, *'walks upon the mountain tops.' They fought, side by side, with our present Chief Magistrate, and received his repeated thanks for their gallantry and conduct.

*The Indian designation of their chieftain Ridge.

"May it please your honors, they have refused to us no gratification which it has been in their power to grant. We asked them for a portion of their lands, and they ceded it. We asked again and again, and they continued to cede, until they have now reduced themselves within the narrowest compass that their own subsistence will permit. What return are we about to make to them for all this kindness? We have pledged for their protection, and for the guarantee of the remainder of their lands, the faith and honor of the nation; a faith and honor never sullied, nor even drawn into question till now. We promised them, and they trusted us. They have trusted us: shall they be deceived? They would as soon expect to see their rivers run upward on their sources, or the sun roll back in his career, as that the United States would prove false to them, and false to the word so solemnly pledged by their Washington, and renewed and perpetuated by his illustrious successors.

"Is this the high mark to which the American nation has been so strenuously and successfully pressing forward? Shall we sell the mighty meed of our high honors at so worthless a price, and, in two short years, cancel all the glory which we have been gaining before the world, for the last half century? Forbid it, Heaven!

"I will hope for better things. There is a spirit that will yet save us. I trust that we shall find it here, in this sacred court, where no foul and malignant demon of party enters to darken the understanding or to deaden the heart, but where all is clear, calm, pure, vital and firm. I cannot believe that this honorable court, possessing the power of preservation, will stand by and see these people stripped of their property and extirpated from the earth, while they are holding up to us their treaties and claiming the fulfilment of our engagements. If truth and faith and honor and justice have fled from every other part of our country, we shall find them here. If not—our sun has gone down, in treachery, blood and crime, in the face of the world; and, instead of being proud of our country, as heretofore, we may well

call upon the rocks and mountains to hide our shame from earth and heaven."

An Old Fable

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

There is an old fable of Orpheus and Eurydice: Eurydice had been captured and taken to the infernal regions, and Orpheus went after her, taking with him his harp and playing as he went, and when he came to the infernal regions he began to play, and Sysiphus sat down upon the stone that he had been heaving up the side of the mountain so many years, and which continually rolled back upon him; Ixion paused upon his wheel of fire; Tantalus ceased in his vain efforts for water; the daughters of the Danidæ left off trying to fill their seives with water; Pluto smiled, and for the first time in the history of Hell the cheeks of the Furies were wet with tears; monsters relented, and they said, "Eurydice may go with you, but you must not look back." So he again threaded the caverns, playing as he went, and as he again reached the light he failed to hear the footsteps of Eurydice, and he looked back, and in a moment she was gone. This old fable gives to us the idea of the perpetual effort to rescue truth from the clutches of monsters. Sometime Orpheus will not look back.

The End of Life

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

But he has lived his life. We should shed no tears except the tears of gratitude. We should rejoice that he lived so long. In Nature's course his time had come. The four seasons were complete with him. The Spring could never come again. The measure of his years was full. When the day is done—when the work of life is finished—when the gold of evening meets the dusk of night, beneath the silent stars, the tired laborer should fall asleep. To outlive usefulness is a double death. Let me not live

after my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff of younger spirits. "When the old oak is visited in vain by Spring—when light and rain no longer thrill—it is not well to stand leafless, desolate, and alone. It is better far to fall where Nature softly covers all with woven moss and creeping vine. How little, after all, we know of what is ill or well! How little of this wondrous stream of cataracts and pools—this stream of life, that rises in a world unknown, and flows to that mysterious sea whose shore the foot of one who comes has never pressed! How little of this life we know—this struggling ray of light "'twixt gloom and gloom—this strip of land by verdure clad, between the unknown wastes—this throbbing moment filled with love and pain—this dream that lies between the shadowy shores of sleep and death! We stand upon this verge of crumbling time. We love, we hope, we disappear. Again we mingle with the dust, and the 'knot intrinsic' forever falls apart. But this we know: A noble life enriches all the world."

Col. Ingersoll's and Rev. Henry Field's Beautiful Tributes to Christ

Rev. Field says to Colonel Ingersoll: "I observed that, with all your sharp comments on things sacred, you professed great respect for the ethics of Christianity, and for its author. 'Make the Sermon on the Mount your religion,' you said, 'and there I am with you.' All who have made a study of the character and teachings of Christ, even those who utterly deny the supernatural, stand in awe and wonder before the gigantic figure. Renan closes his *Life of Jesus* with this: 'Jesus will never be surpassed. His worship will be renewed without ceasing; His story will draw tears from beautiful eyes without end; His sufferings will touch the finest natures; all the ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there has not risen a greater than Jesus'; while Rosseau closes his immortal eulogy by saying: 'Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!' . . . When you next address one of the great audiences that hang upon your words, is

it unfair to ask that you lay aside such familiar topics as Miracles or Ghosts, and tell us what you think of Jesus Christ; whether you look upon Him as an imposter, or merely as a dreamer—a mild and harmless enthusiast; or are you ready to acknowledge that He is entitled to rank among the great teachers of mankind?

Colonel Ingersoll replies—his great tribute:

"You have asked me to give my opinion of Jesus Christ. I will do it. I beg you to remember He attacked with great bitterness the religion of others. He denounced the chosen people of God as a 'generation of vipers.' He compared them to 'whited sepulchres.' Let me say here, once for all, that for the man, Christ—for the man who, in the darkness, cried out, 'My God, why hast thou forsaken me!'—for that man I have the greatest possible respect. And let me say, once for all, that the place where man has died for man is holy ground. To that great and serene peasant of Palestine I gladly pay the tribute of my admiration and my tears. He was called a blasphemer. He was a reformer in his day, He was an infidel in His time, and he was put to death by miserable hypocrites, who in all ages have tried to trample out truth from the human mind. If I had lived when He was on this earth, I would have been His friend, and if He should ever come again He will never find a better friend than I will be."

Ingersoll's Creed of Science

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

To love justice, to long for the right, to love mercy, to pity the suffering, to assist the weak, to forget wrongs and remember benefits—to love the truth, to be sincere, to utter honest words, to love liberty, to wage relentless war against slavery in all its forms, to love wife and child and friend, to make a happy home, to love the beautiful in art, in nature, to cultivate the mind, to be familiar with the mighty thoughts that genius has expressed, the noblest deeds of all the world, to cultivate courage and cheerfulness, to make others happy, to fill life with the splendor of gener-

ous acts, to destroy prejudice, to receive new truths with gladness, to cultivate hope, to see the calm beyond the storm, the dawn beyond the night, to do the best that can be done and then to be resigned. This is the religion of reason, the creed of science. This satisfies the brain and heart.

Tribute to Thomas Jefferson

By Senator John W. Daniel

"Thomas Jefferson still lives." These were the last words of John Adams, uttered with his dying breath on the 4th of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the great day on which the United States of America declared their independence.

And unconsciously to him the soul of Jefferson was disrobing itself at that very time of its mortal vestments. Together the spirits of the two illustrious Americans were disenthralled. Together they ran their race, and the race run, they passed hence at peace with themselves and at peace with all mankind to the peace of God.

What matters it to their just fame that they differed as to this or that in their long, tumultuous careers? What matters it that one took one road and one the other to the honor and glory of his country?

It is in the collision of the thoughts of the master minds that the sparks of truth are outflashed and stream forth upon a darkened world. Both were friends of truth. Both were patriots. Both were honest and courageous servants of the people. Both did what they could that America might be free and independent, and that its inhabitants might be prosperous and happy. By this grave I salute their august shades, and thank the gracious heaven that vouschafed to us both an Adams and a Jefferson.

With open arms we welcome here today the honored citizen and ex-Governor of the "Old Colony," which had in the past, and has now, so many communal ties with the "Old Dominion." Pilgrim to this shrine of departed worth, you seem to bring to us

again the message of the sage of Quincy, we hear again a voice saying, "Jefferson still lives," and the words of Adams enlarging and brightening before us in prophetic sense find in this occasion a radiant fulfillment beyond the vision of his dying ecstacy. . . . . .

Democrat, Thomas Jefferson, seer, hero, prophet! Orator that never made a speech whose words are spoken by the myriad tongues of free men; conqueror that never drew a sword, yet founded an empire of the mind that far outstretches the realms of Czar and Alexander; and of the people and for the people— we, the people, have come to do homage to thy dust, and here we vow that we will guard thy work, and so far as in us lies see to it that the cause of the people shall live and not perish.

There is not a heart that loves humanity and thrills with noble rage for right and truth and justice; there is not a patriot who loves his country; there is not a people upon the earth who are weary and heavy laden under the burdens of oppression; there is not a chancellor who loves equity; there is not a devotee who bows his head in free worship to his Maker; there is not an ingenuous student by the midnight lamp; there is not a toiler of the land or sea; yea, there is not an astronomer who reads the stars, nor an humble farmer in his cabin, nor a freeman anywhere who treads the earth with the spirit of the free, who does not bless God that Thomas Jefferson lived, and that his life goes marching on.

What did Jefferson do for the people? Rather, what did he not do? He was one of them, he loved them, he cheered them, he trusted them, he guided them, he comforted them, he led them, he was true to them. So much for generalities.

It is true, as said by the Cicero of Massachusetts, Edward Everett, that there rests on Jefferson the imperishable renown of having penned the Declaration of Independence. But had he never penned a syllable of it he would be immortal. It is true that he raised his hand against the Established Church, threw himself against the great landed proprietors and powerful party leaders, and brought forth the first statute of religious freedom that adorned the New World's history. Imperishable renown in

that, but without it he would have been immortal. It is true that he negotiated the territory of Louisiana from Napoleon the Great by purchase, gaining a kingdom for a song, securing the Mississippi to the free navigation of the swarming multitudes that now thrive upon its banks, and adding the Great West and Southwest to the Union—the greatest region ever won by man without a drop of blood. But without this he would have been immortal. It is true that after long years of conflict he lifted a little academy into a great university. Yonder it is—"Jefferson's pet," "the child of his old age"; but were there no university, Jefferson would be immortal. It is true that he drew, as chairman of a committee of Congress, the famous "ordinance of the Northwestern Territory," and his report, made in his own handwriting, is still in the archives of the State Department at Washington, by which Virginia ceded the area which now embraces Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. And true, that he put there in the clause that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude should exist therein after 1800." Renown enough in this, indeed. But without it, Jefferson would have been immortal. It is true that he broke down and abolished the old English system of primogeniture, which gave the land of the dead owner to his eldest son and left the daughters and younger sons homeless and landless. It is true that he destroyed the old English system of entails that tied up the land for generations in a single line, preventing its sale and diffusion, promoting its barrenness and decay.

He was a child of nature, this glorious Jefferson, with all his polish and all his culture, and all his wisdom, and he was on the people's side of all questions. An honest son of Mother Earth; a man with a man's faults, but no pharisee nor mug-wump, for he had fewer faults and lesser faults than most men, and he had noble and human-like and God-like virtues. He studied men, he studied nature, and he drew from them more than he ever drew from books, and gave back from them more than all the books could give. . . . . .

He was strong and all-powerful in courage; yes, in civic

courage, the rarest of all kinds of bravery. All nations are brave in their own way. Massive battalions, thousands strong, will march to death midst flashing bayonets and screaming shells—not a man dropped out of his place. But the courage that faces the sneer of fashion, the scorn of power, the scowl of altered friendship, "the proud man's contumely and the insolence of office"—this is the courage that belongs alone to souls "touched to fine issues." This Jefferson had—the superb, quiet, patient, daring courage that looks public opinion in the eye and dares confront it and affront it, and not flinch from the encounter.

When he stood for independence, they said "rebel." When he demanded justice, they said "communist." When he stood for religious freedom, they cried out "infidel." When he aroused the people against monarchy and concentrated power, they said "demagogue." But the common people heard him gladly—they knew their ears—and with acclaim they said, "All hail our friend."

Is It Ever Right For Husband To Kill Wife's Lover

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

If the wronged husband has the right to kill, so has the wronged wife.

This leads me to a question: "What is marriage? Men and women cannot truly be married by any set or form of words, or by any ceremonies, however solemn, or by contract signed, sealed, and witnessed, or by the words or declarations of priests or judges. All these put together do not constitute marriage. At the very best they are only evidences of the fact of marriage—something that really happened between the parties. Without pure, honest, mutual love there can be no real marriage. Marriage without love is only a form of prostitution. Marriage for the sake of position or wealth is immoral. No good, sensible man wants to marry a woman whose heart is not absolutely his, and no good, sensible woman wants to marry a man whose heart is

not absolutely hers. Now, if there can be no real marriage without mutual love, does the marriage outlast the love? If it is immoral for a woman to marry a man without loving him, is it moral for her to live as the wife of a man whom she has ceased to love? Is she bound by the words, by the ceremony, after the real marriage is dead? Is she so bound that the man she hates has the right to be the father of her babes?

The civilized man loves a woman not only for his own sake, but for her sake. He longs to make her happy—to fill her life with joy. He is willing to make sacrifices for her, but he does not want her to sacrifice herself for him. The civilized husband wants his wife to be free—wants the love that she cannot help giving him. He does not want her, from a sense of duty, or because of the contract or ceremony, to act as though she loved him, when in fact her heart is far away. He does not want her to pollute her soul and live a lie for his sake. The civilized husband places the happiness of his wife above his own. Her love is the wealth of his heart, and to guard her from evil is the business of his life.

But the civilized husband knows when his wife ceases to love him that the real marriage has also ceased. He knows that it is then infamous for him to compel her to remain his wife. He knows that it is her right to be free—that her body belongs to her, that her soul is her own. He knows, too, if he knows anything, that her affection is not the slave of her will.

Suppose he should find that there was a man in the case, that another had won her love, or that she had given her love to another, would it then be his right or duty to kill that man? Would the killing do any good? Would it bring back her love? Would it reunite the family? Would it annihilate the disgrace or the memory of the shame? Would it lessen the husband's loss?

Society says that the husband should kill the man because he led the woman astray.

How do we know that he betrayed the woman?

How do we know that it was not the husband's fault? She

may for years have shivered in the winter of his neglect. She may have borne his cruelties of word and deed until her love was dead and buried side by side with hope. Another man comes into her life. He pities her. She looks and loves. He lifts her from the grave. Again she really lives, and her poor heart is rich with love's red blood. Ought this man to be killed? He has robbed no husband, wronged no man. He has rescued a victim, released an innocent prisoner, and made a life worth living. But the brutal husband says that the wife has been led astray; that he has been wronged and dishonored, and that it is his right, his duty, to shed the seducer's blood. He finds the facts himself. He is witness, jury, judge, and executioner. He forgets his neglect, his cruelties, his faithlessness; forgets that he drove her from his heart, remembers only that she loves another, and then in the name of justice he takes the life of the one she loves.

The husband deserts his wife, leaves her without money, without a means to live, with his babes in her arms. She cannot get a divorce; she must wait, and in the meantime she must live. A man falls in love with her and she with him. He takes care of her and the deserted children. The "wronged" husband returns and kills the "betrayer" of his wife. He believes in the sacredness of marriage, the holiness of home.

It may be admitted that the deserted wife did wrong, and that the man who cared for her and her worse than fatherless children also did wrong, but certainly he had done nothing for which he deserved to be murdered.

A woman finds that her husband is in love with another woman, that he is false, and the question is whether it is her right to kill the other woman. The wronged husband has always claimed that the man led his wife astray, that he had crept and crawled into his Eden, but now the wronged wife claims that the woman seduced her husband, that she spread the net, wove the web, and baited the trap in which the innocent husband was caught. Thereupon she kills the other woman.

In the first place, how can she be sure of the facts? How does she know whose fault it was? Possibly she was to blame herself.

But what good has the killing done? It will not give her back her husband's love. It will not cool the fervor of her jealousy. It will not give her better sleep or happier dreams.

It would have been far better if she had said to her husband: "Go with the woman you love. I do not want your body without your heart, your presence without your love."

So, it would be better for the wronged husband to say to the unfaithful wife: "Go with the man you love. Your heart is his, I am not your master. You are free."

When the civilized man finds that his wife loves another, he does not kill, he does not murder. He says to his wife, "You are free."

When the civilized woman finds that her husband loves another, she does not kill, she does not murder. She says to her husband, "I am free." This, in my judgment, is the better way. It is in accordance with a far higher philosophy of life, of the real rights of others. The civilized man is governed by his reason, his intelligence; the savage by his passions. The civilized man seeks for the right, regardless of himself; the savage for revenge, regardless of the rights of others.

A few years ago a merchant living in the West suspected that his wife and bookkeeper were in love. One morning he started for a distant city, pretending that he would be absent for a couple of weeks. He came back that night and found the lovers occupying the same room. He did not kill the man, but said to him: "Take her; she is yours. Treat her well and you will not be troubled. Abuse or desert her, and I will be your avenger."

He did not kill his wife, but said: "We part forever. You are entitled to one-half of the property we have accumulated. You shall have it. Farewell!"

The merchant was a civilized man—a philosopher.

Description of Life

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Born of love and hope, of ecstacy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy—dowered with the wealth of two united hearts held in happy arms, with lips upon life's drifted font, blue-veined and fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form—rocked by willing feet and wooed to shadowy shores of sleep by siren mother singing soft and low—looking with wonder and wide and startled eyes at common things of life and day—taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes—lured by light and flame, and charmed by colors wondrous robes—learning the use of hands and feet, and by the love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech—releasing prisoned thoughts from crabbed and curious marks on soiled and tattered leaves—puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing, tangled worth—and so through years of alternating day and night, until the captive form grows familiar with the chains and walls and limitations of a life.

And time runs on in sun and shade, until the one of all the world is wooed and won, and all the lore of love is taught and learned again.

Again, a home is built with a fair chamber wherein faint dreams, like cool and shadowy vales, divide the billowed hours of love. Again, the miracle of a birth, the pain and joy, the kiss of welcome, and the cradle song drowning the drowsy prattle of a babe.

And then the sense of obligation and of wrong—pity for those who toil and weep—tears for the imprisoned and despised—love for the generous dead, and in the heart and rapture of a high resolve.

And then ambition, with its lust of pelf and place and power, longing to put upon its breast distinction's worthless badge. The keener thoughts of men, and eyes that see behind the smiling mask of craft—flattered no more by the obsequious cringe of

gain and greed—knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold—of honor bought from those who charge the usuary of self-respect—of power that only bends a coward's knees and forces from the lips of fear the lies of praise. Knowing at least the unstudied gesture of esteem, the reverend eyes made rich with honest thought, and holding high above all other things—high as hope's great throbbing star above the darkness of the dead—the love of wife and child and friend.

Then locks of gray, and growing love of other days and half-remembered things—then holding withered hands of those who first held his, while over dim and loving eyes, death softly presses down the lids of rest.

And so, locking in marriage vows his children's hands, and crossing others on the breasts of peace, with daughters' babes upon his knees, the white hair mingling with the gold, he journeys on from day to day to that horizon where the dusk is waiting for the night. At last, sitting by the holy hearth of home as evening's embers change from red to gray, he falls asleep within the arms of her he worshiped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips, love's last and holiest kiss.

The Tilton-Beecher Trial

From *Classics of the Bar,* Vol. 1

Henry Ward Beecher was pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and was recognized as one of the world's greatest pulpit orators.

Theodore Tilton charged that Mr. Beecher had betrayed his confidence and violated the hospitalities of his home—that he had lured his wife from the path of virtue and fidelity to her husband. Mr. Beecher was, indeed, a man of charming influence and attractive personality.

The closing remarks of Benjamin F. Tracy, for the defendant, and of William A. Beach, for the plaintiff, will always appeal to lovers of forensic eloquence.

CLOSING REMARKS OF MR. TRACY

In the discharge of my duty, I have laid before you, gentlemen, so much of this case as, to the best of my ability, I could put into words. But the deepest truth that underlies it is beyond adequate expression by feeble words of mine; nor, I think, could any single tongue set forth the nature and the power of that influence, which radiates throughout the world and time, and beyond the grave, from the glowing center of a good man's life. There are facts which are not spoken from lip to ear, but from heart to heart. There is a treasure at stake, in comparison with which even the good name of one innocent man and one innocent woman, however sacred and precious this may be, is of trivial worth; I mean the principle of the value of established character. What is the use of an honorable life if it is no barrier against false accusation, if, in the face of foul conspiracy, its prayers and labors, generosities and heroisms, are to be counted as worse than nothing—merely the disguises of hypocrisy?

Against this most dangerous infidelity of our time one grand protest has been made. Three thousand men and women of Plymouth Church have presented to this community a spectacle unparalleled of faith in goodness and in God. These people are your fellow-citizens, gentlemen; virtuous, industrious, practical, sensible as yourselves. They love their wives and daughters; they cherish the purity of their households. Foremost among you in every work of charity, earnest, sincere, good friends, good neighbors, good citizens, they stand and have stood through many months unshaken in their confidence around the pastor whom they love. And this they do because they know him—because for thirty years they have looked through his clear eyes into his transparent soul—because his influence upon them and their children has been pure and wholesome—because he has taught them from lips that repeated the words of the Master and by a life that reflected the example of the Master to fear God and to abhor evil. This multitude of witnesses bears testimony to the value of a good man's character as read in a good man's life. And it is the

lesson of the value of character which you, gentlemen, are called to impress upon the world. It will be seen that, although this city contained men vile enough to assail with perjured lips the spotless reputation of our noblest citizen, there were also found in it those whose firm faith in him could not be shaken by ingenious lies, and a jury of honest, just, and fearless men to stand like a rock against the tide of slander.

You will save Brooklyn, already too much disgraced by the existence of such a scandal, from the far greater disgrace of permitting such a man to be destroyed by such instrumentality—an eagle towering in his pride of place, hawked and killed by mousing owls! You will tell the American people that when innocence is assailed by unscrupulous and cunning malice, however successful for a time the assault may seem, it must find its barrier when it reaches an American jury. And you will say to this heartless and ungodly persecution: "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther—here all the midnight plottings of cruel craft must cease forever."

I ask of you for this defendant nothing but that justice which you would mete out to the humblest citizen; yet you cannot but feel, as I do, an overwhelming sense of the solemn importance of this trial. It will loom larger in history than any which has taken place for eighteen centuries. No man of this defendant's fame has ever been called upon to answer such a charge in a court of justice. What a spectacle has been presented in this city of churches! Every day for eight weeks this aged man, who has been a large and varied contributor to the literature of the English tongue, and who never wrote a word that was not inspired by the love of God, of nature, and of his fellow-men; who has swayed with sublimest eloquence greater multitudes than any living orator, and who never spoke save for justice, truth, and virtue; who has convinced, rescued, instructed, and comforted unnumbered thousands of erring, struggling, suffering souls, counting his own life, fortune, and reputation as nothing, if by their risk or sacrifice he could serve the humble and the weak; this man whose

fame encircles the earth, and whose name is honored and beloved wherever Christianity bears sway, has been dragged by malignant conspirators into this court to answer the vile and odious charge, which all the evidence of a lifetime outside of these walls, no less than the evidence produced within them, brands indelibly as a lie. Day by day he has passed along our streets with his brave and true wife, to meet the unmerited indignity of this arraignment. Strong men have been touched with mingled pity and wrath at the sight, and women have turned aside to weep. It is an outrage which posterity will avenge. This fair city will yet boast among her proudest monuments the statue of him who conferred upon her such glory, and received within her gates such torture. All who had part in this crowning drama of his life will be remembered with execration or with praise—those who falsely accused, those who weakly doubted, those cowards who forsook him, those who were swift to believe evil, on the one side; and, on the other, those who stood steadfastly, trusted, and those, gentlemen of the jury, who justly judged.

Yes, gentlemen, by the judgment which you here pronounce, you will yourselves be judged at the tribunal of after ages. What you do here will never die. When these scenes shall have passed away; when he who presides over this trial shall rest in the silent chambers of the dead; when the seats you occupy shall be filled by your children, or your children's children, strangers from distant climes will come to view the place from which was given back to the world, freed from cloud or passing shadow, the name of Henry Ward Beecher. Even when centuries shall have rolled away, when these marble walls shall have crumbled and decayed, this trial will be remembered with undiminished interest. More eloquent than the words of this defendant, more inspiring than his deeds of magnanimity, more powerful among men than the story of all his life of usefulness and virtue, will be the recital of his serene faith and patience under dire affliction and deadly assault. Heroes are admired; it is the martyrs who are beloved. Not the triumphal procession and the loud hosanna, but the cup,

the thorn crown, the cross, the sepulcher, conquered the world; and since the hour of the Divine Sufferer, no follower of Christ has borne the cross in vain. . . . . .

CLOSING REMARKS OF MR. BEACH

The attempt has been made, upon the part of both of my learned friends, to represent Mr. Tilton as entertaining the most bitter and malignant feelings toward Mr. Beecher; and yet, whenever he is found speaking of him in the revelations of this evidence, he has given him, justly, a high and distinguished character. I do not mean to say, gentlemen of the jury, that Theodore Tilton loves Henry Ward Beecher, or that he did love him an instant after that July in 1870 when his wife made to him her confession. I think it supernatural that a human being can be conscious of the fact that another man has seduced the body of his wife or of his child and feel no emotions of anger and no longing thirst for revenge. You Christians may condemn it, if you please; the lessons of the Scripture and the example of the Master may teach us better; but unless it be in the depravity and demoralization of the lowest sinks of vice and life, the heart beats not that can receive this blow without bounding with angry impetuosity. I know Theodore Tilton harbored these feelings, and I grant you that at times when he saw, or thought he saw, that they could be gratified without injury to his wife and his home, they broke out with resistless violence. If they had not, I would be ashamed to stand here as his representative and advocate, and that, to me, makes his example of self-denial, his earnest and faithful forgiveness of his wife, his Christian and manly charity toward Mr. Beecher—to me, this consideration makes this exhibition of his character most noble and exalted. The man who has the power of overcoming passions like these and resentment like this, must have some principle of righteousness and justice within him to strengthen his will and subdue his passions. Talk about the unfriendliness and the hate of Theodore Tilton toward Henry Ward Beecher! Why, if it be true that Mr. Beecher, the

chosen and the invited guest of his friend's house, who was directed there by the husband in times of his absence, the glory of his presence being the light of that household—if it be true that Henry Ward Beecher debauched its mistress and stained its hearthstone with the violence of his lust, why, is there a husband or a father on earth who will wonder that Theodore Tilton should feel indignation? "Oh!" says my friend, "this suit is for revenge." No! not all that you can do, not all that the broad jurisdiction of this court can do, will satisfy the longings of that revenge. It is an imperishable feeling, and will be an unsatisfied feeling so long as the tempter and the seducer of the wife breathes the same air with the living husband. I do not seek to convince you, gentlemen, that Theodore Tilton has not the feelings of a man, and the resentment and the passion of a man; but, with all this infirmity, this resistless temptation, he yet, strengthened by his love for his wife and children, and upheld by the grace of his God and the belief in his name, has withheld and stayed his hand so long as mortal heart could bear and hold back the arm destined to work out justice and truth. . . . . .

Most sensibly have I felt my inability worthily to meet the duty of my position, and struggle with the perplexities of this wide debate, in the face of adversaries so cunning of defense, so powerful and skilled as my eminent friends. But the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. The sling of the shepherd very often vanquishes the might of the giant. Weakness is strong in the energy of truth. I have no faith in my own skill, but I have abiding hope in the supreme justice which governs the world, marking the sparrow as it falls. On the great seal of your city is engraved the noble motto, "Right makes might." . . . . .

The struggle this day is between the law and a great character and a great church. If the latter triumph, and the law is trodden down, woe unto him who calls evil good and good evil.

May it please your Honor, it needs not that I should express the common sentiment of my associates and myself, as we recall the intelligent dignity and fearless learning with which you have

guided us through the tangled mazes of this trial. You can receive no nobler tribute than that offered by our adversaries. Contesting every position with animated zeal, and sprinkling this record with objections, they acknowledge with inimitable candor the entire accuracy of your numerous decisions. Your Honor, therefore, has the gratification to know that you have worked no injustice to this defendant. Sir, I indulge the hope that the friendly regard with which you have honored me, like my own warm respect for yourself, will be deepened by the remembrance of these toilsome but pleasant days. . . . . .

I have not spoken aught in malice. I leave this case without the slightest asperity of feeling toward any, filled with unaffected admiration for the transcendent qualities and generous courtesies of my distinguished antagonists. No man venerates more profoundly than myself the magnificent genius of this defendant. His large contributions to the literature of the times excite the sentiment of which Macaulay spoke in his essay on the life of Bacon. Rich as he is in mental endowments, prodigal as his labors have been, they can shelter no offense against the law.

Genius as lofty, learning more rare and profound, could not save Bacon. He sinned and fell. Upon his memory history has written the epitaph: "The greatest and the meanest of mankind."

Decoration Day Oration

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

This day is sacred to our heroes dead. Upon their tombs we have lovingly laid the wealth of Spring.

This is a day for memory and tears. A mighty nation bends above its honored graves, and pays to noble dust the tribute of its love.

Gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume in the heart.

Today we tell the history of our country's life—recount the lofty deeds of vanished years—the toil and suffering, the defeats and victories of heroic men—of men who made the nation great and free.

We see the first ships whose prows were gilded by the western sun. We feel the thrill of discovery when the new world was found. We see the oppressed, the serf, the peasant, and the slave, men whose flesh had known the chill of chains—the adventurous, the proud, the brave, sailing an unknown sea, seeking homes in unknown lands. We see the settlements, the little clearings, the block-house and the fort, the rude and lonely huts. Brave men, true women, builders of homes, fellers of forests, founders of states!

Separated from the old world—away from the heartless distinctions of caste—away from scepters and titles and crowns, they governed themselves. They defended their homes; they earned their bread. Each citizen had a voice, and the little villages became republics. Slowly the savage was driven back. The days and nights were filled with fear, and the slow years with massacre and war, and cabins' earthen floors were wet with blood of mothers and their babes.

But the savages of the new world were kinder than the kings and nobles of the old; and so the human tide kept coming, and the places of the dead were filled. Amid common dangers and common hopes, the prejudices and feuds of Europe faded slowly from their hearts. From every land, of every speech, driven by want and lured by hope, exiles and emigrants sought the mysterious continent of the west.

Year after year the colonists fought and toiled and suffered and increased. They began to talk about liberty—to reason of the rights of man. They asked no help from distant kings, and they began to doubt the use of paying tribute to the useless. They lost respect for dukes and lords, and held in high esteem all honest men. There was the dawn of a new day, they began to dream of independence. They found that they could make and execute the laws. They had tried the experiment of self-government. . . .

This declaration uncrowned kings and wrested from the hands of titled tyranny the sceptre of usurped and arbitrary power. It

superseded royal grants, and repealed the cruel statutes of a thousand years. It gave the peasant a career; it knighted all the sons of toil; it opened all the paths to fame, and put the star of hope above the cradle of the poor man's babe. . . .

Today we remember the defeats, the victories, the disasters, the weary marches, the poverty, the hunger, the sufferings, the agonies, and above all, the glories of the Revolution. We remember all—from Lexington to Valley Forge, and from that midnight of despair to Yorktown's cloudless day. We remember the soldiers and thinkers—the heroes of the sword and pen. They had the brain and heart, the wisdom and the courage, to utter and defend these words: "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." . . .

The hardy pioneers moved to the great west. Beneath their ringing strokes the forests disappeared, and on the prairies waved the billowed seas of wheat and corn. The great plains were crossed, the mountains were conquered, and the foot of victorious adventure pressed the shore of the Pacific. . . . All the streams went singing to the sea, turning wheels and spindles, and casting shuttles back and forth. Inventions were springing like magic from a thousand brains. From Labor's holy altars rose and leaped the smoke and flame, and from the countless forges rang the chant of rhythmic stroke. . . .

We must welcome to our shores the exiles of the world, and that we may not drive them back. Some may be deformed by labor, dwarfed by hunger, broken in spirit, victims of tyranny and caste—in whose sad faces may be read the touching record of a weary life; and yet their children, born of liberty and love, will be symmetrical and fair, intelligent and free. . . .

This day is sacred to the great heroic host who kept this flag above our heads—sacred to the living and the dead—sacred to the scarred and maimed—sacred to the wives who gave their husbands, to the mothers who gave their sons. . . .

But what of those who fell? There is no language to express the debt we owe, the love we bear, to all the dead who died for us. Words are but barren sounds. We can but stand beside their

graves and in the hush and silence feel what speech has never told.

They fought, they died; and for the first time since man has kept a record of events, the heavens bent above and domed a land without a serf, a servant, or a slave.

The Haywood Trial—Senator Borah's Conclusion

From *Classics of the Bar,* Vol. 1

Gentlemen, we are not fighting organized labor. We are not fighting the weak and the poor. Neither are we here to consent that organized labor shall be a shield to crime. Neither are we willing that a man in any station of life shall take life with impunity. This is not a fight on organized labor; it is simply a trial for murder. An awful crime has been committed, and the integrity and manhood of Idaho want to know. An offense which startled the civilized world was committed within our borders, and unless we had earnestly and determinedly endeavored to know the author, we would be unfit to be called a commonwealth among the sisterhood of commonwealths of this Union. That earnest men determined to act, and found evidence which led them to go farther and investigate, does not mean a fight upon organized labor. It does not mean, as my eloquent friend says, industrial warfare. It does not mean class against class, faction of society against faction. It does not mean the rich against the poor, the poor against the rich. It means law, justice, and fairness, and the verdict of this jury will be in accordance with those principles, whether it be freedom or conviction. . . .

"If "constitutions are only made for the rich," if "laws are made to protect the rich and oppress the poor," if that is the way they feel, if society is rotten and debauched and corrupt, if the vermin of shame is crawling everywhere on the body politic, why not raise the red hand of anarchy and drive everything back to chaos and force? These are the potent reasons for crime, and if you lodge them securely within the brain of man, you are rendering him capable of crime. Shame, oh, shame, that one so gifted,

one so blest with genius, has so far forgotten! The Constitution was made for you. It is the shield of the weak. Brave men are every day throwing it around the poor and the helpless. Patriots purchased it with their blood, and patriots will preserve it at the cost of limb and life. Our laws are made for us. This splendid old fabric is the priceless estate which belongs to all. Men are not all fiends; love still lives in the human heart; virtue still seams our civilization with strength; patriotism still stirs the breast of man; law reigns, and there is a Power above, just and righteous altogether. Whatever there may be of factions, whatever there may be of classes, whatever there may be of trouble, all will be finally settled and adjusted in accordance with right and justice—brave men, courageous men, will lead the way and all will follow. Somewhere and in some way will be found lodged within the law a power which will guide and control men without the necessity of their taking the law in their own hands. These doctrines that have been given you are wrong, they make men wrong, they inspire doubt and distress, hatred and murder. These are the doctrines that have turned from its true course this great labor organization. These teachings show as their fruitage the awful story this evidence reveals. They are at the bottom of a vast number of these crimes. We are trying to determine now whether or not the State of Idaho can enforce the law and stop the spread of these blighting doctrines. We are trying to determine whether there is some of that old courage, that manhood which is willing to stand up and uphold the law, protect property, and shield life.

What a scene we have passed through in these sixty days of trial! Twenty-odd murders proven and not a single man punished. Men blown to pieces—laboring men trying to earn their daily bread, trying to plant the dimple of joy upon the faces of prattling babes, trying to drive the shadows from the simple hearthstone—blown to an unrecognizable mass because they were not union men. Men high in the walks of life, murdered upon the very door-steps of their homes because they sought to uphold

the law! And at last, when we try to administer punishment, the State is attacked, the courts attacked, everything we love denounced, our dead slandered. Never was there a greater call for courage, for manhood, than the call which comes to you tonight. Some of you have stood the test when the flag was in danger; some of you have stood in the trenches where death seemed king, but never was there a greater demand upon you for intelligence, for manly, fearlesss action, for courage and conscience, than now.

I have read Danton's harangue to the mob in the streets of Paris; I have all but heard the silvery tones of Desmoulins in the Jacobin clubs, where organized assassins toyed with the lives of men; I can see Robespierre, now drunk with his fellows' blood, staggering back against the pillars of the assembly hall as retribution raised its cold hand to lead him forth to death, but never have I heard or read so frightful an attack upon all those things for which the saints of justice have suffered martyrdom as I have heard in this court room. Some may falter, some of us may not stand the test, but there will be found somewhere men brave enough to do their duty. Such doctrines cannot prevail. . . .

Gentlemen, I am worn out, and I have no doubt you are more than weary yourselves. I am not going to trespass much longer upon your time. You have been patient and considerate in the extreme. The great task imposed upon you, the great trust reposed in you, have stimulated and sustained you throughout this long and tedious trial, and you have watched and listened and been faithful. You are today carrying with you the anxious solicitude of an entire people. There is no home in Idaho tonight but thoughts of you and your final duty will intermingle with the sentiments which made that home possible. The Court, the faithful officers, the attorneys, now pass into the background; and all thoughts, all considerations, are with you—the twelve men selected and sworn and solemnly charged with the most grave and solemn task ever given to twelve men in Idaho—they are waiting, waiting for the voice of your foreman.

You will never again occupy a position so important, so re-

sponsible in all its bearings, as you do now. On the one hand, if you believe in the face of this evidence that this man is innocent, you will release him, turn him loose; but, on the other hand, if we have pointed to the men who conceived and caused to be carried into dire execution this awful crime, then, in the name of law, in the name of the honor of our State, you will act without the dread of men or the fear of men, for you know that, after all is done and the work is finished and the excitement has died away, the thing which will remain with you permanently is that sleepless monitor of the soul asking over and over as the days go by: "Were you brave and faithful in the discharge of the most supreme duty of life?"

I have no doubt that many times during this trial you have been much moved by the eloquence of counsel for the defense. They are men of wondrous powers. They have been brought here because so rarely gifted in power to sway the minds of men. It was their part in loyalty to their clients to toy with your sympathies, to call you, if possible, from the plain path of justice and duty, to lead you, if possible, from the brave and manly consideration of the real facts of this case. But as I listened to the music of their voices and felt for a moment the compelling touch of their hypnotic influence, there came back to me all the more vividly, when released from the spell, another scene—there came to me in more moving tones, other voices. I remembered again the awful night of December 30, 1905, a night which added ten years to the lives of some who are in this court room now. I felt again its cold and merciless chill, faced the drifting snow, and peered at last into the darkness for the sacred spot where last lay my dead friend, and saw true, only too true, the stain of his life blood upon the whited earth. I saw men and women standing about in storm and darkness, silent in the presence of the dreadful mystery, and Idaho disgraced and dishonored—I saw murder —no, not murder—a thousand times worse than murder. I saw anarchy displaying its first bloody triumph in Idaho. I saw government by assassination pointing to the mangled form of Frank

Steunenberg, the broken family, the blood-bespattered home, and saying to all: "Look, look and take notice! Here is the fate of all who do their duty to their State and Government." As I thought over that night again, I said to myself: "Thou living God, can time or the arts of counsel unteach the lessons of that hour?" No, no; for the sake of all that good men hold near and dear let us not be misled, let us not forget, let us not be falterers in this great test of courage and heroism.

Soon these men will be gone; their homes are elsewhere, and as brothers of the bar, I wish them well. They look for protection to other States, to other laws. But we remain, and with us remains the solemn duty of protecting life and property, of standing by the State you have helped to build, and within whose borders you have planted the reign of law. Gentlemen, I do not want innocent men convicted; Heaven knows I do not thirst for innocent blood. Counsel for the defense have tried to make you believe that we would have professional distinction at the cost of human liberty or life. There has been something in this case to make a man forget all professional pride. I only want what you want—murder stopped in Idaho. I only want what you want—human life made safe—assassination put out of business. I only want what you want—the gate which leads to our homes, the yard gate whose inward swing tells of the returning husband and father, shielded and guarded by the courage and manhood of Idaho juries.

But they say it is a solemn thing to take life. True, very true. But the fearless performance of duty by courts and juries protects society and prevents the spread of murder and anarchy. In the olden days, when man walked closer to his God and heard more clearly the admonitions of the moral teachings under which we must thrive or perish, it was said: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." He who takes life in the malice of the heart forfeits his right to live—for the sake of society, for the sake of all men who love their fellow-men and want to live with them in peace—he forfeits his right to live. It

has been so from the beginning, so by the sanction of Him who provides all things for the good of the children of men.

If this be true where individual man slays but another, ten thousand times more true should it be where men, in hatred and malice, in stealth and in secrecy, combine, confederate, and agree to carry on and commit indiscriminate murder; where men defy law, denounce society, trample upon all rights, human and divine, and thirst for the blood of all who chance to thwart or oppose their criminal purposes. Anarchy—pale, bloodless, restless, hungry demon from the crypts of hell—fighting for a foothold in Idaho! What shall we do? This is the question. Shall we crush it; shall we make it unsafe for the disciples of this creed to do business here; or shall we palter and trim and compromise and invite it to choose other victims? These are the questions to be settled by you and you alone. It is up to you. In the court of your conscience the verdict must be worked out, and I must leave it all with you. Yet I hesitate to close. This matter lies nearer my heart than anything in my whole life. Nevertheless, I can but turn the matter over to you for your final action.

Thanking you for the State for your long and devoted service, and bidding you have courage for your final great duty, I leave the State's interest with you.

Love in a Hut, None in a Palace

By Robert G. Ingersoll

The meanest hut with love in it is a palace fit for the gods, and a palace without that, is a den only fit for wild beasts. Love is the only bow on life's dark cloud. Love was the first to dream of immortality. Love is the morning and the evening star. It shines —upon the child; it sheds its radiance upon the peaceful tomb. Love is the mother of beauty—the mother of melody, for music is its voice. Love is the builder of every hope, the kindler of every fire on every hearth. Love is the enchanter, the magician that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal kings and

queens out of common clay. Love is the perfume of that wondrous flower, the heart. Without that divine passion, without that divine swoon, we are less than beasts, and with it earth is heaven and we are gods.

Tribute to Wagner's Music

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

. . . Music was born of love. Had there never been any human affection, there never could have been uttered a strain of music. Possibly some mother, looking in the eyes of her babe, gave the first melody to the enraptured air. . . . The greatest music is the most marvelous mingling of love and death. Love is the greatest of all passions, and death is its shadow. Death gets all its terror from love, and love gets its intensity, its radiance, its glory, and its rapture, from the darkness of death. . . . In Wagner's music there is a touch of chaos that suggests the infinite. The melodies seem strange and changing forms, like summer clouds, and weird harmonies come like sounds from the sea brought by fitful winds, and others moan like waves on desolate shores, and mingled with these, are shouts of joy, with sighs and sobs and ripples of laughter, and the wondrous voices of eternal love.

When I listen to the music of Wagner, I see pictures, forms, glimpses of the perfect, the swell of a hip, the wave of a breast, the glance of an eye. I am in the midst of great galleries. Before me are passing the endless panoramas. I see vast landscapes with valleys of verdure and vine, with soaring crags, snow-crowned. I am on the wide seas, where countless billows burst into the whitecaps of joy. I am in the depths of caverns roofed with mighty crags, while through some rent I see the eternal stars. In a moment the music becomes a river of melody, flowing through some wondrous land; suddenly it falls in strange chasms, and the mighty cataract is changed to seven-hued foam. Great music is always sad, because it tells us of the perfect. . . . The

music of Wagner is filled with landscapes. There are some strains, like midnight, thick with constellations, and there are harmonies like islands in the far seas, and others like palms on the desert's edge. His music satisfies the heart and brain. It is not only for memory; not only for the present, but for prophecy. Wagner was a sculptor, a painter, in sound. When he died, the greatest fountain of melody that ever enchanted the world, ceased. His music will instruct and refine forever. . . .

There is something more in music than can be expressed in rhythmical periods, some greater joy than can be felt by hearing it accented in measured intervals. It struck me long ago that, that music which rose and fell at precisely the same distances with exactly the same emphasis did not express the feelings of the heart; that there must be some splendid composition that did not have to come back to the starting place in so many beats. There is a music of the heart and of the intellect and of thought. . . . The moment the orchestra begins to play Wagner's strains all the instruments are transfigured. They seem to utter sounds that they have been longing to utter ever since they were made. Even the drums join in the joyous riot. The old bass violin is alive with passion. The cellos throb with love, and the violins thrill with the divine feeling. When I hear this music it seems to me that it is full of glory of color through which the violins picture the coming of the morning, and the horns the glory of the stars gleaming above us. Color comes gradually from the other instruments, and then the orchestra floods the world with the day.

Tribute to Music

By C. D. SHULTZ

I believe that music was the first of the arts, for I can imagine that some time in the dim, distant past, when men dwelt in crude caves or floated upon the ancient streams in miserable dugouts, when language was untaught and mechanics were undreamed, some young girl, gazing with the eyes of love upon the face and

form of her first-born babe, was so moved by the divine emotion of motherhood that there burst from her lips the first note of music that ever saluted "the enraptured air."

From that crude beginning, music has grown and developed until today we have the harmonies of Handel, the melodies of Mendelssohn, the sweet and tender strains of Schubert; we glimpse the troubled soul of Beethoven and sense the sweet spirit of Bach, while Wagner, with a master's touch, paints upon the canvass of sound a picture of the passion and the pathos of the world.

These and many others, who were music's slaves and music's masters, have enabled us to enjoy the perfect measure of voices trained to sing in exact and scientific unison; to hear with raptured ear the violin's pleading notes and dream of daisied meadows with rippling brooks that whisper words of love; to see the painted desert and hear the roar of the sandstorm that cuts the flesh and bends the stunted growth upon its "dusty face"; to gaze upon the mountain peak, whose snow-capped summit is lost among the clouds, and hear the moan of the bleak wind about its barren rocks; to see the verdant valley with its far-flung, fruitful fields, and hear the rumble of the winding river as it seeks the solemn sea.

Again we hear the great organ's majestic tones; the cornet's clarion call; the 'cello's notes of gold; the perfect purity of tone that only the flute has learned; the rich, enchanting notes that issue from the reeded throat of the clarionet; the marshall chords of the great band; and the soft cadences of the evening bell.

Music has within its varied tones the comedy and the tragedy, the joy and the sorrow, the laughter and the tears of human experience; and in its rich vibrations we hear the rolling thunder of the storm, the sighing voices of the wind, and the whispering melody that floats upon the evening breeze.

Music is the language of the soul and the tongue of the spirit, hence the Bible tells us of the "hozannas of heaven."

A Key-Noter's Convention Speech

By CLAUDE G. BOWERS, *at Houston Convention*

"The men of the plains are cheering hoarsely. The women are shrilling hysterically. The standards of the states wave and dip. The galleries are a-flutter—fans and handkerchiefs. The sixteen thousand are like wax in this man's hands. Thirty-two thousand eyes are turned feverishly upon him. He lifts one hand in a pleading gesture for silence. The plea is respected. These people do not want to miss a flash in this rush of molten metal.

But the practiced wordmonger, the clever platform gladiator, knows the value of abrupt contrasts. Swiftly, and for an instant, he draws away from vituperations and releases a solemn strain of tribute. This commands a deep diapason of cheering—prolonged and strong, more vehement now than frantic. Sentence after sentence of adulation is unfurled. Long sentences, most of them. They float over the convention like banners.

But Bowers demands of the Republican party, "Take your hands from off the farmer's throat," brings a prodigious uproar. The convention is going wild. The first walk around has begun. Commonwealth after commonwealth is joining it, and the dependencies beyond the seas."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The speech attracted world attention.

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the Convention:

"The American Democracy has mobilized today to wage a war of extermination against privilege and pillage. We prime our guns against autocracy and bureaucracy. We march against that centralization which threatens the liberties of the people. We fight for the republic of the fathers, and for the recovery of the covenant from the keeping of a caste and class. We battle for the honor of the nation, besmirched and bedraggled by the most brazen and shameless carnival of corruption that ever blackened the reputation of a decent and self-respecting people.

"We stand for the spirit of the preamble of the Declaration

that is made a mockery; for the Bill of Rights that is ignored; for the social and economic justice which is refused; for the sovereign right of states that are denied; and for a return to the old-fashioned civic integrity of a Jackson, a Tilden, a Cleveland, and a Wilson. We stand for the restoration of the government to the people who built it by their bravery and cemented it with their blood. . . . .

" . . . The issues are as fundamental as they were when Jefferson and Hamilton crossed swords more than a century ago. To understand the conflicting views of these two men on the functions of government is to grasp the deep significance of this campaign.

"Now, Hamilton believed in the rule of an aristocracy of money, and Jefferson in a democracy of men.

"Hamilton believed that governments are created for the domination of the masses, and Jefferson that they are created for the service of the people.

"Hamilton wrote to Morris that governments are strong in proportion as they are made profitable to the powerful; and Jefferson knew that no government is fit to live that does not conserve the interest of the average man.

"Hamilton proposed a scheme for binding the wealthy to the government by making government a source of revenue to the wealthy; and Jefferson unfurled his banner of equal rights.

"Hamilton would have concentrated authority remote from the people, and Jefferson would have diffused it among them.

"Hamilton would have injected governmental activities into all the affairs of men; and Jefferson laid it down as an axiom of freedom that 'that government is best which governs least.'

"Just put a pin in this: There is not a major evil of which the American people are complaining now that is not due to the triumph of the Hamiltonian conception of the state. And the tribute to Hamilton at Kansas City was an expression of fealty to him who thought that governments are strong in proportion as they are made profitable to the powerful; who proposed the plan for

binding the wealthy; who devised the scheme to tax the farm to pay the factory; and whose purpose was to make democracy in America a mockery and a sham.

"Thus we are challenged once more to a conflict on the fundamentals; and a clear call comes to us today to fight anew under the Jeffersonian banner, with the Jacksonian sword, and in the Wilsonian spirit, and, crashing the gates of privilege, make Jeffersonian democracy a living force again in the lives and homes of men.

. . . . . .

"Why, you cannot believe with Lincoln on democracy and with Hamilton against it.

"You cannot believe with Lincoln that 'God loved the common people or He would not have made so many of them,' and with Hamilton that the people are 'a great beast.'

"You cannot believe with Lincoln that the principles of Jefferson are 'the definitions and the axioms of a free society,' and with Hamilton that they are the definitions of anarchy.

"You cannot believe with Lincoln in a government 'of the people, by the people, and for the people,' and with Hamilton in a government of the wealthy, by the influential, and for the powerful.

"There are Lincoln Republicans and Hamilton Republicans, but never the twain shall meet, . . . until you find some way to ride two horses going in opposite directions at the same time. We here propose to take our stand so uncompromisingly on the elemental principles of Jeffersonian democracy that liberals and progressives may fraternize with us in a common fight against the common foe in the common interest of the average man and woman.

. . . . . .

"What a majestic figure was he who led us in those fruitful years! The cold, even light of his superb intellect played upon the most intricate problems of the times and they seemed to solve themselves. He lifted the people to such heights of moral gran-

deur as they had never known before; and his name and purpose made hearts beat faster in lowly places where his praise was sung in every language in the world. And when at length, his body broken, but his spirit soaring still, he fell stricken, while still battling for his faith, there passed to time and to eternity and to all mankind the everlasting keeping of the immortal memory of Woodrow Wilson.

"We submit that a party that stands for that democracy which is inseparable from the liberties of men, and has given a Jefferson, a Jackson, and a Wilson to the service of mankind, has earned the right, in times like these, to the co-operation of independents and progressives in the struggle for the preservation of popular government, and the purging of the nation of that corruption which has made America a by-word and a hissing in the very alleys of the world.

. . . . . .

"Now, when it suits the pleasure of the privileged to legislate money into its coffers it is applauded by the claquers as patriotic statesmanship; but when the farmer demands his share in the unhappy game of paternalism they denounce him as a radical and a crank.

"One day the head of the state by a scratch of the pen increased the tariff loot of the pig iron industry by fifty per cent; and the next day he delivered a homily to the farmers on the wickedness of expecting profit from a governmental act.

. . . . . .

"Now, we do not ask paternalistic privilege for the farmer, but we do demand that the hand of privilege shall be taken out of the farmer's pockets and off the farmer's throat. We propose to tear down the system of privilege and put the farmer on an absolute equality with every other industry—that is Jeffersonian democracy. We do not propose that the most basic of all our industries shall longer be a door-mat for all the others to wipe their feet upon as they enter the Temple of Privilege.

. . . . . .

"Never in a century has there been such a call to us to battle for the faith of our fathers as there is today; and never has the control of government been so completely concentrated in the hands of a willing caste as now. The dreams of the Hamiltonians have literally come true while the people slept. They wanted organized wealth in possession of the government—and we have it. They wanted the sovereign rights of states denied—and we have it. They wanted bureaucratic agents swarming over the land like the locusts of Egypt—and we have it. They wanted government made profitable to the powerful—and we have it. They wanted, through administration, to make a mockery of democracy —and we have it. The Hamiltonian state is necessarily a temple of gold resting on the bowed back of peasants in other people's fields—and we almost have that now. They would deify dollars and minimize men, limit self-government and centralize power, cripple democracy, empower bureaucracy, welcome plutocracy—and we will soon have that, too.

"Give the plunderbund but eight years more of such governmental co-operation and a combination of power companies will put a few men in control of the public utilities of a mighty empire. Make no mistake about it—that is the great Jacksonian struggle of tomorrow. And with that sinister possibility upon us, the people must determine whether they will entrust their interest to those who believe that governments are strong in proportion as they are made profitable to the powerful, or to the Jeffersonians who believe that governments are created for the service of mankind. Once in possession and entrenched, the plunderbund of the power monopoly cannot be dislodged by the fighting force of a dozen Andrew Jacksons.

. . . . . .

"We are mobilized to lead the people back to the old paths of constitutional liberty, and to the good way. We are going back—back to the old landmarks of liberty and equality when ordinary men had rights that even power respected; when justice, not privilege, was the watchword of the state; when the preamble of

the declaration and the bill of rights had meaning; when the nation embraced every section and every class. . . . .

"Our principles have been written in the triumphs of the people and baptized in the blood of our bravest and our best. Jefferson phrased them, Jackson vitalized them, Wilson applied them, and we go forth to battle for them now.

"We face a foe grown arrogant with success. It were infamy to permit the enemy to divide us, or divert us, on the eve of such a battle. Issues are involved that go to the determination of the future of our institutions and our children. The call that comes to us is as sacred as the cause of humanity itself. From the grave at the Hermitage comes the solemn warning that no party ever won or deserved to win that did not organize and fight unitedly for victory—and we shall thus organize and fight. This is a unique campaign. . . . .

"And we shall win because our cause is just. The predatory forces before us seek a triumph for the sake of the sacking. Their shock troops are the Black Horse Cavalry whose hoof-beats have made hideous music on Pennsylvania avenue during the last eight years. They are led by money-mad cynics and scoffers—and we go forth to battle for the cause of man. In the presence of such a foe "he who dallies is a dastard and he who doubts is damned." In this convention we close debate and grasp the sword. The time has come. The battle hour has struck. Then to your tents, O Israel!" (Great demonstration.)

Oration at a Child's Grave

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

My Friends: I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened

fruit, and in the common bed of earth patriarchs and babies sleep side by side. Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell. We do not know which is the greater blessing, life or death. We cannot say that death is not good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate, the child dying in its mother's arms before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch. Every cradle asks us, "Whence?" and every coffin, "Whither?" The poor barbarian weeping above his dead can answer the questions just as well as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other. No man standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears. May be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those we press and strain within our arms could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. May be this common faith treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate, and I had rather live and love where death is king than have eternal life where love is not. Another life is naught, unless we know and love again the ones who love us here. They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear. The larger and the nobler faith in all that is, and is to be, tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life, the needs and duties of each hour, their grief will lessen day by day until at last this grave will be to them a place of rest and peace, almost of joy. There is for them this consolation: The dead do not suffer. If they live again their lives will surely be as good as ours. We have no fear; we are all children of the same mother and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religion, and it is this: "Help for the living, hope for the dead."

A Toast to the Volunteers

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

And now let us drink to the volunteers. To those who sleep in unknown, sunken graves, whose names are only in the hearts of those they loved and left, of those who often hear in happy dreams the footsteps of return. Let us drink to those who died while lipless famine mocked. One to all the maimed whose scars give modesty a tongue, and all who dared and gave to chance the care, the keeping of their lives. . . . They fought, they died, and for the first time since man has kept a record of events the heavens bent above and domed a land without a serf, a servant, or a slave.

Patrick Whooley Responds to a Toast

By GEORGE SINGLETON

Mr. Chairman and Gentle-meen. In responding to the toast—"America and What Has America Done for the Working Man?"—I have this to say—when I landed in this country at Castle Garden, I had but fifty cents in my pockets, but I was young, strong, and able and willing to work. I soon found a job on the street force. What was it then? "Patrick, come here, Patrick, do this." In a little while I was made boss of the gang—that was a step up. What was I then? Mr. Patrick Whooley. A delegation called on me and asked me if I would run for Alderman, and if so, did I think I could be elected? "Elected?" said I. "Try me and see." I got there with both feet. That was another step up. What was I then? The Honorable Patrick Whooley. After this I received a nomination for Congress and was elected by an overwhelming majority. This was another step up. What was I then? Congressman Patrick Whooley. Soon after this I received an invitation from my brother in Ireland to pay him a visit. I made all preparation and set sail for the old country. On Sunday morning after my arrival we all got ready to go to the Cathedral. I put on my Prince Albert coat and my beaver hat

and we went to the Cathedral. In my right hand I had my gold-headed cane, and on my left arm I had my niece, a prettier gal a man would not wish to see. We walked up the great marble steps of the Cathedral, with its spires reaching up into the heavens, and as we entered the door the great organ and choir struck up in a great anthem of praise, crying, "Whooley! Whooley! Whooley! Whooley!—Lord God, Almighty!"

Now, this is what America has done for the working man.

The Danger of Centralization and Plutocracy

By Henry W. Grady

Your Republic—on the glory of which depends all that men hold dear—is menaced with great dangers. Against these dangers defend her, as you would defend the most precious concerns of your own life. Against the dangers of centralizing all political powers, put the approved and imperishable principle of local self-government. Between the rich and the poor now drifting into separate camps, build up the great middle class that, neither drunk with wealth, nor embittered by poverty, shall lift up the suffering and control the strong. To the jangling of races and creeds that threaten the courts of men and the temples of God, oppose the home and the citizen—a homogeneous and honest people—and the simple faith that sustained your fathers and mothers in their stainless lives and led them serene and smiling into the valley of the shadow.

Let it be understood in my parting words to you that I am no pessimist as to this Republic. I always bet on sunshine in America. I know that my country has reached the point of perilous greatness, and that strange forces not to be measured or comprehended are hurrying her to heights that dazzle and blind all mortal eyes—but I know that beyond the uttermost glory is enthroned the Lord God Almighty, and that when the hour of her trial has come He will lift up His everlasting gates and bend down above her in mercy and in love. For with her He has surely lodged the ark of His covenant with the sons of men. Emerson

wisely said, "Our whole history looks like the last effort by Divine Providence in behalf of the human race." And the Republic will endure. Centralism will be checked, and liberty saved—plutocracy overthrown, and equality restored. The struggle for human rights never goes backward among English-speaking peoples. Our brothers across the sea have fought from despotism to liberty, and in the wisdom of local self-government have planted colonies around the world. This very day Mr. Gladstone, the wisest man that has lived since your Jefferson died —with the light of another world beating in his face until he seems to have caught the wisdom of the Infinite and towers half human and half divine from his eminence—this man, turning away from the traditions of his life, begs his countrymen to strip the crown of its last usurped authority, and lodge it with the people, where it belongs. The trend of the times is with us. The world moves steadily from gloom to brightness. And bending down humbly as Elisha did, and praying that my eyes shall be made to see, I catch the vision of this Republic—its mighty forces in balance, and its unspeakable glory falling on all its children—chief among the federation of English-speaking people—plenty streaming from its borders, and light from its mountain tops—working out its mission under God's approving eye, until the dark continents are opened—and the highways of earth established, and the shadows lifted—and the jargon of the nations stilled and the perplexities of Babel straightened—and under one language, one liberty, and one God, all the nations of the world hearkening to the American drum-beat and girding up their loins, shall march amid the breaking of the millennial dawn into the paths of righteousness and of peace!

Sympathy for Criminals

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

To me it has always been a mystery how the average man, knowing something of the weakness of human nature, something

of the temptations to which he himself has been exposed—remembering the evil of his own life, the things he would have done had there been opportunity, had he absolutely known that discovery would be impossible, should have feelings of hatred toward the imprisoned. For my part, I sympathize sincerely with all failures, with the victims of society, with those who have fallen, with the imprisoned, with the hopeless, with those that have been stained by verdicts of guilty, and with those who, in the moment of passion, have destroyed as with a blow the future of their lives.

Musing at Napoleon's Tomb

By Robert G. Ingersoll

A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold fit almost for a deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless Egyptian marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide—I saw him at Toulon—I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris—I saw him at the head of the army of Italy—I saw him in Egypt in the shadow of the pyramids—I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tri-color in his hand—I saw him at Marengo—at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea. I thought of the orphans

and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the armorous kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me; I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great. And so I would, ten thousand times over.

Weeps at the Tomb of Adam

By MARK TWAIN

Under this very column was taken the dust from which Adam was made. This can surely be regarded in the light of a settler. It is not likely that the original first man would have been made from an inferior quality of earth when it was entirely convenient to get first quality from the world's center. This will strike any reflecting mind forcibly. That Adam was formed of dirt procured in this very spot is amply proven by the fact that in six thousand years no man has ever been able to prove that the dirt was not procured here where he was made. It is a singular circumstance that right under the roof of this same great church, and not far away from that illustrious column, Adam himself, the father of the human race, lies buried. There is no question that he is actually buried in the grave which is pointed out as his—there can be none—because it has never yet been proven that that grave is not the grave in which he is buried. The tomb of Adam. How touching it was, here in a land of strangers, far from home, and friends, and all who cared for me, thus to discover the grave of a blood relation. True, a distant one, but still a relation. The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The fountain

of my filial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here, for he will find little to his taste in my journeyings through the Holy Land. Noble old man—he did not live to see me—he did not live to see his child. And I—I—alas, I did not live to see him. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born—six thousand brief summers before I was born. But let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let us trust that he is better off where he is. Let us take comfort in the thought that his loss is our eternal gain.

Why The Confederacy Failed

By Henry W. Grady

We understand that when Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, your victory was assured, for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty, against which the arms of men can not prevail—while those of our statesmen who trusted to make slavery the cornerstone of the Confederacy doomed us to defeat as far as they could, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend or the sword maintain in sight of advancing civilization.

The Hope of Immortality

By Robert G. Ingersoll

The hope of immortality, that, like a sea, has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, with its countless waves of hope and fear beating against the shores and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion. It was born of human affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death. . . . .

The hope of immortality is the great oak round which have

climbed the poisonous vines of superstition. The vines have not supported the oak—the oak has supported the vines. As long as men live and love and die, this hope will blossom in the human heart.

The Old Plantation

By GOV. ROBERT TAYLOR

I sat on a balcony in a great city by the sea. I looked down on the bustling streets below and beheld every phase of character and every grade and condition of life mixing and mingling together in that great mart of modern civilization. I saw youth and beauty chasing the rainbows and butterflies of pleasure, and old age shambling along, bent under the crushing weight of years. I saw exultant hope peer over the shoulder of despair, and radiant joy pass and touch the black veil of sorrow. I saw the anarchist rub against the money king, and the Quaker jostle the clown. I saw the Christian brush the infidel, and the Gentile elbow the Jew. I saw eager thrift and impatient competition flit by like wing-footed Mercuries, and close at their heels sharp-faced and lynx-eyed avarice rushed on in hot pursuit of the gilded god of Mammon. I saw enterprise seizing opportunity by the forelock, and success throwing back mock kisses at the pouting lips of disappointment. I saw pride and vanity flash their jewels and flaunt their silken skirts in the tear-stained faces of humility, and the chariot of Dives throw contemptuous dust from its glittering wheels on the tattered garments of Lazarus. I saw ambition battling for power, greed struggling for wealth, and poverty begging for bread.

I heard the rumbling of heavy wheels and the clattter of countless hoofs on the stony streets. I heard footfalls of the moving throngs, and the murmur of multitudinous voices like the eternal roar of ocean waves breaking on rock-bound shores.

There was a little green park close by where art and nature mingled in the beautiful gifts of statue, and fountain, and leaf, and tree, and flower, and it was touched by the white pavements

of a broad and splendid avenue. There I saw a swarthy minstrel from the classic land of Italy playing on his street piano, around which a hundred pale and fragile children tripped and danced, keeping time with nimble feet to the melodies stolen from the sunshine of Italian skies. A little farther away a band of troubadours from the dreamy hills of Castile played softer airs on softer strings of lute and violin and sweet guitar, while a dark-eyed senorita sang a Spanish serenade and then received the silver dimes in her tinkling tambourine.

. . . . . .

I saw every extreme of society and every striking contrast of virtue and vice, hope and fear, joy and sorrow, of wealth and rags, of glory and shame—I saw these pass like phantoms before me.

I left the balcony of the palace and loitered along the teeming thoroughfares. I saw opulence lolling in elegant ease and feasting and drinking in luxurious dining halls and rich cafés, while ragged children, with hungry looks and watering mouths, stood without and gazed through the broad and plated windows. I saw gilded saloons, magnificent with crystal and silver and gold, and hung with costly paintings, where wine flowed like ruby fountains, and liquors old and mellow enticed and tempted alike the prosperous and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, the philosopher and the fool, the youth in his teens and tottering old age. There I saw statesmen drink bumpers with ward politicians, and perfumed and dainty swells clink glasses with brawny and swaggering champions of the prize ring; there many an innocent boy just from the old plantation, with his mother's last kiss still warm on his lips and his father's benediction still fresh in his heart, poured out his first libation to the god of wine and entered the world of sin through the beautiful gate of temptation.

The scene changed, and I wandered, half bewildered, down the avenue. There I saw unguarded youth, charmed by the meretricious glances of fallen beauty and lured into the silken web of tinseled sin, where remorseless guilt feeds on the polluted

husks of ruined and blighted hearts, and I thought of the story of the spider and the fly.

The scene changed again, and I entered a temple dedicated to the fickle goddess of chance. I heard the click of the roulette wheel, and the rattle of poker chips, and the clink of gold coin. It was the sound of the clods on the coffin of fortune. I heard half-uttered groans from quivering lips, and hoarse mutterings and muffled oaths from the clenched teeth of desperation. I saw Anguish hovering there, silent and tense, like a brooding angel, and beside her stood pale and haggard Ruin, with drawn dagger pointed at his own heart, and he said: "Farewell, O blissful dream of happiness; farewell to the sweet memories of a mother's kisses and a mother's prayers."

The day died into the night, the night vanished before the light of a beautiful Sabbath morning, and I entered a temple of the living God. Its broad aisles shone with the elite of the metropolis, and the soft, rich radiance of the costumed worshippers was like a dream of patrician wealth and glory. The sanctuary was redolent of flowers, and the vast assemblage sat motionless under the eloquence of the great divine as he wielded the keen-edgd sword of the Spirit, now a gospel Mars, piercing shields and cleaving helments; now an Olympian Jove, hurling thunderbolts that were forged in heaven; and then out from the golden pipes of the great organ the seraph of music fluttered on the air and bore me upward on his outstretched wings to the crystal heights of song till my raptured soul caught glimpses of the jeweled walls of the Eternal City.

The sacred pageant dissolved and I explored the slums of that city by the sea. I walked amid the squalid tenements of poverty and sin, unillumined by hope, unhallowed by love, and where even mercy trembles to tread. I saw manhood crushed in the coils of debauchery, and motherhood degraded into the depths of shame, but as there are pearls in the filthiest streams, so God's jewels are sometimes hidden in the reeking cesspools of humanity.

In one of these tenements of crime a child lay dying on a

pallet of rags. Her white hand clenched a flower. The roses had vanished from her cheeks, and there was nothing left but withered lilies. The blessed sunshine crept through the narrow canyon of the street and hung enthralled in her golden hair, and the sky above had left its blue and its stars in her innocent eyes. Divine love had set its aureole of glory about her tender life, and the lowest outcast caressed her and the vilest lips spoke blessings upon her head. All who looked on the solemn scene bowed in silence—to this majesty in rags. Did I say majesty? Was not this the royal death chamber of God's elect? Was not this little bed of rags the jeweled couch of an angel? Was it not the coronation scene of an immortal soul? There was a sigh, a gasp, and the storm of life was hushed forever; and as the sinless spirit took its flight I thought I caught faint swells of music from another world; I thought I heard the rustle of invisible wings.

I looked upon these shifting scenes of life in that city by the sea, and I dreamed of the old plantation far away, where the sky is blue above and the earth below is green—where peace dwells in the quiet vales and contentment sings among the hills.

I wondered why thousands would languish in crowded alleys, when nature is beckoning away to her landscapes of beauty, where the wild flowers bloom and the sunshine plays "hide and seek" with the shadows through the long summer days.

I wondered why the toiling millions would dwell amid the stench and blackened walls of misery and be slaves to heartless masters, when untouched fields and cooling springs invite the happy home, and the virgin soil waits for the plowman and his merry song.

I wondered why helpless children should be doomed to die in polluted hovels when green meadows bid them come and chase the butterflies among the clover blossoms, and the blooming hills call them hither to romp and play where the happy birds sing, and the brawling brooks leap and laugh down the dusky hollows.

Ladies and gentlemen, there is a halo of glory about every beautiful city which charms us all. There is an inspiration in

every statue and marble column. Every dome is the embodiment of a thought, and every glittering spire lends enchantment to the view.

We delight to listen to the chiming of bells and the music of industry. We are bewildered by the numberless fads and fashions of society, and dazzled by the brilliancy of the drama and the opera. We love to walk among the creations of art and in the atmosphere of literature and culture. We love to go where poetry mingles its rhythmic flow with the prose of life, and where sculpture and painting gladden our eyes and thrill our hearts. Yet what are all the achievements of human art compared with the prodigal glories of the natural world? What are the potted plants that perfume the palace hall compared with rural flower gardens that scent the evening gale? What are the pent-up parks compared with the countless shady dells? What are domes to mountains, and spires to peaks, and what are burnished towers compared with a thousand templed hills that shake from their leafy boughs the dewdrops of the morning?

The Cruelty of Vivisection

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Vivisection is the Inquisition—the Hell—of Science. All the cruelty which the human—or rather the inhuman—heart is capable of inflicting, is in this one word. . . . The wretches who commit these infamous crimes pretend that they are working for the good of man; that they are actuated by philanthropy, and that their pity for the sufferings of the human race drives out all pity for the animals they slowly torture to death. But those who are incapable of pitying animals are, as a matter of fact, incapable of pitying men. A phyisican who would cut a living rabbit in pieces —laying bare the nerves, denuding them with knives, pulling them out with forceps—would not hesitate to try experiments with men and women for the gratification of his curiosity. . . .

Brain without heart is far more dangerous than heart without brain.

Have these scientific assassins discovered anything of value?

It is not necessary to be a scientist or a naturalist to detest cruelty and to love mercy. Above all the discoveries of the thinkers, above all the inventions of the ingenious, above all the victories won on fields of intellectual conflict, rise human sympathy and a sense of justice.

I know that good for the human race can never be accomplished by torture. I also know that all that has been ascertained by vivisection could have been done by the dissection of the dead. I know that all the torture has been useless. All the agony inflicted has simply hardened the hearts of the criminals, without enlightening their minds.

It may be that the human race might be physically improved if all the sickly and deformed babes were killed, and if all the paupers, liars, drunkards, thieves, villains, and vivisectionists were murdered. All this might, in a few ages, result in the production of a generation of physically perfect men and women; but what would such beings be worth—men and women healthy and heartless, muscular and cruel—that is to say, intelligent wild beasts?

Never can I be the friend of one who vivisects his fellow-creatures. I do not wish to touch his hand.

When the angel of pity is driven from the heart; when the fountain of tears is dry,—the soul becomes a serpent crawling in the dust of a desert.

Liberty of Man, Woman, and Child

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

"There is no slavery but ignorance. Liberty is the child of intelligence.

The history of man is simply the history of slavery, of injustice and brutality, together with the means by which he has come through the dead and desolate years, slowly and painfully advanced. He has been the sport, the prey of priest and king, the food of superstition and cruel might.

. . . . . .

Hypocrisy and tyranny—two vultures—have fed upon the liberties of man. From all these there has been, and is, but one means of escape—intellectual development. Upon the back of industry has been the whip. Upon the brain has been the fetters of superstition. Nothing has been left undone by the enemies of freedom. . . . In this great struggle every crime has been rewarded and every virtue has been punished. Reading, writing, thinking, and investigating have all been crimes. Every science has been an outcast. All the altars and all the thrones united to arrest the forward march of the human race. The king said that mankind must not work for themselves. The priest said that mankind must not think for themselves. One forged chains for the hands, the other for the soul. . . . A few grand men escaped and devoted their lives to the liberation of their fellows. Only a few years ago there was the great awakening of the human mind. Men began to inquire by what right a crowned robber made them work for him? The man who asked this question was called a traitor. Others asked by what right the robed hypocrit ruled my thoughts? Such men were called Infidels. . . . They said then and they say now that it is dangerous for man to be free. I deny it. Out on the intellectual sea there is room enough for every sail. The man who does not do his own thinking is a slave, and is a traitor to himself and to his fellowman. . . . All I claim, all I plead for, is liberty of thought and expression. That is all. I do not pretend to tell what is absolutely true, but what I think is true. . . . I do not claim that I have floated level with the heights of thought, or that I have descended to the very depths of things. I simply claim that what ideas I have, I have a right to express; and that any man who denies that right to me is an intellectual thief and robber. . . . If I have no right to think, why have I a brain? . . . The good men, the good women, are tired of the whip and lash in the realm of thought. They remember the chain and fagot with a shudder. . . . You cannot change the conclusion of the brain by torture; nor by social ostracism. But I will tell you what you can do by these, and what you have done. You can make hypocrites by the millions. . . . Let us

thank every good and noble man who stood so grandly, so proudly, in spite of opposition, of hatred, and death, for what he believed to be the truth. . . . With every drop of my blood I hate and execrate every form of tyranny, every form of slavery. I hate dictation. I love liberty. What do I mean by liberty? By physical liberty I mean the right to do anything which does not interfere with the happiness of another. By intellectual liberty I mean the right to think right and the right to think wrong. . . .

In this creed there will be but one word—Liberty.

I know not what discoveries, what inventions, what thoughts may leap from the brain of the world. I know not what garments of glory may be woven by the years to come. I cannot dream of the victories to be won upon the fields of thought; but I do know, that coming from the infinite sea of the future, there will never touch this "bank and shoal of time" a richer gift, a rarer blessing, than liberty for man, for woman, and for child. O, Liberty stay not forever in the far horizon, remain not forever in the dream of the poet and the philanthropist, but come and take up thine abode with the children of men and remain with us forever.

A Scathing Impeachment of Alcohol

By Robert G. Ingersoll

I believe that alcohol, to a certain degree, demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it. I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm of the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, death, and dishonor, it demoralizes everybody that touches it. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against this liquid crime. All you have to do is to think of the wrecks upon either bank of this stream of death—of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the men of genius it has wrecked; of the millions who have struggled with

imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing. And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds upon either bank—I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol.

Religion of This World—to the Unitarians

By Robert G. Ingersoll

I hope as devoutly as you, that there is a power somewhere in this universe that will finally bring everything as it should be. I take a little consolation in the perhaps—in the guess that this is only one scene of a great drama, and that when the curtain rises on the fifth act, if I live that long, I may see the coherence and relation of things. But up to the present speaking I do not—a God that has life feed on life every joy in the world, born of some agony; I do not understand why in this world, over the Niagara of cruelty, should run this flood of blood. And then—why does not Justice always triumph, why is not innocence a perfect shield? What is religion? Now, then, what is religion? I say, religion is here in this world, right here—and that all our duties are right here to our fellow men, that the man that builds a home, marries the girl he loves, takes good care of her, likes the family, stays home nights as a general thing, pays his debts, tries to find out what he can, gets all the ideas and beautiful things that his mind will hold, turns a part of his brain into a gallery of the fine arts, has a host of statues there and paintings, that has another niche devoted to music—a magnificent dome filled with winged notes that rise to glory—now, the man who does that gets all he can from the great ones dead, swaps all the thoughts he can with the ones that are alive—he is what I call a religious man, because he makes the world better, happier. He puts the dimples of joy in the cheeks of the ones he loves, and he lets the gods run heaven to suit themselves. That is my idea, in a general way, about religion; and I want the imagination to go to work upon it, taking the perfections of one church, or one

school of one system, and putting them together, just as the sculptor. But let us go on doing that until there shall be a church in sympathy with the best human heart and in harmony with the best human brain. And what's more, let us have that religion for the world we live in right here. Let us have that religion until it cannot be said that they who do the most work have the least to eat. Let us have that religion here until hundreds and thousands of women are not compelled to make a living with the needle that has been called the asp for the breast of the poor; and live in tenements, in filth, where modesty is impossible. I say, let us preach that religion here until men will be ashamed to have forty or fifty millions or more than they need while their sisters and brothers die from want. Let us preach that religion here until man will have more ambition to become wise and good than to become rich and powerful. Let us preach that religion here among ourselves until there are no abused and beaten wives. Let us preach that religion until children are no longer afraid of their own parents, and until there is no back of a child bearing the scars of a father's lash. Let us preach it, I say, until we understand and know that every man does as he must, and that if we want better men and women we must have better conditions. Let us preach this grand religion until everywhere the world over, men are just and kind to one another, and then if there be another world, we will be prepared for it. Let us preach that one drop of restitution is worth an ocean of repentance. And if there is a life of eternal progress before us, I shall be as glad as any other angel to find that out. But I will not sacrifice the world I have for one I know not of. I will not live here in fear when I do not know that, that which I fear lives. (Great applause.)

Crimes Against Criminals

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

All the penalties, all the punishments, are inflicted under a belief that man can do right under all circumstances, that his conduct is absolutely under his control, and that his will is a pilot

that can, in spite of winds and tides, reach any port desired. All this is in my judgment a mistake. We must take into consideration the nature of man—the facts of mind—the power of temptation—the limitations of the intellect—the force of habit—the result of heredity—the power of passion—the domination of want —the diseases of the brain—the tyranny of appetite—the cruelty of condition—the results of associations—the effects of poverty and wealth, of helplessness and power. Until these things are understood—until we know that man in spite of all can certainly pursue the highway of the right, society should not impoverish and degrade, should not chain and kill, those who, after all, may be helpless victims of unknown causes that are deaf and blind. WE KNOW SOMETHING OF OURSELVES—OF THE AVERAGE MAN—of his thoughts, passions, fears, and aspirations, something of his sorrows and his joys, his weakness, his liability to fall, something of what he resists—the struggles, the victories, and the failures of his life. We know something of the tides and currents of the mysterious sea—something of the currents of the wayward wants—but we do not know where the wild storms are born that wreck and rend, neither do we know in what strange realm the mists and clouds are formed that dim and darken all the heaven of the mind, nor from whence comes the tempest of the brain in which the will to do, sudden as the lightning's flash, seizes and holds the man until the dreadful deed is done that leaves a curse upon the soul. We do not know, our ignorance should make us hesitate. Our weakness should make us merciful.

The Power of a Great Orator

From *The Washington Post*

The nomination of Hon. William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, by the Democratic Convention yesterday, constituted the most astounding spectacle in the history of American politics. It was a logical culmination, perhaps. We are not prepared to say that, after the extraordinary demonstration of Thursday, the choice of

any other than Bryan would have been pertinent or explicable. What amazes us is that he should have been able, by the mere act of mounting a rostrum and delivering a twenty-minute speech, to dislocate the process of the convention machinery, to obscure every veteran aspirant then in view, to change men's hearts, to divert the course of their passions and their preferences, and to transform a serious and deliberate body into an instrument upon which he played as Pan upon his pipe, as the blind prince of music on his immortal harpischord.

It was a consummation without parallel, a denouement never to be explained this side of paradise. But so it happened.

Bryan suddenly appeared, *tall, shapely, handsome as a Greek demigod, classic of outline, impassioned of address,* thrilling with his tremendous message to the people—appeared like a fairy upon *a dull and lifeless stage,* and in one moment *threw twenty thousand human beings* into a fever of indescribable exaltation. He called back from the *vanished past the witchery of Orpheus,* the magic of Demosthenes, the irresistible forces of the great Napoleon. He stood there, and with a dozen fiery phrases he converted thoughtful men into fanatics; he changed them as utterly as the wizard changes the toys he plays with on the stage. In all the annals of politics there *was never such a scene.*

We do not wonder that in the following day, still palpitating under the spell of Bryan's wondrous eloquence, the convention turned to him as a needle to a magnet. It may not be capable of analysis, it may not be coldly and accurately demonstrable. The fact remains, Bryan swept the floor of the convention as the fire sweeps the autumn prairie. The delegates went to him in a strange passion of desire. Nothing could check the fury of their vent. He was nominated—slowly at first, swiftly next, and at last, in a wild crescendo of enthusiasm, he was lifted on a white-cap of unanimity and thrown high and dry upon the beach of his surpassing triumph.

The country at large knows little of this extraordinary young man. He has been in Congress. He delivered a speech upon the

tariff that enchanted and enchained the House. He has spoken many times with reference to the tariff, and always he has held his audience as the sirens held the fated crew that sailed with Ulysses from the shores of Troy. He is a minstrel, a form of grace, a thing of beauty. What he is beyond that, who knows?

He has no record in statesmanship. He was too young to assert his patriotism thirty-five years ago. What schemes of government, what social theories occupy his brain, no human being can disclose. He is young, he is ardent, he is ambitious, he is gifted with the power to sway men's minds, he is a born leader, an attractive figure on the stage, and that is all we know. Whether the American people, after four months of solemn deliberation, will confide their destinies to his untried hands, we do not undertake to prophesy. What we do know is that William Jennings Bryan is the most dramatic product of our national politics, the most sensational and picturesque creation of our age.

A Liberal's Views on Divorce

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Question 1. Do you believe in the principle of divorce under any circumstances? The world for the most part is ruled by the tomb, and the living are tyrannized over by the dead. Old ideas, long after the conditions under which they were produced, have passed away, often persist in surviving. Many are disposed to worship the ancient—to follow the old paths, without inquiring where they lead, and without knowing exactly where they wish to go themselves. . . . There was a time when it was believed that the sin of an individual was visited upon the tribe, the community, or the nation to which he belonged. It was then thought that if a man or woman had made a vow to God, and had failed to keep the vow, God might punish the entire community; therefore, it was the business of the community to see to it that the vow was kept. That idea has been abandoned. As we progress, the rights of the individual are perceived, and we are now beginning

dimly to discern that there are no rights higher than the rights of the individual. There was a time when nearly all believed in the reforming power of punishment—in the beneficence of brute force. It was at one time thought that the Inquisition was the saviour of society; that the persecution of the philosopher was requisite to the preservation of the state, and that, no matter what happened, the state should be preserved. And standing upon this luminous point that we call the present, let me answer your questions.

MARRIAGE IS THE MOST IMPORTANT—THE MOST SACRED CONTRACT THAT HUMAN BEINGS CAN MAKE. No matter whether we call it a contract or a sacrament, or both, it remains precisely the same. And no matter whether this contract is entered into in the presence of magistrate or priest, it is exactly the same. A true marriage is a natural concord and agreement of souls, a harmony in which discord is not even imagined; it is a mingling so perfect that only one seems to exist; all other conditions are lost; the present seems to be eternal. In this supreme moment there is no shadow—or the shadow is as luminous as light. And when two beings thus love, thus unite, this is the true marriage of soul and soul. That which is said before the altar or minister, or magistrate, or in the presence of witnesses, is only the outward evidence of that which has already happened within; it simply testifies to a *union that has already taken place—to the uniting of two mornings that hope to reach the night together.* Each has found the ideal: the man has found the one woman of all the world—the impersonation of affection, purity, passion, love, beauty, and grace; and the woman has found the one man of all the world, her ideal, and all that she knows of romance, of art, courage, heroism, honesty, is realized in him. The idea of contract is lost. Duty and obligation are instantly changed into desire and joy, and two lives, like uniting streams, flow on as one. Nothing can add to the sacredness of this marriage, to the obligation and duty of each to each.

There is nothing in the ceremony except the desire on the part of the man and woman that the whole world should know that they are really married and their souls have been united. Every marriage, for a thousand reasons, should be public, should be recorded, should be known; but, about all, to the end that the purity of the union should appear. These ceremonies are not only for the good and for the protection of the married, but also for the protection of their children, and of society as well.

The question then arises, should this marriage under any circumstances, be dissolved? It is easy to understand the position taken by the various churches; but back of theological opinion is the question of contract. In this contract of marriage the man agrees to protect and cherish his wife. Suppose that he refuses to protect; that he abuses, assaults, and tramples upon the woman he weds. What is her redress? Is she under any obligation to him? He has violated the contract. He has failed to protect, and, in addition, he has assaulted her like a wild beast. Is she under any obligation to him? Is she bound by the contract he has broken? If so, what is the consideration for this obligation? Must she live with him for his sake? Or, if she leaves him to preserve her life, must she remain his wife for his sake? No intelligent man will answer these questions in the affirmative. If, then, she is not bound to remain his wife for the husband's sake, is she bound to remain his wife because the marriage was a sacrament? Is there any obligation on the part of the wife to remain with the brutal husband for the sake of God? Can her conduct affect in any way the happiness of an infinite being? The next question is as to the right of society in this matter. It must be admitted that the peace of society will be promoted by the separation of such people. Certainly society cannot insist upon a wife remaining with a husband who bruises and mangles her flesh. Is it to the interest of society that those who despise each other should live together? *Ought the world to be peopled by the children of hatred or disgust, the children of lust and loathing,* or by the *welcome babes of mutual love?* Is it possible that an infinitely wise and compassionate God insists that a helpless woman shall

remain the wife of a cruel wretch? Can this add to the joy of Paradise, or tend to keep one harp in tune? Can anything be more infamous than for a government to compel a woman to remain the wife of a man she hates—of one whom she justly holds in abhorrence? Does any decent man wish the assistance of a constable, a sheriff, a judge, or a church, to keep his wife in his house? Is it possible to conceive of a more contemptible human being than a man who would appeal to force such as that. It may be said that the woman is free to go, and that the courts will protect her from the brutality of the man who promised to be her protector; but where shall the woman go? She may have no friend; or they may be poor; her kindred may be dead. Has she no right to build another home? Must this woman, full of kindness, affection, health, be tied and chained to this living corpse? Is there no future for her? Must she be an outcast forever? Can she never sit by her own hearth, with the arms of her children about her neck, and with a husband who loves and protects her? Is she to become a social pariah, and is this for the benefit of society? Or is it for the sake of the wretch who destroyed her life? The ground has been taken that woman would lose her dignity if marriage could be annulled. Is it necessary to lose your liberty in order to retain your moral character—in order to be pure and womanly? Must a woman, in order to retain her virtue, become a slave, a serf, with a beast for a master, or with society for a master, or with a phantom for a master? Again I ask, is it desirable to have families raised under such circumstances? Are we in need of children born of such parents? Can the virtue of others be preserved only by this destruction of happiness, by this perpetual imprisonment? A marriage without love is bad enough, and a marriage for wealth or position is low enough; but what shall we say of a marriage where the parties actually abhor each other? Is there any morality in this? Is there virtue in retaining the name of wife, or husband, without the real and true relation? Will any good man say, will any good woman declare, that a true, loving woman should be compelled to be the mother of children whose father she detests? Is there a

good woman in the world who would not shrink from this herself? And is there a woman so heartless and so immoral that she would force another to bear that from which she would shudderingly and shriekingly shrink? Marriages are made by men and women; not by society; not by the state; not by the church; not by supernatural beings. By this time we should know that nothing is moral that does not tend to the well-being of sentient beings; that nothing is virtuous the result of which is not good. Few people know the number of blows that fall on the flesh of the helpless every day, and few know the nights of terror passed by mothers who hold babes to their breasts. Compared with these, all the hardships of poverty borne by those who love each other are as nothing. Men and women truly married bear the sufferings and misfortunes of poverty together. They console each other. In the darkest night they see the radiance of a star, and their affection gives to the heart of each perpetual sunshine. The good home is the unit of good government. The hearth-stone is the corner-stone of civilization. Society is not interested in the preservation of hateful homes, of homes where husbands and wives are selfish, cold, and cruel. It is not to the interest of society that good women should be enslaved, that they should live in fear, or that they should become mothers by husbands whom they hate. Homes should be filled with kind and generous fathers, with true and loving mothers; and when they are so filled, the world will be civilized. Intelligence will rock the cradle; justice will sit in the courts; wisdom in the legislative halls; and above all and over all, like the dome of heaven, will be the spirit of liberty. Although marriage is the most important and the most sacred contract that human beings can make, still when that contract has been violated, courts should have the power to declare it null and void upon such conditions as may be just. . . . Men and women are not virtuous by law. Law does not of itself create virtue, nor is it the foundation or fountain of love. Law should protect virtue, and law should protect the wife if she has kept her contract and the husband, if he has fulfilled his. But the death of love is the end of marriage. Love is

natural. Back of all ceremony burns and will forever burn the sacred flame. There has been no time in the world's history when that torch was extinguished. In all ages, in all climes, among all people, there has been true, pure, and unselfish love. Long before a ceremony was thought of, long before a priest existed, there were true and perfect marriages. Back of public opinion is natural modesty, the affection of his heart; and in spite of all law, there is and forever will be the realm of choice. Wherever love is, it is pure; and everywhere, and at all times, the ceremony of marriage testifies to that which has happened within the temple of the human heart.

Question 2. Ought divorced people be allowed to marry under any circumstances? A. This depends upon whether marriage is a crime. If it is not a crime, why should any penalty be attached? Can any one conceive of any reason why a woman obtaining a divorce, without fault on her part, should be compelled as a punishment to remain forever single? Why should she be punished for the dishonesty or brutality of another? Why should a man who faithfully kept his contract of marriage and who was deserted by an unfaithful wife, be punished for the benefit of society? Why should he be doomed to live without a home? There is still another view. We must remember that human passions are the same after as before divorce. To prevent remarriage is to give excuse for vice. The real marriage is back of the ceremony, and the real divorce is back of the decree. When love is dead, when husband and wife abhor each other, they are divorced. The decree records in a judicial way what has taken place, just as the ceremony of marriage attests a contract already made. What becomes of the sacredness of the home, if the law compels those who abhor each other to sit at the same hearth? This lowers the standard, and changes the happy haven of home into the prison cell. If we wish to preserve the integrity of the family, we must preserve the democracy of the fireside, the republicanism of the home, the absolute and perfect equality of husband and wife. There must be no exhibition of force, no spectre of fear. The mother must not remain through an order

of court, or the command of the priest, or by virtue of the tyranny of society; she must sit alone in absolute freedom, the queen of herself, the sovereign of her own soul and of her own body. Real homes can never be preserved through force, through slavery, or superstition. Nothing can be more sacred than the home, no altar purer than the hearth.

Does the absolute prohibition of divorce where it exists contribute to the moral purity of society? We must define our terms. What is moral purity? The intelligent of this world seek the well-being of themselves and others. They know that happiness is the only good; and this they strive to attain. To live in accordance with the conditions of well-being is moral in the highest sense. To use the best instrumentalities to attain the highest ends is our highest conception of the moral. In other words, morality is the melody or the perfection of conduct. A man is not moral because he is obedient through fear or ignorance. Morality lives in the realm of perceived obligation, that being is moral. Morality is not the child of slavery. Ignorance is not the corner-stone of virtue. The first duty of a human being is to himself. He must see to it that he does not become a burden on others. To be self-respecting, he must endeavor to be self-sustaining. If by his industry and intelligence he accumulates a margin, then he is under obligation to do with that margin all the good he can. He who lives to the ideal does the best he can. In true marriage men and women give not only their bodies, but their souls. This is the ideal marriage; this is moral. They who give *their bodies but not their souls, are not married, whatever the ceremony may be;* this is immoral. If this be true, upon what principle can a woman continue to sustain the relation of wife after love is dead? Can it be said that this contributes to the moral purity of the human race? Where husbands and wives who have ceased to love cannot be divorced, there are mistresses and lovers. The world looks at the wife who has been abused, who has been driven from the home of her husband, and the world pities; and when this wife is loved by some other man, the world excuses. So, too, the husband who cannot live in peace, who leaves his home, is pitied and

excused. Is it possible to conceive of anything more immoral than for a husband to insist on living with a wife who has no love for him? Is not this a perpetual crime? Is the wife to lose her personality. . . . Is this the foundation of morality? This the corner-stone of society. This the arch that supports the dome of civilization? Is this pathetic sacrifice on one hand, this sacrilege on the other, pleasing in the sight of heaven?

To me the tenderest word in our language, the most pathetic word within our knowledge, is maternity. Around this sacred word clusters the joys and sorrows, the agonies and ecstacies of the human race. The mother walks in the shadow of death that she may give another life. Upon the altar of love she puts her own life in pawn. When the world is civilized, no wife will become a mother against her will. Man will then know that to enslave another is to imprison himself.

Crossing the Bar

Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Death of Musical Genius

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

In the noon and Zenith of his career, in the flush and glory of success, Anton Seidl, the greatest orchestral leader of all time, the perfect interpreter of Wagner, of all his subtlety and sympathy, his heroism and grandeur, his intensity and limitless passion, his wondrous harmonies that tell of all there is in life, and touch the longing and the hopes of every heart, has passed from the shores of sound to the realms of silence, borne by the mysterious tide that ever ebbs but never flows. All moods were his. Delicate as the perfume of the first violet, wild as the storm, he knew the music of all sound, from the rustle of the leaves, the whispers of hidden springs, to the voices of the sea. He was the master of music from the rhythmical strains of irresponsible joy to the sobs of the funeral march. He stood like a king with his sceptre in his hand, and we know that every tone and harmony were in his brain, every passion in his heart, and yet his sculptured face was as calm, as serene as perfect art. He mingled his soul with music and gave his heart to the enchanted air. He appeared to have no limitations, no walls, no chains. He seemed to follow the pathway of desire in the marvelous melodies, the sublime harmonies which were free as eagles above the clouds with outstretched wings. He educated, refined and gave unsurpassable joy to many thousands of his fellow beings. He added to the grace and glory of life. He spoke a language deeper, more poetic than words, the language of the perfect, the language of love and death. But he is voiceless now, a fountain of harmony has ceased, the inspired strains have died away in night, and all its murmuring melodies are strangely still.

We will mourn for him, we will honor him, not in words but in the language that he used. Anton Seidl is dead. Play the great funeral march, envelop him in music, let its waiting waves cover him, let its wild and mournful winds sigh and mourn above him, give his face to its kisses and its tears, play the great funeral

march, music as profound as death, that will express our sorrow, that will voice our love, our loss, our hope, and that will tell of the life of the genius, the triumphs, the death of Anton Seidl.

Eulogy to Declaration of Independence

By A. LINCOLN

The representatives in old Independence Hall said to the whole race of men: "We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." This was their majestic interpretation of the economy of the universe. This was their lofty, and wise, and noble understanding of the justice of the Creator to his creatures, to the whole great family of men. In their enlightened belief, nothing stamped with the divine image and likeness was sent into the world to be trodden on and degraded and imbruted by its fellows. They grasped not only the whole race of men then living, but they reached forward and seized upon the farthest posterity. They erected a beacon to guide their children, and their children's children, and the countless myriads who should inhabit the earth in other ages. Wise statesmen as they were, they knew the tendency of posterity to breed tyrants, and so they established these great self-evident truths, that when in the distant future, some man, some faction, some interest, should set up the doctrine that none but rich men, none but Anglo-Saxon white men were entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, their posterity might look up again to the Declaration of Independence and take courage to renew the battle which their fathers began, so that truth and justice and mercy and all the human and Christian virtues might not be extinguished from the land; so that no man hereafter dare to limit and circumscribe the great principles on which the temple of liberty was being built. Now my countrymen, if you have been taught doctrines conflicting with the great landmarks of the

Declaration of Independence; if you have listened to suggestions which would take away its grandeur and mutilate the fair symmetry of its proportions, if you have been inclined to believe that all men are not created equal in those inalienable rights enumerated by our chart of liberty: let me intreat you to come back.

. . . . . .

Evils Threatening the Republic

By HENRY W. GRADY

It is the village and town population, as well as that of the farms, that goes to swell so enormously the population of the great cities. Thus we see diminishing with amazing rapidity that rural population that is the strength and the safety of the people—slow to anger and thus a safeguard, but terrible in its wrath, and thus a tremendous corrective power. No greater calamity could befall any country than the sacrifice of its town and village and country life. I rejoice in Atlanta's growth, and yet I wonder whether it is worth what it cost when I know that her population has been drawn largely from rural Georgia, and that back of her grandeur are thousands of deserted farms and dismantled homes. As much as I love her—and she is all to me that home can be to any man—if I had the disposal of 100,000 immigrants at her gates tomorrow, 75,000 should be located in the shops and factories in Georgia towns and villages, and 20,000 sent to her farms. It saddens me to see a bright young fellow come to my office from village or country, and I shudder when I think for what a feverish and speculative and uncertain life he has bartered his rural birthright, and surrendered the deliberation and tranquillity of his life on the farm. It is just that deliberate life that this country needs, for the fever of the cities is already affecting its system. Character, like corn, is dug from the soil. A contented rural population is not only the measure of our strength, and an assurance of its peace when there should be peace, and a resource of courage when peace would be cowardice—but it is the

nursery of the great leaders who have made this country what it is. Washington was born and lived in the country. Jefferson was a farmer. Henry Clay rode his horse to the mill in the slashes. Webster dreamed amid the solitude of Marshfield. Lincoln was a rail splitter. Our own Hill walked between the handles of the plow. Brown peddled barefoot the product of his patch. Stephens found immortality under the trees of his country home. Toombs and Cobb and Calhoun were country gentlemen, and afar from the cities' maddening strife established that greatness that is the heritage of their people. The cities produce very few leaders. Almost every man in our history formed his character in the leisure and deliberation of village or country life, and drew his strength from the drugs of the earth even as a child draws his from his mother's breast. In the dimunition of this rural population, virtuous and competent, patriotic and honest, living beneath its own roof-tree, building its altars by its own hearthstone and shrining in its own heart its liberty and its conscience, there is abiding cause for regret. In the corresponding growth of our cities—already center spots of danger, with their idle classes, their sharp rich and poor, their corrupt politics, their consorted thieves, and their clubs and societies of anarchy and socialism—I see a pressing and impending danger. Let it be noted that the professions are crowded, that middlemen are multiplied beyond reason, that the factories can in six months supply the demand of twelve—that machinery is constantly taking the place of men—that labor in every department bids against itself until it is mercilessly in the hands of the employer, that the newcomers are largely recruits of the idle and dangerous classes, and we can appreciate something of the danger that comes with this increasing movement to strip the villages and the farms and send an increasing volume into the already overcrowded cities. This is but one phase of that tendency to centralization and congestion which is threatening the liberties of this people and the life of this Republic. . . .

To anchor the farmer to his land and the villager to his home; to enable him to till the land under equal conditions and to hold

that home in independence; to save with his hands the just proportion of his labor, that he may sow in content and reap in justice,—this is what we need. The danger of the day is centralization, its salvation diffusion. Cut that word deep in your heart. This Republic differs from Russia only because the powers centralized there in one man are here diffused among the people. Western Ohio is happy and tranquil, while Chicago is feverish and dangerous, because the people diffused in the towns and the villages of the one are centralized and packed in the tenements of the other; but of all centralization that menaces our peace and threatens our liberties, is the consolidation of capital—and of all the diffusion that is needed in this Republic, congesting at so many points, is the leveling of our colossal fortunes and the diffusion of our gathered wealth amid the great middle classes of this people. . . . A man in Chicago that had a private fortune secured control of all the wheat in the country, and advanced the price until flour went up three dollars a barrel. When he collected $4,000,000 of this forced tribute from the people, he opened his corner and released the wheat, and the world, forgetting the famishing children from whose hungry lips he had stolen the crust, prasied him as the king of finance and trade. . . . The farmer who raised the wheat got not one cent of the added profit. The mills that ground it not one cent. Every dollar went to swell the toppling fortunes of him who never sowed it to the ground, nor fed it to the thundering wheels, but who knew it only as the chance instrument of his infamous scheme. Why, our fathers declared war against England, their mother country, from whose womb they came, because she levied two cents a pound on our tea, and yet, without a murmur, we submit to ten times this tax placed on the bread of our mouths, and levied by a private citizen for no reason save his greed, and no right save his might. Were a man to enter an humble home in England, bind the father helpless, stamp out the fire on the hearthstone, empty the scanty larder, and leave the family for three weeks cold and hungry and helpless, he would be dealt with by the law; and yet four men in New York cornered the world's cotton crop

and held it until the English spindles were stopped and 14,000,000 operatives sent idle and empty-handed to their homes, to divide their last crust with their children, and then sit down and suffer until the greed of the speculators was filled. The sugar refineries combined their plants at a cost of $14,000,000, and so raised the price of sugar that they made the first year $9,500,000 profit, and since then have advanced it rapidly until we sweeten our coffee absolutely in their caprice. When the bagging mills were threatened with reduced tariff, they made a trust and openly boasted that they intended to make one season's profits pay the entire cost of their mills—and these precious villains, whom thus far the lightnings have failed to blast, having carried out their infamous boast, organized for a deeper steal this season. And so it goes. There is not a thing we eat or drink, nor an article we must have for the comfort of our homes, that may not be thus seized and controlled and made an instrument for the shameless plundering of the people. It is a shame—this people patient and cheerful under the rise or fall of prices that come with the failure of God's season's charge as its compensation—or under the advance at the farm which enriches the farmer, or under that competitive demand which bespeaks brisk prosperity—this people made the prey and the sport of plunderers who levy tribute through a system that mocks at God's recurring rains, knows not the farmer, and locks competition in the grasp of monopoly. And the millions, thus wrung from the people, loaned back to them at usury, laying the blight of the mortgage on their homes, and the obligation of debt on their manhood. Talk about the timidity of capital. That is a forgotten phrase. In the power and irresponsibility of this sudden and enormous wealth is bred an insolence that knows no bounds. "The public be damned!" was the sentiment of the plutocrats, speaking through the voice of Vanderbilt's millions. In cornering the product and levying the tribute—in locking up aboundant supply until the wheels of industry stop—in oppressing through trusts, and domineering in the strength of corporate power, the plutocrats do what no political party would dare attempt and what no government on this earth would enforce. The

Czar of Russia would not dare hold up a product until the mill-wheels were idle, or lay an unusual tax on bread and meat to replenish his coffers, and yet these things our plutocrats, flagrant and irresponsible, do day after day until public indignation is indignant and shame is lost in wonder. . . .

Let us in simple thrift and economy make our homes independent. Let us in frugal industry make them self-sustaining. In sacrifice and denial let us keep them free from debt and obligation. Let us make them homes of refinement in which we shall teach our daughters that modesty and patience and gentleness are the charms of woman. Let us make them temples of liberty, and teach our sons that an honest conscience is every man's first political law.

The Convict and His Fiddle

By GOV. ROBERT TAYLOR

One bright morning, just before Christmas Day, an official stood in the executive chamber in my presence as Governor of Tennessee, and said: "Governor, I have been implored by a poor, miserable wretch in the penitentiary to bring you this rude fiddle. It was made by his own hands with a pen knife during the hours alloted to him for rest. It is absolutely valueless, it is true, but it is his petition to you for mercy. He begged me to say that he has neither attorneys nor influential friends to plead for him; he is poor, and all that he asks is that when the Governor shall sit at his own happy fireside on Christmas Eve, with his own happy children around him, he will play one tune on this rough fiddle and think of a cabin far away in the mountains whose hearthstone is cold and desolate and surrounded by a family of poor little wretched, ragged children, crying for bread and waiting and watching for the footsteps of their convict father." Who would not have been touched by such an appeal? The record was examined; Christmas Eve came; the Governor sat that night at his own happy fireside, surrounded by his happy children, and

he played one tune to them on that rough fiddle. The hearthstone of the cabin in the mountains was bright and warm; a pardoned prisoner sat with his baby on his knee, surrounded by his rejoicing children and in the presence of *his* happy wife; and although there was naught but poverty around him, his heart sang, "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home," and then he reached up and snatched his fiddle down from the wall and played "Jordan is a hard road to travel."

Tribute to Darwin

By REV. LYMAN H. ABBOTT

The two men who have made the greatest changes in theological thought in modern history were not theologians, but scientists —Copernicus and Charles Darwin. Copernicus revolutionized the popular conception of the universe; he showed it to be, not an earth-centered universe, but one so illimitable that alike its center and its circumference are unknown. With this changed conception of the universe there came necessarily a changed conception of the God of the universe. The image of him as a gigantic man, seated somewhere on a great white throne, gradually faded, and in its place is gradually coming a conception of Him as a universal Presence, an infinite and all controlling Spirit. It is science, not theology, which has forever destroyed idolatry for all educated people. Charles Darwin again revolutionized the conception of the universe; he showed it to be, not a machine wound up and set a-going by a Creator who occasionally interfered with its operations in order to make manifest his presence, but a living organism, constantly changing its form, constantly in process of development. . . . Darwin conceived the idea that growth, which had always been known to be the law of some part of life, might be the law of all life; that the whole universe might be living and growing; that development might be the sole method of creation. . . . The result has fully justified his faith. Darwinism has revolutionized not merely biology, but all the sciences,

including theology, which is the science of religion. . . . The new conception of life which he gave to the world has entered the Protestant churches. , . . The Bible is not an infallible book about religion, written by the amanuenses of the Almighty; it is the historical record of the spiritual experiences of the spiritual leaders. . . . Redemption is not the recovery of a lost state of innocence; it is the development of a spiritual order of creation emerging from an animal condition and being educated toward a splendor of divine character and life as yet inconceivable by us. The fall is not a historical episode occurring in a remote past; it is the individual experience of every man when, by conscious disobedience of the laws of his own developed nature, he descends into or toward the animal nature from which he has partially emerged. The world is not a natural order in which occasionally glimpses of a higher Being may be seen, thanks to his occasional interferences; it is the perpetual and continuous expression of His Presence, so that the natural is always supernatural and the supernatural always most natural. And history is not the despairing struggle of a "remnant" against the ignorance, superstition, and malignancy of a fallen race of men on their way to become devils; it is the evolution of a race in the making, toward a goal predetermined for them by their Maker and Friend. For this helpful and inspiring conception of life the world is indebted to no one man more than to Charles Darwin."

Suppose Death Ends All

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

"And suppose after all that death does end all. Next to eternal joy, next to being forever with those who have loved us, and with those we love, next to that, is to be wrapt in the dreamless drapery of eternal peace. Next to eternal life is eternal sleep. Upon the shadowy shore of death the sea of troubles cast no wave. Eyes that have been curtained by the everlasting dark will never know again the burning touch of tears. Lips touched

by the eternal silence will never speak again the broken words of grief. Hearts of dust do not break. The dead do not weep. Within the tomb no veiled and weeping sorrow sits, and in the rayless gloom is crouched no shuddering fear."

Cold-Blooded Women

By DR. OLIVER WENDALL HOLMES

You remember the old story of the tender hearted man, who placed a frozen viper in his bosom, and was stung by it when it became thawed? If we take a cold blooded creature into our bosom, better that it should sting us and we should die than that its chill should slowly steal into our hearts; warm it we never can! I have seen faces of women that were fair to look upon, yet one could see that the icicles were forming round these women's hearts. I knew what freezing image lay on the white breasts beneath the laces!

Disbelief in Hell

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

"I will go down with those I love and with those who love me. I will go down with the ship and with my race. I will go where there is sympathy. I will go with those I love. Nothing can make me believe that there is any being that is going to burn and torment and damn his children forever. No, sir! You will never make me believe you can divide the world up into saints and sinners, and that the saints are all going to heaven and the others to hell. I don't believe that you can draw the line. You are sometimes in the presence of a great disaster; there is a fire; at the fourth story window you see the white face of a woman with a child in her arms and humanity calls out for somebody to go to the rescue through that smoke and flame, may be, death. They don't call for a Baptist, nor a Presbyterian, nor a Methodist, but humanity calls for a man. And all at once out steps somebody that nobody ever did think was much, not a very good man,

and yet he springs up the ladder and is lost in the smoke, and a moment afterward he emerges, and the cruel serpents of fire climb and hiss around his brave form, but he goes on and you see that woman and child in his arms, and you see them come down and they are handed to the bystanders, and he has fainted, may be, and the crowd stands hushed, as they always do, in the presence of a grand action, and a moment after the air is rent with a cheer. Tell me that that man is going to hell who is willing to lose his life merely to keep a woman and her child from the torment of a moment's flame—tell me that he is going to hell? I have seen upon the battle field a boy sixteen years of age struck by the fragment of a shell and life oozing from the ragged lips of his death wound, and I have heard him and seen him die, with a curse upon his lips and he had the face of his mother in his heart. Do you tell me that that boy left that field of battle where he died that the flag of his country might wave forever in the air—do you tell me that he went from that field where he lost his life in defense of the liberties of men to an eternal hell?

What Must We Do To Be Saved?

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

The question, "What must we do to be saved" has been asked for a great many hundred years, and by thousands of honest people. It has been asked by those whose faces were covered with tears and in whose hearts was the fiend of fear. It has been propounded by hypocrits millions and millions of times. That question has built the cathedrals and the churches; that question has allowed idleness to live upon the crust of hunger; that question has filled heaven with a tyrant and hell with devils; that question has kept this world in sorrow; that question has filled the future with fear and has made millions and billions afraid to die; it has filled even the cradle with horror, and it has so overshadowed the path of life that we could not even see the roses and violets blooming before our very eyes." But then they

say to me, "What do you propose? You have torn down our hope, what do you propose to give in the place of it? I have not torn it down; I have only endeavored to trample out the ignorant and cruel fires of hell. I do not tear away the passage, "God will be merciful to the merciful." I do not destroy the promise, "If you will forgive others, God will forgive you." (Applause.) I would not for anything blot out the faintest star that shines in the horizon of human despair, nor in the horizon of human hope; but I will do what I can to get that infinite shadow out of the heart of man. (Loud applause). "What do you propose in place of this?" Well, in the first place, I propose good fellowship—good fellowship—good friends all round. No matter what we believe, shake hands and say, "Let it go; that is your opinion, this is mine; let us be friends." Science makes friends; religion, superstition, makes enemies. They say, belief is important; I say, no actions are important; judge by deeds, not by creeds. Good fellowship! We have had too many of these solemn people. Whenever I see an exceedingly solemn man, I know he is an exceedingly stupid man. (Laughter). No man of any humor ever founded a religion—never. Humor sees both sides; while reason is the holy light, humor carries the lantern; and a man with a keen sense of humor is preserved from the solemn stupidities of superstition. I like a man that has got good feeling for everybody.

I believe in the gospel of cheerfulness; the gospel of good nature; in the gospel of good health. Let us pay some attention to our bodies; take care of our bodies, and our souls will take care of themselves. Good health! I believe the time will come when the public thought will be so great and grand that it will be looked upon as infamous to perpetuate disease. I believe the time will come when men will not fill the future with consumption and with insanity. I believe the time will come when with studying ourselves and understanding the laws of health, we will say we are under obligations to put the flags of health in the cheeks of our children. (Applause). Even if I got to Heaven, and had a harp, I would hate to look back upon my children and see them diseased, deformed, crazed, all suffering the penalty of crimes

that I had committed. (Loud applause.) And I believe in the gospel of good health. I believe in the gospel of good living. You cannot make any God happy by fasting. (Laughter.) Let us have good food, and let us have it well cooked; it is a thousand times better to know how to cook it than it is to understand any theology in the world. (Loud applause.)

I believe in the gospel of good clothes. I believe in the gospel of good houses; in the gospel of water and soap. (Laughter.) I believe in the gospel of intelligence; in the gospel of education. The school house is my cathedral; the universe is my Bible. (Loud applause.) I believe in the gospel of justice—that we must reap what we sow. I do not believe in forgiveness. If I rob Mr. Smith, and God forgives me, how does that help Smith? (Laughter.) If I by slander cover some poor girl the leprosy of some imputed crime, and she withers away like a blighted flower, and afterwards I get forgiveness, how does that help her? If there is another world, we have got to settle no bankrupt court there. (Laughter and applause.) Pay down. Among the ancient Jews if you committed a crime you had to kill a sheep; now they say "Charge it." (Laughter.) "Put it on the slate." (Renewed laughter). It won't do. For every crime you commit you must answer to yourself and to the one you injure. And if you have *ever clothed another with unhappiness* as with a garment of pain, you will never be quite as happy as though you hadn't done that one thing. (Applause.) No forgiveness, eternal, inexorable, everlasting justice—that is what I believe in. And if it goes hard with me, I will stand it. And I will stick to my logic; and I will bear it like a man. (Applause.) And I believe too, in the gospel of liberty, of giving to others what we claim. And I believe there is room everywhere for thought, and the more liberty you give away the more you will have. In liberty extravagance is economy. Let us be just, let us be generous to each other. I believe in the gospel of intelligence. That is the only lever capable of raising mankind. Intelligence must be the saviour of the world. (Applause.) Humanity is the grand religion. And no God can put a man into hell in another world

who has made a little heaven in this. (Applause.) God can not make miserable a man who has made somebody else happy. God cannot hate anybody who is capable of loving his neighbor. So I believe in this great gospel of generosity. Ah, but they say it won't do. You must believe. I say no. My gospel of health will prolong life; my gospel of intelligence, my gospel of loving, my gospel of good fellowship will cover the world with happy homes. My doctrine will put carpets upon your floors, pictures upon your walls. My doctrine will put books upon your shelves, ideas in your mind. My doctrine will relieve the world of the abnormal monsters born of the ignorance of superstition. My doctrine will give us health, wealth, and happiness. That is what I want. That is what I believe in. (Applause.) Give us intelligence, and in a little while a man will find that he cannot steal without robbing himself; he will find that he cannot murder without assassinating his own joy. He will find that EVERY CRIME IS A MISTAKE.

He will find that only that man carries a cross who does wrong, and that for the man who does right the cross changes into wings on his shoulders and bears him upwards forever. He will find that intelligent self love embraces within its mighty arms all the human race. (Applause.) Ah, but they say to me, you take away immortality. I do not. If we are immortal, it is a fact in nature. We are not indebted to priests for it, nor to Bibles for it, and it cannot be destroyed by unbelief. As long as we love we will hope to live, and when one dies, we will say we hope to meet again. (Applause.) And whether we do or not, it will not be the work of theology. It will be a fact in nature. I would not for my life, destroy one star of human hope, but I want it so, that when a poor woman rocks the cradle and sings a lullaby to the dimpled darling, she will not be compelled to believe that ninety-nine chances in a hundred she is raising kindling wood for hell. (Laughter and applause.)

One world at a time. That is my doctrine. (Applause.) It is said in this Testament, "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof." And I say sufficient unto each world is the evil thereof.

And suppose, after all, that death does end all. Next to eternal joy, next to being forever with those we love and those that love us, next to that is to be wrapped in the dreamless drapery of eternal peace. (Applause.) Next to eternal life is eternal death. (Applause.) Upon the shadowy shore of death the sea of troubles cast no wave. Eyes that have been curtained by the everlasting dark will never know again the touch of tears. Lips that have been touched by the eternal silence will never utter another word of grief. Hearts of dust do not break. The dead do not weep. And I had rather think of those I have loved, and those I have lost, as having returned to earth, as having become a part of the elemental wealth of the world. I would rather think of them as unconscious dust. I would rather think of them as gurgling in the stream, floating in the cloud, bursting into light upon the shores of other worlds. I would rather think of them thus than to have even a suspicion that their souls had been clutched by an orthodox God. (Great applause.) But for me I will leave the dead where Nature leaves them, and whatever flower of hope springs up in my heart I will cherish. But I cannot believe that there is any being in this universe who has created a soul for eternal pain, and I would rather that every God would go back to the eternal chaos, to the black and starless night, than that just one soul should suffer eternal agony. (Great applause.) I have made up my mind that if there is a God He will be mericful to the mericful. Upon that rock I stand. (Applause.) That He will forgive the forgiving; upon that rock I stand. That every man should be true to himself and that there is no world, no star, in which honesty is a crime; and upon that rock I stand. An honest man, a good, kind, sweet woman, or a happy child, has nothing to fear, neither in this world nor the world to come; and upon that rock I stand. (Loud applause.)

Col. Ingersoll was recalled, after he had left the stage, by the tumultuous applause of his auditors, who would not be satisfied until he had made his reappearance. The applause was redoubled as he again stepped in front of the footlights, acknowledged the compliment with bow and smile, and once more returned to the

wings. In a few minutes the great audience had dispersed, and the theatre was deserted.

Tribute to Woman

By Robert G. Ingersoll

It takes a hundred men to make an encampment, but one woman can make a home. I not only admire woman as the most beautiful object ever created, but I reverence her as the redeeming glory of humanity, the sanctuary of all the virtues, the pledge of all perfect qualities of head and heart. It is not just nor right to lay the sins of men at the feet of women. It is because women are so much better than men that their faults are considered greater. A man's desire is the foundation of his love, but a woman's desire is born of her love. The one thing in this world that is constant, the one peak that rises above all clouds, the one window in which the light forever burns, the one star that darkness cannot quench, is woman's love. It rises to the greatest heights, it sinks to the lowest depths, it forgives the most cruel injuries. It is perennial of life, and grows in every climate. Neither coldness nor neglect, harshness nor cruelty, can extinguish it. A woman's love is the perfume of the heart. This is the real love that subdues the earth; the love that has wrought all miracles of art; that gives us music all the way from the cradle song to the grand closing symphony that bears the soul away on wings of fire. A love that is greater than power, sweeter than life, and stronger than death.

The Triumphs of Science

By Robert G. Ingersoll

I do not know what inventions are in the brain of the future; I do not know what garments of glory may be woven for the world in the loom of years to be; we are just on the edge of the great ocean of discovery. I do not know what is to be discovered;

I do not know what science will do for us. I do know that science did just take a handful of sand and make the telescope, and with it read all the starry leaves of heaven; I know that science took the thunderbolts from the hands of Jupiter, and now the electric sparks, freighted with thought and love, flashes under the waves of the sea. I know that science; stole a tear from the cheek of unpaid labor, converted it into steam, and created a giant that turns with tireless arms the countless wheels of toil; I know that we have taken advantage of fire and flame and wind and sea. WHAT SCIENCE FOUND! If found the world at the mercy of disease and famine, men trying to read their fates in the stars, and to tell their fortunes by signs and wonders; generals thinking to conquer their enemies by making the sign of the cross, or by telling a rosary. It found all history full of petty and ridiculous falsehood. It found the earth filled with slaves and tyrants, the people in all countries downtrodden, half naked, half starved, without hope, and without reason in the world. Such was the condition of man when the morning of science dawned upon his brain, and before he had heard the sublime declaration that the universe is governed by law. For the change that has taken place we are indebted solely to science—the only lever capable of raising mankind. To obey is slavish; to act from a sense of obligation perceived by the reason, is noble. Ignorance worships mystery; reason explains it; the one grovels, the other soars."

Trial of Rev. Reynolds for Blasphemy

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL'S DEFENSE

You will pardon me for saying again that I feel the greatest possible interest in the result of this trial, in the principle at stake. This is my only apology, my only excuse for taking your time. For years I have felt the great battle for human liberty, the battle that has covered thousands of fields with heroic dead, had finally been won. When I read the history of the world, of what has

been endured, of what has been suffered, of the heroism and infinite courage of the intellectual and honest few, battling with the countless serfs and slaves of kings and priests, of tyranny, of hypocrisy, of ignorance and prejudice, of fear and faith, there was in my heart the hope that the great battle had been fought, and that the human race in its march toward the dawn had passed midnight, and that the great balance had weighed morning! This hope, this feeling, gave me the greatest possible joy. When I thought of the many who had been burnt, of the sons of liberty who had perished in ashes, of how many of the noblest and greatest had stood upon scaffolds, and of the countless hearts, the grandest that ever throbbed in human breasts, had been broken by the tyranny of church and state, of how many of the noble and loving had sighed themselves away in dungeons, the only consolation was that the last Bastile had fallen, and the dungeons of the inquisition had been torn down, and that the scaffolds of the world could no longer be wet with heroic blood. I sincerely hope that it will never be necessary again under the flag of the United States—that flag for which has been shed the bravest and best blood of the world—under that flag maintained by Washington, by Jefferson, Franklin, and Lincoln, under that flag in defense of which New Jersey poured out her best and bravest blood—I hope it will never again be necessary for a man to stand before a jury and plead for the liberty of speech!

Nature Tells Different Stories

By Robert G. Ingersoll

Nature tells different stories. A man looks at the sea and the sea says something to him. Another man looks at the same sea, and the sea tells another story to him. The sea cannot tell the same story to any two human beings. There is not a thing in nature, from a pebble to a constellation, that tells the same story to any two human beings. It depends upon the man's experience, his intellectual development, and what chord of memory it touches.

One looks upon the sea and is filled with grief; another looks upon it and laughs.

We Think as We Must

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

The truth is, that no one can justly be held responsible for his thoughts. The brain thinks without asking our consent. We believe, or we disbelieve, without an effort of the will. Belief is a result. It is the effect of evidence upon the mind. The scales turn in spite of him who watches. There is no opportunity of being honest or dishonest in the formation of an opinion. The conclusion is entirely independent of desire. We must believe or we must doubt in spite of what we wish. We think in spite of ourselves. The brain thinks as the eyes see, as the blood pursues its course.

Tribute to Thomas Paine

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Thomas Paine was one of the intellectual heroes—one of the men to whom we are indebted. His name is associated forever with the great Republic. If to love your fellow men more than self is goodness, Thomas Paine was good. If to be in advance of your time—to be a pioneer in the direction of right is greatness, Thomas Paine was great. If to avow your principles and discharge your duty in the presence of death is heroic, Thomas Paine was a hero. *At the age of seventy-three, death touched his tired heart. He died in the land his genius defended*—under the flag he gave to the skies. Slander cannot touch him now—hatred cannot *reach him more.* He sleeps in the sanctuary of the tomb, beneath the quiet of the stars. A few more years a few more brave men—a few more rays of light, and mankind will venerate the memory of him who said: "Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system. The world is my country, to do good is my religion."

Tribute to Humbolt

By Robert G. Ingersoll

He was an admirer, a lover, an adorer of Nature, and at the age of ninety, bowed by the weight of nearly a century, covered with the insignia of honor, loved by a nation, respected by a world, with kings for his servants, he laid his weary head upon the bosom of the universal mother—and with her arms around him, sank into that mysterious slumber known as death.

The world is his monument; upon the eternal granite of her hills is inscribed his name, and there upon everlasting stone his genius wrote this, the sublimest of truths: "The Universe is Governed by Law."

Man of Imagination—Eloquence That Outranks the Olympian Gods

By Robert G. Ingersoll

The man of imagination has lived the life of all people, of all races. He has been a citizen of Athens in the days of Pericles; listened to the eager eloquence of that great orator, has sat upon the cliff, and with the tragic poet heard "the multitudinous laughter of the sea." He has seen Socrates thrust the spear of question through the shield and heart of falsehood—was present when the great man drank hemlock and met his death tarnquil as a star meets morning. He followed the peripatetic philosophers, and has been puzzled by the sophists. He has watched Phidias as he chiselled shapless stone to forms of love and awe. He has lived by the slow Nile, amid the vast and monstrous. He knows the very thought that wrought the form and features of the Sphinx. He has heard great Memnon's morning song, has laid him down with the embalmed dead and felt within their dust the expectation of another life, mingled with cold and suffocating doubts—the children born of long delay. He has walked the ways of mighty Rome, has seen great Cæsar with his legions in the field,

has stood with vast and motley throngs and watched the triumphs given to victorious men, followed by uncrowned kings, the captured hosts, aad all the spoils of ruthless war. He has heard the shout that shook the Coliseum's roofless walls when from the reeling gladiators hand the short sword fell, while from his bosom gushed the tide of wasted life. He has lived the life of savage men has trod the forest's silent depths, and in the desperate game of life and death has matched his thought against the instinct of the beast. He has sat beneath the botree's contemplative shade, rapt in Buddha's mighty thought, and he has dreamed all dreams that light, the alchemist wrought from dust and dew and stored within the slumberous poppy's subtle blood. He has knelt with awe and dread at every prayer; has felt the consolation and the shuddering fear; has seen all the devils; has mocked and worshipped all the gods; enjoyed all heavens, and felt the pangs of every hell. He has lived all lives, and through his blood and brain have crept the shadow and the chill of every death, and his soul, Mazeppa-like, has been lashed naked to the wild horse of every fear and love and hate. The imagination hath a stage within the brain, whereon he sets all scenes that lie between the morn of laughter and the night of tears, and where the players body forth the false and true, the joys and griefs, the careless shadows, and the tragic deeps of human life.

Sympathy for the Poor Savage's Prayer

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

I want it understood, that if I see a savage praying to a stone image, or to a stuffed serpent, with his wife, daughter, or son lying at the point of death, and that poor savage on his knees imploring that image, or that stuffed serpent, to save his child or wife, there is nothing in my heart that could suggest the slightest scorn, or other feeling, than that of sympathy—any other feeling than that of grief, that the stuffed serpent could not answer the prayer, and that the stone image did not feel.

Arguments—Not Anger

By Robert G. Ingersoll

Arguments cannot be answered with insults, kindness is strength, anger blows out the lamp of the mind; in the examination of great questions every one should be serene, slow-pulsed, and calm. Intelligence is not the foundation of arrogance, insolence is not logic, epithets are the arguments of malice. Candor is the courage of the soul.

A Dream of the Future

By Robert G. Ingersoll

I have a dream that this world is growing better and better every day and every year; that there is more charity, more justice, more love every day.

I have a dream that prisons will not always curse the earth, that the gallows will not always fall on the land; that the withered hand of want will not always be stretched out for charity, that finally wisdom will sit in the legislatures, justice in the courts, charity will occupy all the pulpits, and that finally the world will be controlled by liberty and love, by justice and charity. That is my dream. And, if it does not come true, that is not my fault.

Tribute to Henry Ward Beecher

By Robert G. Ingersoll

Henry Ward Beecher was born in a Puritan Penitentiary, of which his father was one of the wardens—a prison with very narrow and closely grated windows. In those days the home of an orthodox minister was an inquisition in which babes were tortured for the good of their souls. Life was robbed of its Spring, its Summer, and its Autumn. Children stepped from the cradle into the snow. No laughter, no sunshine, no joyous, free, unburdened days. Infinite consequences were predicted of the smallest actions, and a burden greater than a God could bear was

placed upon the heart and brain of every child. To think, to ask questions, to doubt, to investigate, were acts of rebellion.

In this atmosphere of theological miasma, in this hideous dream of superstition, in this penitentiary, moral and austere, this babe first saw the imprisoned gloom. The natural desires ungratified, the laughter suppressed, the logic brow-beaten by authority, the humor frozen by fear—of many generations—were in this child, a child destined to rend and wreck the prison walls.

Through the grated windows of his cell, this child, this boy, this man, caught glimpses of the outer world, of fields and skies. New thoughts were in his brain, new hopes within his heart. Another heaven bent above his life. There came a revelation of the beautiful and real. Nature wooed and won, and saved this mighty soul.

Her countless hands were sowing seeds within his topic brain. All sights and sounds, all colors, forms, and fragments—were stored within the treasury of his mind. His thoughts were moulded by the graceful curves of streams, by winding paths in woods, the charm of quiet country roads, and lanes grown indistinct with weeds and grass—by vines that cling and hide with the leaf and flower the crumbling walls decay—by cattle standing in the summer pools like statues of content.

There was within his words the subtle spirit of the season's change—of everything that is, of everything that lies between the slumbering seeds, that, half-awakened by the April rain, have dreams of heavens blue, and feel the armorous kisses of the sun, and that strange tomb wherein the alchemist doth give to death's cold dust the throb and thrill of life again. He saw with loving eyes the willows of the meadow-streams grow red beneath the glance of Spring—the grass along the marshes edge—the stir of life beneath the withered leaves—the moss below the drip of snow—the flowers that give their bosoms to the first South wind that wooes—the sad and timid violets that only bear the gaze of love from eyes half closed—the ferns, where fancy gives a thousand forms with but a single plan—the green and sunny slopes enriched with daisies silver and cowslips gold.

As in the leafless woods some tree, aflame with life, stands like a rapt poet in the headless crowd, so stood this man among his fellow men.

All there is of leaf and bud, of flower and fruit, of painted insect life, and all the winged and happy children of the air that Summer holds beneath her dome of blue, were known and loved by him. He loved the yellow Autumn fields, the golden stacks, the happy homes of men, the orchards' bending boughs, the sumacs' flag of flame, the maples with transfigured leaves, the tender yellow of the beech, the wondrous harmonies of brown and gold—the vines where hang the clustered spheres of wit and mirth. He loved the winter days, the whirl and drift of snow—all forms of frost—the rage and fury of the storm, when in the forest desolate and stripped, the brave old pine towers green and grand—a prophecy of Spring.

He heard the rhythmic sounds of nature's busy strife, the hum of bees, the song of birds, the eagle's cry, the murmur of the streams, the sigh and lamentations of the winds, and all of the voices of the sea. He loved the shores, the vales, the crags and cliffs, the city's busy streets, the introspective, silent plain, the solemn splendors of the night, the silver sea of down, and evening's clouds of molten gold.

The love of nature freed this loving man.

One by one the fetters fell; the grating disappeared, the sunshine smote the roof, and on the floors of stone, light streamed from open doors.

He knew that all the streams, no matter how they wander, turn and curve amid the hills or rocks, or linger in the lakes and pools, must some time reach the sea. These views enlarged his soul, and made him patient with the world, and while the wintry snows of age were falling on his head, Spring, with all of her wealth of bloom, was in his heart.

To every foe, he offered reconciliation's hand. He loved this land of ours, and added to its glory through the world.

With reverent hands I place this tribute on his tomb.

Birth Control Cure for Insanity, Poverty, and Crime

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Must the world forever remain the victim of ignorant passion? Can the world be civilized to that degree that consequences will be taken into consideration by all?

Why should men and women have children that they cannot take care of, children that are burdens and curses? Why? Because they have more passion than intelligence, more passion than conscience, more passion than reason.

You cannot reform these people with tracts and talk. You cannot reform these people with preach and creed. Passion is, and always has been, deaf. These weapons of reform are substantially useless. Criminals, tramps, beggars, and failures are increasing every day. The prisons, jails, poor houses, and asylums are crowded. Religion is helpless. Law can punish, but it can neither reform criminals nor prevent crime. The tide of vice is rising. The war that is now being waged against the forces of evil is as hopeless as the battle of the fire-flies against the darkness of night.

There is but one hope. Ignorance, proverty, and vice must stop populating the world. This cannot be done by moral suasion. This cannot be done by talk or example. This cannot be done by religion or by law, by priest or hangman. This cannot be done by force, physical or moral. To accomplish this there is but one way. Science, the only possible savior of mankind, must put it in the power of woman to decide for herself whether she will or will not become a mother.

This is the solution of the whole question. This frees woman. The babes that are then born will be welcome. They will be clasped by glad hands to happy breasts. They will fill homes with light and joy.

Men and women who believe that slaves are purer, truer than the free, who believe that fear is a safer guide than knowledge, that only those are really good who obey the commands of others, and that ignorance is the soil in which the perfect, perfumed

flower of virtue grows, will with protesting hands hide their shocked faces.

Men and women who think that light is the enemy of virtue, that purity dwells in darkness, that it is dangerous for human beings to know themselves and the facts in nature that affect their well being, will be horrified at the thought of making intelligence the master of passion.

But look forward to the time when men and women by reason of their knowledge of consequences, of the morality born of intelligence, will refuse to perpetuate disease and pain, will refuse to fill the world with failures.

When this time comes, the prison walls will fall, the dungeons will be flooded with light, and the shadow of the scaffold will cease to curse the earth. Poverty and crime will be childless. The whole world will be intelligent, virtuous, and free.

It is far better to be free, to leave the forts and barricades of fear, to stand erect and face the future with a smile.

It is far better to give yourself sometimes to negligence, to drift with wave and tide, with the blind forces of the world, to think and dream, to forget the chains and limitations of this breathing life, to forget purpose and object, to lounge in the picture gallery of the brain, to feel once more the clasps and kisses of the past, to bring life's morning back, to see again the forms and faces of the dead, to paint fair pictures for the coming years, to forget all gods, their promises and threats, to feel within your veins life's joyous stream and hear the martial music, the rhythmic beating of your fearless heart.

And then to rouse yourself to do all useful things, to reach with thought and deed the ideal in your brain, to give your fancies wing, that they, like chemist bees, may find art's nectar in the weeds of common things; to look with trained and steady eyes for facts, to find the subtle threads that join the distant with the now, to increase knowledge, to take burdens from the weak, to develop the brain, to defend the right, to make a palace for the soul.

This is religion. This is real worship.

The New South Speech

By HENRY W. GRADY

"Henry W. Grady was invited to appear before the annual banquet of the New England Society to be held in New York City on the evening of December 21, 1886. Grady was only a little past his thirty-sixth birthday. . . . The North could not understand how the Southern people could be paying tribute to the honor of Jefferson Davis, ex-president of the Confederacy, then a living hero, praising its other living veterans and decorating the graves of the Confederate dead and still be loyal to the flag and the union. . . . He delivered what was perhaps the most surprising speech that has been made in the United States in a decade. . . . Though Grady merely went to the banquet to respond to a toast, he delivered a memorable address and leaped from the revelry of a banquet table into lasting, national fame,"

Grady said: "There was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of Union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living.". . . I bespeak the utmost strength of your courtesy tonight. I am not troubled about those from whence I come. You remember the man whose wife sent him to a neighbor with a pitcher of milk, and who, tripping on the top step, fell with such casual interruptions as the landings afforded, into the basement, and, while picking himself up, had the pleasure of hearing his wife call out, "John, did you break the pitcher?" "No, I didn't," said John, "but I'll be dinged if I don't." So, while those who call me from behind may inspire me with energy, if not with courage, I ask an indulgent hearing from you. . . . From the union of these colonies, Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace, of this Republic—Abraham Lincoln. He was the son of

Henry W. Grady

Puritans and Cavaliers, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his honest form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government, charging it with such tremendous meaning and elevating it above human suffering, that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing the traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in our common glory as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine. Dr. Talmadge has drawn for you with a Master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a Nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war?—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos, and not in splendor, but in a glory that equalled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home! Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as buttoning up his faded gray jacket, with the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his guns, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you who went to your homes, eager to find in the welcome you had justly earned full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find, when having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much

as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, fuedal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. What does he do—this hero in gray, with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. We have found out that in the summing up the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the school house on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South—misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial, and political illustrations we await with confidence the verdict of the world. The New South is enamoured of her work. Her soul is stirred with breath of a new life—the light of a grander day is falling on her face. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the states was war, not rebellion, revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. I say that the cause in which my father suffered, and for which he gave his life, was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omiscient God held the balance of battle in His almighty hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil—that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war. This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Sacred soil to all of us, rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better, silent but staunch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms, speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace

and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States, and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people. . . . (Great applause.)

Progress of Mankind from Dens and Caves

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Many ages ago our fathers were living in dens and caves. Their bodies, their low foreheads, were covered with hair. They were eating berries, roots, bark, and vermin. They were fond of snakes and raw fish. They discovered fire and, probably by accident, learned how to cause it by friction. They found how to warm themselves—to fight the frost and storm. They fashioned clubs and rude weapons of stone with which they killed the larger beasts and now and then each other. Slowly, painfully, almost imperceptibly they advanced. They crawled and stumbled, staggered and struggled toward the light. To them the world was unknown. On every hand was the mysterious, the sinister, the hurtful. The forests were filled with monsters, and the darkness was crowded with ghosts, devils, and fiendish gods.

These poor wretches were the slaves of fear, the sport of dreams.

Now and then, one rose a little above his fellows—used his senses—the little reason that he had—found something new—some better way. Then the people killed him and afterward knelt with reverence at his grave. Then another thinker gave his thought—was murdered—another tomb became sacred—another step was taken in advance. And so through countless years of ignorance and cruelty—of thought and crime—of murder and worship, of heroism, suffering, and self-denial, the race has reached the heights where now we stand.

Looking back over the long and devious roads that lie between the barbarism of the past and the civilization of today, thinking of the centuries that rolled like waves between these distant shores, we can form some idea of what our fathers suffered—of

the mistakes they made—some idea of their ignorance, their stupidity—and some idea of their sense, their goodness, their heroism.

It is a long road from the savage to the scientist—from a den to a mansion—from leaves to clothes—from a flickering rush to the arc-light from a hammer of stone to the modern mill—a long distance from the pipe of Pan to the violin—to the orchestra—from a floating log to the steamship—from a sickle to a reaper—from a flail to a threshing machine— . . . a printing press, to a library—a long distance from the messenger, traveling on foot, to the electric spark—from knives and tools of stone to those of steel—a long distance from sand to telescopes—from echo to the phonographs, the phonograph that buries in indented lines and dots the sounds of living speech, and then gives back to life the very words and voices of the dead—a long way from the trumpet to the telephone, the telephone that transports speech as swift as thought and drops the words, perfect as minted coins, in listening ears—a long way from a fallen tree to the suspension bridge—from the dried sinews of beasts to the cables of steel—from the oar to the propeller—from the sling to the rifle—from the catapult to the cannon—a long distance from revenge to law—from the club to the Legislature—from slavery to freedom—from appearance to fact—from fear to reason.

And yet the distance has been traveled by the human race. Countless obstructions have been overcome—numberless enemies have been conquered—thousands and thousands of victories have been won for the right, and millions have lived, labored and died for their fellow-men. . . .

We know something of the history of the world—something of the human race; and we know that man has lived and struggled through want and war, through pestilence and famine, through ignorance and crime, through fear and hope, on the old earth for millions and millions of year. . . .

What have the worldly done?

They have investigated the phenomena of nature. They have

invented ways to use the forces of the world, the weight of falling water—of moving air. They have changed water to steam, invented engines—the tireless giants that work for man. They have made lightning a messenger and slave. They invented movable type, taught us the art of printing and made it possible to save and transmit the intellectual wealth of the world. They connected continents with cables, cities and towns with the telegraph—brought the world into one family—made intelligence independent of distance—they taught us how to build homes, to obtain food, to weave cloth. They covered the seas with iron ships and the land with roads and steeds of steel. They gave us the tools of all the trades—the implements of labor. They chiseled statues, painted pictures and "witched the world" with form and color. They have found the cause of and the cure for many maladies that afflict the flesh and minds of men. They have given us the instruments of music and the great composers and performers have changed the common air to tones and harmonies that intoxicate, exalt and purify the soul. . . .

They have read a few leaves of the great volume—deciphered some of the records written on stone by the tireless hands of time in the dim past. They have told us something of what has been done by wind and wave, by fire and frost, by life and death, the ceaseless workers, the pauseless forces of the world.

They have enlarged the horizon of the known, changed the glittering specks that shine above us to wheeling worlds, and filled all space with countless suns.

They have found the qualities of substance, the nature of things—how to analyze, separate and combine, and have enabled us to use the good and avoid the hurtful.

They have given us mathematics in the higher forms, by means of which we measure the astronomical spaces, the distances to stars, the velocity at which the heavenly bodies move, their density and weight, and by which the mariner navigates the waste and trackless seas. They have given us all we have of knowledge, of literature and art. They have made life worth living. They have filled the world with conveniences, comforts, and luxuries.

To these men we are indebted for all we are, for all we know, for all we have. They were the creators of civilization—the founders of free states—the saviors of liberty— the destroyers of superstition and the great captains in the army of progress. . . .

Whom shall we thank? Standing here at the close of the 19th century—amid the trophies of thought—the triumphs of genius—here under the flag of the Great Republic—knowing something of the history of man—here on this day that has been set apart for thanksgiving, I most reverently thank the good men, the good women of the past, I thank the kind fathers, the loving mothers of the savage days. I thank the father who spoke the first gentle word, the mother who first smiled upon her babe. I thank the first true friend. I thank the savages who hunted and fished that they and their babes might live. I thank those who cultivated the ground and changed the forests into farms—those who built rude homes and watched the faces of their happy children in the glow of fireside flames—those who domesticated horses, cattle, and sheep—those who invented wheels and looms, and taught us to spin and weave—those who by cultivation changed wild grasses into wheat and corn, changed bitter things to fruit, and worthless weeds to flowers, that sowed within our souls the seeds of art. I thank the poets of the dawn—the tellers of legends—the makers of myths—the singers of joy and grief, of hope and love. I thank the artists who chiseled forms in stone and wrought with light and shade the face of man. I thank the philosophers, the thinkers, who taught us how to use our minds in the great search for truth. I thank the astronomers who explored the heavens, told us the secrets of the stars, the glories of the constellation—the geologists who found the story of the world in fossil forms, in memoranda kept in ancient rocks, in lines written by waves, by frost and fire—the anatomists who sought in muscle, nerve and bone for all the mysteries of life—the chemists who unraveled Nature's work that they might learn her art—the physicians who have laid the hand of science on the brow of pain, the hand whose magic touch restores—the surgeons

who have defeated Nature's self and forced her to preserve the lives of those she labored to destroy. . . .

I thank the scientists one and all.

I thank the heroes, the destroyers of prejudice and fear—the dethroners of savage gods—the extinguishers of hate's eternal fire—the heroes, the breakers of chains—the founders of free states—the makers of just laws—the heroes who fought and fell on countless fields—the heroes whose dungeons became shrines—the heroes whose blood made scaffolds sacred—the heroes, the apostles of reason, the disciples of truth, the soldiers of freedom—the heroes who held high the holy torch and filled the world with light.

With all my heart I thank them all.

How Shall We Judge the Rich?

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

How society bows and kneels at the feet of wealth. Wealth gives power. Wealth commands flattery and adulation. And so, millions of men give all their energies, as well as their very souls, for the acquisition of gold, And this will continue as long as society is ignorant enough and hypocritical enough to hold in high esteem the man of wealth without the slightest regard to the character of the man.

In judging of the rich, two things should be considered: How did they get it, and what are they doing with it? Was it honestly acquired? Is it being used for the benefit of mankind? When people become really intelligent, when the brain is really developed, no human being will give his life to the acquisition of what he does not need or what he cannot intelligently use.

The time will come when the truly intelligent man cannot be happy, cannot be satisfied, when millions of his fellow-men are hungry and naked. The time will come when in every heart will be the perfume of pity's sacred flower. The time will come when the world will be anxious to ascertain the truth, to find out the conditions of happiness, and to live in accordance with such con-

ditions; and the time will come when in the brain of every human being will be the climate of intellectual hospitality.

Man will be civilized when the passions are dominated by intellect, when reason occupies the throne, and when the hot blood of passion no longer rises in successful revolt.

To civilize the world, to hasten the coming of the Golden Dawn of the Perfect Day, we must educate the children, we must commence at the cradle, at the lap of the loving mother.

The Rich and the Poor

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Wealth is not a crime; poverty is not a virtue although the virtuous have generally been poor. There is only one good, and that is human happiness; and he only is a wise man who makes himself and others happy. . . .

So we ought to teach our children that great wealth is a curse. Great wealth is the mother of crime. On the other hand are the abject poor. And let me ask, to-night: Is the world forever to remain as it was when Lear made his prayer? Is it ever to remain as it is now? I hope not. Are there always to be millions whose lips are white with famine? Is the withered palm to be always extended, imploring from the stony heart of respectable charity, alms? Must every man who sits down to a decent dinner always think of the starving? Must every one sitting by the fireside think of some poor mother, with a child strained to her breast, shivering in the storm? I hope not. Are the rich always to be divided from the poor—not only in fact, but in feeling? And that division is growing more and more every day. The gulf between Lazarus and Dives widens year by year, only their positions are changed—Lazarus is in Hell, and he thinks Dives is in the bosom of Abraham.

And there is one thing that helps to widen this gulf. In nearly every city of the United States you will find the fashionable part, and the poor part. The poor know nothing of the fashionable part, except the outside splendor; and as they go by the palaces,

that poison plant called envy, springs and grows in their poor hearts. The rich know nothing of the poor, except the squalor and rags and wretchedness, and what they read in the police records, and they say, "Thank God, we are not like those people!" Their hearts are filled with scorn and contempt, and the hearts of the others with envy and hatred. There must be some way devised for the rich and poor to get acquainted. The poor do not know how many well-dressed people sympathize with them, and the rich do not know how many noble hearts beat beneath the rags. If we can ever get the loving poor acquainted with the sympathizing rich, this question will be nearly solved.

My sympathies are with the poor. My sympathies are with the workingmen of the United States. Understand me distinctly. I am not an Anarchist. Anarchy is the reaction from tyranny. I am not a Socialist. I am not a Communist. I am an Individualist. I do not believe in tyranny of government, but I do believe in justice as between man and man. . . .

"The home is the unit of the Nation. The more homes the broader the foundation. . . . I want, if possible, to get people out of the tenements, out of the gutters of degradation, to homes where there can be privacy, where these people can feel that they are in partnership with nature; that they have an interest in good government. With the means we now have of transportation, there is no necessity for poor people being huddled in festering masses in the vile filthy and loathsome parts of cities where poverty breeds rags, and rags breed diseases. I would exempt a homestead of a reasonable value, say of the value of two or three thousand dollars, not only from sale under execution, but from sale for taxes of every description. These homes should belong to the family, so that every mother should feel that the roof above her head was hers; that her house was her castle, and that in its possession she could not be disturbed, even by the Nation. Nothing is more important than that the babies of America should be born around the fire sides of homes. Don't you know that if people could bottle the air, they would? Don't you know that there would be an American Air-bottling Association? And don't

you know that they would allow thousands and millions to die for want of breath, if they could not pay for air? Now, the land belongs to the children of nature. It seems to me that every child is entitled to his share of the land, and that he should not be compelled to beg the privilege to work the soil of a babe, that happened to be born before him. And why do I say this? Because it is not to our interest to have a few landlords and millions of tenants. . . . Now, suppose that every man were to have all the land he is able to buy. The Vanderbilts could buy to day all the land that is in farms in the state of Ohio—every foot of it. Would it be for the best interest of that state to have a few landlords and four or five millions of serfs?"

And, I am in favor of a law finally to be carried out—not by robbery, but by compensation, under the right, as the lawyers call it, of eminent domain—so that no person would be allowed to own more land than he uses. I am not blaming these rich for being rich. I pity the most of them. I had rather be poor, with a little sympathy in my heart, than to be rich as all the mines of earth and not have that little flower of pity in my breast. I do not see how a man can have hundreds of millions and pass every day people that have not enough to eat. I do not understand it. I might be just the same way myself. There is something in money that dries up the sources of affection, and the probability is, it is this: the moment a man gets money, so many men are trying to get it away from him that in a little while he regards the whole human race as his enemy, and he generally thinks that they could be rich, too, if they would only attend to business as he has.

Noble Resolve to Help His Fellow Man

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

So far as I am concerned, I have made up my mind that no organization, secular or religious, shall be my master. I have made up my mind that no necessity of bread, or roof, or raiment shall ever put a padlock on my lips. I have made up my mind

that no hope of preferment, no honor, no wealth, shall ever make me for one moment swerve from what I really believe, no matter whether it is to my immediate interest, as one would think, or not. And while I live, I am going to do what little I can to help my fellow-men who have not been as fortunate as I have been. I shall talk on their side, I shall vote on their side, and do what little I can to convince men that happiness does not lie in the direction of great wealth, but in the direction of achievement for the good of themselves and for the good of their fellow-men. I shall do what little I can to hasten the day when this earth shall be covered with homes, and when by countless firesides shall sit the happy and the loving families of the world.

Count Tolstoi Disbelieves in Love, Music, Marriage, and All Joys of This Earth

Criticism by Robert G. Ingersoll

Count Tolstoi is a man of genius. He is acquainted with Russian life from the highest to the lowest—that is to say, from the worst to the best. He knows the vices of the rich and the virtues of the poor. He is a Christian, a real believer in the Old and New Testaments, an honest follower of the Peasant of Palestine. He denounces luxury and ease, art and music; he regards a flower with suspicion, believing that beneath every blossom lies a coiled serpent. He agrees with Lazarus and denounces Dives and the tax-gatherers. He is opposed, not only to doctors of divinity, but of medicine.

From the Mount of Olives he surveys the world.

He is not a Christian like the Pope in the Vatican, or a cardinal in a palace, or a bishop with revenues and retainers, or a millionaire who hires preachers to point out the wickedness of the poor, or the director of a museum who closes the doors on Sunday. He is a Christian something like Christ.

To him this life is but a breathing-spell between the verdict and the execution; the sciences are simply sowers of the seeds of

pride, of arrogance and vice. Shocked by the cruelties and unspeakable horrors of war, he became a non-resistant and averred that he would not defend his own body or that of his daughter from insult and outrage. . . . He passed, not simply from war to peace, but from one extreme to the other, and advocated a doctrine that would leave the basest of mankind the rulers of the world. This was and is the error of a great and tender soul. . . .

He is not only a Christian, but has the courage of his convictions, and goes without hesitation to the logical conclusion. He has another exceedingly rare quality; he acts in accordance with his belief. His creed is translated into deed. He opposes the doctors of divinity, because they darken and deform the teachings of the Master. He denounces the doctors of medicine, because he depends on Providence and the promises of Jesus Christ. To him that which is called progress is, in fact, a profanation, and property is something that the organized few have stolen from the unorganized many. He believes in universal labor, which is good, each working for himself. He also believes that each should have only the necessaries of life—which is bad. According to his idea, the world ought to be filled with peasants. There should be only arts enough to plough and sow and gather the harevst, to build huts, to weave coarse cloth, to fashion clumsy and useful garments, and to cook the simplest food. Men and women should not adorn their bodies. They should not make themselves desirable or beautiful. . . .

In spite of ourselves we are attracted by what to us is beautiful, because beauty is associated with pleasure, with enjoyment. The love of the well-formed, of the beautiful, is prophetic of the perfection of the human race. It is impossible to admire the deformed. They may be loved for their goodness or genius, but never because of their deformity. There is within us the love of proportion. There is a physical basis for the appreciation of harmony, which is also a kind of proportion.

The love of the beautiful is shared with man by most animals. The wings of the moth are painted by love, by desire. This is the foundation of the bird's song. This love of approba-

tion, this desire to please, to be admired, to be loved, is in some way the cause of all heroic, self-denying, and sublime actions.

Count Tolstoi regards love as essentially impure. He seems really to think that there is a love superior to human love; that the love of man for woman, of woman for man, is, after all, a kind of glittering degradation; . . . better to love the invisible phantoms of the skies than the children upon our knees—in other words, that it is far better to love a heaven somewhere else than to make one here. He seems to think that women adorn themselves simply for the purpose of getting in their power the innocent and unsuspecting men. He forgets that the best and purest of human beings are controlled, for the most part unconsciously, by the hidden, subtle tendencies of nature. He seems to forget the great fact of "natural selection," and that the choice of one in preference to all others is the result of forces beyond the control of the individual. To him there seems to be no purity in love, because men are influenced by forms, by the beauty of women; and women, knowing this fact, according to him, act, and consequently both are equally guilty. He endeavors to show that love is a delusion. . . .

Of course he is driven to the conclusion that life in this world is without value, that the race can be perpetuated only by vice, and that the practice of the highest virtue would leave the world without the form of man. . . . Nothing here is of any importance; the joys of life are frivolous and corrupting, and by losing these few gleams of happiness in this world he will bask forever in the unclouded rays of infinite joy. Why should a man risk an eternity of perfect happiness for the sake of enjoying himself a few days with his wife and children? Why should he become an eternal outcast for the sake of having a home and fireside here? . . .

The story of "The Kreutzer Sonata" seems to have been written for the purpose of showing that woman is at fault; that she has no right to be attractive, no right to be beautiful; and that she is morally responsible for the contour of her throat, for the

pose of her body, for the symmetry of her limbs, for the red of her lips, and for the dimples in her cheeks.

The opposite of this doctrine is nearer true. It would be far better to hold people responsible for their ugliness than for their beauty. It may be true that the soul, the mind, in some wondrous way fashions the body, and that to that extent every individual is responsible for his looks. It may be that the man or woman thinking high thoughts will give, necessarily, a nobility to expression and a beauty to outline. . . .

The author of "The Kreutzer Sonata" is unconsciously the enemy of mankind. He is filled with what might be called a merciless pity, a sympathy almost malicious. Had he lived a few centuries ago, he might have founded a religion; but the most he can now do is, perhaps, to create the necessity for another asylum.

Count Tolstoi objects to music—not the ordinary kind, but to great music, the music that arouses the emotions, that apparently carries us beyond the limitations of life, that for the moment seems to break the great chain of cause and effect, and leaves the soul soaring and free. . . .

Think of men and women without love, without desires, without passions? Think of a world without art or music—a world without beauty, without emotion. . . .

Count Tolstoi is also the enemy of wealth, of luxury. In this he follows the New Testament. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven." He gathers his inspiration from the commandment, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor."

Wealth is not a crime any more than health or bodily or intellectual strength. The weak might denounce the strong, the sickly might envy the healthy, just as the poor may denounce or envy the rich. A man is not necessarily a criminal because he is wealthy. He is to be judged, not by his wealth, but by the way he uses his wealth. The strong man can use his strength, not only for the benefit of himself, but for the good of others. So a man of intelligence can be a benefactor to the human race. . . .

We know that thousands and millions of rich men lack generosity and have but little feeling for their fellows. The fault is not in the money, not in the wealth, but in the individuals. They would be just as bad were they poor. The only difference is that they would have less power. The good man should regard wealth as an instrumentality, as an opportunity, and he should endeavor to benefit his fellowmen, not by making them the recipients of his charity, but by assisting them to assist themselves. The desire to clothe and feed, to educate and protect, wives and children, is the principal reason for making money—one of the great springs of industry, prudence, and economy.

Those who labor have a right to live. They have a right to what they earn. He who works has a right to home and fireside and to the comforts of life. . . .

But the worst thing in the "The Kreutzer Sonata" is the declaration that a husband can by force compel the wife to love and obey him. Love is not the child of fear; it is not the result of force. No one can love on compulsion. . . .

Count Tolstoï would establish slavery in every house; he would make every husband a tyrant and every wife a trembling serf. No wonder that he regards such a marriage as a failure. . .

Those who are truly married are neither masters nor servants. The idea of obedience is lost in the desire for the happiness of each. Love is not a convict, to be detained with bolts and chains. Love is the highest expression of liberty. Love neither commands nor obeys. . . .

Although I disagree with nearly every sentence in this book, regard the story as brutal and absurd the view of life presented as cruel, vile, and false, yet I recognize the right of Count Tolstoï to express his opinions on all subjects, and the right of men and women of America to read for themselves.

As to the sincerity of the author, there is not the slightest doubt. He is willing to give all that he has for the good of his fellow-men. He is a soldier in what he believes to be a sacred cause, and he has the courage of his convictions. . . .

Tolstoï stands with his back to the sunrise and looks mournfully upon the shadow. He has uttered many tender, noble, and inspiring words. There are many passages in his works that must have been written when his eyes were filled with tears. He has fixed his gaze so intently on the miseries and agonies of life that he has been driven to the conclusion that nothing could be better than the effacement of the human race.

Some men, looking only at the faults and tyrannies of government, have said: "Anarchy is better." Others, looking at the misfortunes, the poverty, the crimes of men, have, in a kind of pitying despair, reached the conclusion that the best of all is death. These are the opinions of those who have dwelt in gloom—of the self-imprisoned.

By comparing long periods of time, we see that, on the whole, the race is advancing; that the world is growing steadily, and surely, better; that each generation enjoys more and suffers less than its predecessor. We find that our institutions have the faults of individuals. Nations must be composed of men and women; and as they have their faults, nations cannot be perfect. The institution of marriage is a failure to the extent, and only to the extent, that the human race is a failure. Undoubtedly it is the best and the most important institution that has been established by the civilized world. If there is unhappiness in that relation, if there is tyranny upon one side and misery upon the other, it is not the fault of marriage. Take homes from the world and only wild beasts are left.

We cannot cure the evils of our day and time by a return to savagery. It is not necessary to become ignorant to increase our happiness. The highway of civilization leads to the light. The time will come when the human race will be truly enlightened, when labor will receive its due reward, when the last institution begotten of ignorance and savagery will disappear. The time will come when the whole world will say that the love of man for woman, of woman for man, of mother for child, is the highest, the noblest, the purest, of which the heart is capable.

Defense of Orr

By Lord Curran

Gentlemen of the Jury the learned counsel for the Crown seemed to address you with a confidence of a very different kind; he seemed to expect a kind and respectful sympathy from you with the feelings of the castle, and the griefs of chided authority. Perhaps, gentlemen, he may know you better than I do. If he does, he has spoken to you as he ought. If you agree with him, gentlemen of the jury, do a courteous thing. Upright and honest jurors, find a civil and obliging verdict against the printer! And when you have done so, march through the ranks of your fellow-citizens to your homes, and bear their look, as ye pass along; retire to the bosom of your families and your children, and when you are presiding over the morailty of the parental board, tell those infants, who are to be the future men of Ireland, the history of this day. Tell them the history of Orr—tell them of his captivity, of his children, of his hopes, of his disappointments, of his courage, and of his death and when you find your little hearers hanging upon your lips, when you see their eyes overflow with sympathy and sorrow, and their hearts bursting with the pangs of anticipated orphanage, tell them that you had the boldness, and the injustice to stigmatize the man who had dared do publish the transaction.

Musing at the Home of Robert Burns

By Robert G. Ingersoll

When a few years ago I visited all the places where Burns had been, from the little house of clay with one room where he was born, to the little house with one room where he now sleeps, I thought of this. Yes, I visited them all, all the places made immortal by his genius, the field where love first touched his heart, the field where he ploughed up the home of the Mouse. I saw the cottage where Robert and Jean first lived as man and

wife, and walked on "the banks and braes of Bonnie Doon." And when I stood by his grave, I said: This man was a radical, a real genuine man. This man believed in the dignity of labor, in the nobility of the useful. This man believed in human love, in making a heaven here, in judging men by their deeds instead of creeds and titles. This man believed in the liberty of the soul, of thought and speech. This man believed in the sacred rights of the individual; he sympathized with the suffering and oppressed. This man had the genius to change suffering and toil into song, to enrich poverty, to make a peasant feel like a prince of the blood, to fill the lives of the lowly with love and light. This man had the genius to make robes of glory out of squalid rags. This man had the genius to make . . . Helens out of the freckled girls of the villages and fields.

This man left a legacy of glory to Scotland and the whole world; he enriched our language, and with a generous hand scattered the gems of thought. This man was the companion of poverty, and wept the tears of grief, and yet he has caused millions to shed the happy tears of joy.

His heart blossomed in a thousand songs—songs for all times and all seasons—suited to every experience of the heart—songs for the dawn of love—for the glance and clasp and kiss of courtship—for "favors secret, sweet and precious"—for the glow and flame, the ecstasy and rapture of wedded life—songs of parting and despair—songs of hope and simple joy—songs for the vanished days—songs for birth and burial—songs for wild war's deadly blast, and songs for gentle peace—songs for the dying and the dead—songs for labor and content—songs for the spinning wheel, the sickle and the plow—songs for sunshine and for storm, for laughter and for tears—songs that will be sung as long as language lives and passion sways the heart of man.

And when I was at his birth-place, at that little clay house where he was born, standing in that sacred place, I wrote these lines:

Though Scotland boasts a thousand names,
Of patriot, king and peer,
The noblest, grandest of them all,
Was loved and cradled here.
Here lived the gentle peasant-prince,
The loving cotter-king,
Compared with whom the greatest lord
Is but a titled thing.

'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
A hovel made of clay;
One door shuts out the snow and storm,
One window greets the day;
And yet I stand within this room,
And hold all thrones in scorn;
For here beneath this lowly thatch,
Love's sweetest bard was born.

Within this hallowed hut I feel
Like one who clasps a shrine,
When the glad lips at last have touched
The something deemed divine.
And here the world through all the years,
As long as day returns,
The tribute of its love and tears,
Will pay to Robert Burns.

Tribute to the Stage

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Disguise it as we may, we live in a frightful world, with evils, with enemies on every side. From the hedges along the path of life leap the bandits that murder and destroy, and every human being, no matter how often he escapes, at last will fall beneath the assassin's knife. To change the figure: we are all pas-

sengers on the train of life. The tickets give the names of the stations where we boarded the car, but the destination is unknown. At every station some passengers, pallid, breathless, dead, are put away, and some with the light of morning in their eyes, get on. To change the figure: on the wide sea of life we are all on ships or rafts or spars, and some by friendly winds are borne to the fortunate isles, and some by storms are wrecked on the cruel rocks. And yet upon the isles, the same as upon the rocks, death waits for us all. And yet, strangely enough, there is in this world of misery, of misfortune and of death, the blessed spirit of mirth. All blessings on the man whose face was first illuminated by a smile. All blessings on the man who first gave to the common air the music of laughter—the music that for the moment drove fears from the heart, tears from the eyes, and dimpled cheeks with joy. All blessings on the man who sowed with merry hands the seeds of humor, and at the lipless skull of death snapped the reckless fingers of disdain. Laughter is the blessed boundary line between the brute and man. Who are the friends of the human race? They who hide with vine and flower the cruel rocks of fate—the children of genius, the sons and daughters of mirth and laughter, of imagination, those whose thoughts, like moths with painted wings, fill the heaven of the mind. Among these sons and daughters are the children of the stage, the citizens of the mimic world—the world enriched by all the wealth of genius—enriched by painter, orator, composer, and poet. The world of which Shakespeare, the greatest of human beings, is still the unchallenged emperor. These children of the stage have delighted the weary travelers on the thorny path, amused the passengers on the fated train, and filled with joy the hearts of the clingers to spars, and the floaters on rafts. These children of the stage, with fancy's wand, rebuild the past. The dead are brought to life and made to act again the parts they played. The hearts and lips that long ago were dust, are made to beat and speak again. The dead kings are crowned once more, and from the shadows

of the past emerge the queens, jeweled and sceptered as of yore. Lovers leave their graves and breathe again their burning vows; and again the white breasts rise and fall in passion's storm. The laughter that died away beneath the touch of death is heard again and lips that fell to ashes long ago are curved once more with mirth. Again the hero bares his breast to death: again the patriot falls, and again the scaffold stained with noble blood, becomes a shrine. The citizens of the real world gain joy and comfort from the stage.

The broker, the speculator ruined by rumor, the lawyer baffled by the intelligence of a jury or the stupidity of a judge, the doctor who lost his patience because he lost his patients, the merchant in the dark days of depression, and all the children of misfortune, the victims of hope deferred, forget their troubles for a little while when looking on the mimic world. When words of wisdom mingle with the clown's conceit; when folly, laughing, shows her pearls, and mirth holds carnival; when the villain fails and the right triumphs, the trials and the griefs of life for a moment fade away. And so the maiden longing to be loved, the young man waiting for the "Yes" deferred; the unloved wife, hear the old, old story told again, and again with their hearts is the ecstacy of requitted love. The stage brings solace to the wounded, peace to the troubled, and with wizard's wand touches the tears of grief and they are changed to the smiles of joy. The stage has ever been the altar, the pulpit, the cathedral of the heart. There the enslaved and the oppressed, the erring, the fallen, even the outcast, find sympathy, and pity gives them all her tears—and there, in spite of wealth and power, in spite of caste and cruel pride, true love has ever triumphed over all. The stage has taught the noblest lesson, the highest truth, and that is this: It is better to deserve without receiving than to receive without deserving.

The children of the stage, these citizens of the mimic world, are not the grasping, shrewd, and prudent people of the mart; they are improvident enough to enjoy the present and credulous enough to believe the promises of the universal liar known as

Hope. And so, when they have reached the ladder's topmost round, they think the world is theirs and that the heaven of the future can have no cloud. But from the ranks of youth the rival steps. Upon the veteran brows the wreaths begin to fade, the leaves to fall; and failure sadly sups on memory. They tread the stage no more. They leave the mimic world, fair fancy's realm; they leave their places and thrones; their crowns are gone, and from their hands the sceptres fall. At last, in age and want, in lodgings small and bare, they wait the prompter's call; and when the end is reached, may be a vision glorifies the closing scene. Again they are on the stage; again their hearts throb high; again they utter perfect words; again the flowers fall about their feet; and as the curtains falls, the last sound that greets their ears is the music of applause. And then the silence falls on darkness. Some loving hands should close their eyes, some loving lips should leave upon their pallid brows a kiss; some friends should lay the breathless forms away, and on the graves drop blossoms jeweled with the tears of love. This is charity; and these generous men and women have taught, and are teaching a lesson that all the world should learn, and that is this: "The hands that help are holier than the lips that pray."

A Tribute to Lawrence Barrett

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll's lecture on "William Shakespeare" at the Broadway Theatre last night, in aid of the building fund of the Press Club, was a success from every point of view. The house was crowded, and over 200 people occupied seats on the stage. Hundreds were turned away from the box-office before the lecture began. The immense audience present listened to an orator who was thoroughly wrapped up in his subject. Colonel Ingersoll is a Shakespeare enthusiast, and his treatment of the immortal dramatist was masterly throughout and exquisite in its finer passages. He held the vast throng spellbound,

and at the close of his peroration his delighted hearers cheered again and again, until he was compelled to acknowledge the tribute to his eloquence by reappearing upon the stage.

After the applause subsided, when Colonel Ingersoll had first made his appearance, he prefaced his lecture by offering his tribute to the memory of Lawrence Barrett. "My heart tells me," said he, "that on the threshold of my address it will be appropriate for me to say a few words about the great actor who has just fallen into that sleep that we call death. Lawrence Barrett was my friend, and I was his. He was an interpreter of Shakespeare, to whose creations he gave flesh and blood. He began at the foundation of his profession, and rose until he stood next to his friend—next to one who is regarded as the greatest tragedian of our time—next to Edwin Booth. The life of Lawrence Barrett was a success, because he honored himself and added glory to the stage.

"He did not seek for gain by pandering to the thoughtless, ignorant, or base. He gave the drama in its highest and most serious form. He shunned the questionable, the vulgar and impure, and gave the intellectual, the pathetic, the manly, and the tragic. He did not stoop to conquer—he soared. He was fitted for the stage. He had a thoughtful face, a vibrant voice and the pose of chivalry, and besides, he had patience, industry, courage, and the genius of success. He was a graceful and striking Bassanio, a thoughtful Hamlet, an intense Othello, a marvelous Harebell, and the best Cassius of his century.

"In the drama of our human life all are actors, and no one knows his part. In this great play the scenes are shifted by unknown forces, and the commencement, plot, and end are still unknown—are still unguessed. One by one the players leave the stage, and others take their places. There is no pause—the play goes on. No prompter's voice is heard, and no one has the slightest clue to what the next scene is to be.

"Will this great drama have an end? Will the curtain fall at

last? Will it rise again upon some other stage? Reason says perhaps, and hope still whispers yes.

"Sadly I bid my friend farewell. I admire the actor and I loved the man."

The Genius of Shakespeare

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

We can only account for this great man as for a great river—it flows. Shakespeare has reared the many-colored dome in the theatre that sings of Heaven. How fortunate that he was not educated at Oxford! How fortunate he was not captured by the literary Liliputians of his time! He was no realist, for all realities are not poetic, dramatic, or even worth knowing. It never occured to him to write of a wife's lover being jealous of her husband. Realism degrades high art. Shakespeare did not rely on the stage carpenter or scenic artist. He put his imagery into his lines, and built a firmament of poetry fretted with golden fire. There was no plot, no surprise in his dramas, for a plot savors of strategy or cunning.

No play is more Egyptian than Anthony and Cleopatra; no play breathes more of Italy than does Romeo and Juliet. He discovered that the human heart beats substantially the same in every locality. He has passed by nothing within the range of human thought. He had drunk of the hopes, fears, and hatreds of humanity. He had heard the hiss of envious snakes; he had seen the eagles of ambition soar; he had sipped every joy, and drunk of every sorrow. Shakespeare was the intellectual spendthrift of the world. His flowers never seemed exhausted and each new play opened as fresh as another glorious gate of the dewey day. Shakespeare belonged to all nations and to all lands. He deals with elemental things. He knew that locality colors without changing. In all surroundings the human heart remains the same. He experienced the emotions of all mankind, and was the imperial spendthrift of the world. His outstretched wings of thought

filled the sky. He was the intellectual crown of the universe. He put the ideal in words and made actions speak. He was an iconoclast. He violated all rules and violated all classics. He knew that sunshine fell as gladly on coffins as on laughing meadows. He was intense, and dealt in lights and shadows. He reached heights where others cannot imagine. His mortals made of clay outranked the Olympian gods. He was great enough to know that all human beings prefer happiness to misery; that crime is but a mistake; that there is no darkness but that of ignorance. If we wish men to walk in the highway of life we must let the sunlight of intelligence fall on that highway. He was the master of the human heart. He said, "Love is not love that alters, when it alteration finds."

That is the sublimest declaration ever evolved by human mind. He is the mastery of imagery and comparison. He was the lord of language, the master of expression—the confidant of nature, he mingled laughter and tears. I love his sudden changes from grief to joy—so that the tears of grief become the dimples of delight. To him the world paid tribute, and nature poured her riches at his feet. He lived all lives—he mocked and worshipped all gods, and felt the pangs of every hell. He knew the careless shallows and tragic depths. His mind was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought; an ocean toward which all rivers ran, and from which the isles and continents of thought now receive their dews and rains.

Pessimists—Honest Men—Noble Women—More Homes and Fewer Hovels

"The Iconoclast" W. C. BRANN

. . . We should not forget that every reform this world has known; every effort that has lifted man another notch above the brute level; every star in our flag of freedom; every line and letter in our Constitution of human liberty; every gem of knowledge that gleams in the great world's intellectual crown of

glory; every triumph of science and religion, philosophy and mechanics was the work of pessimists, so-called—of men who were not satisfied with the world's condition and set determinedly to work to better it. They strove with their full strength against those conditions . . . by the smirking optimists of their time, and thereby incurred the enemy of pedants and self-sufficient purists—, were denounced and denied, belittled and belied. . . . I do not expect to see religion without cant, wealth without want, and virtue without vice; but I do hope to see the human race devote itself to grander aims than following the fashions and camping on the trail of the cart-wheel dollar. I want to see more homes and fewer hovels, more men and fewer dudes. I want to see more women with the moral courage to brave the odium of being old maids rather than the pitiful weakness to become loveless wives. I want to see more mothers who would rather be queens of their homes than the favorites of fashionable circles; women who would rather have the love of their husbands than the insolent admiration of the whole he-world. I want to see more men who are not a constant reminder of a monkey ancestry. Some philosopher once remarked: "As between men and dogs, give me dogs.". . . I want to see men who are not fops in their youth, fools in their prime and egotists in their old age. . . . whose god is not gold. . . . I want to see men who scorn the pusillanimity of the policy-prayer, who—, like Cæsar, dare tell greybeards the truth e'en tho' it cost a crown.". . .

Thrilled by the Progress of the South

By HENRY W. GRADY

The South, under the rapid diversification of crops and diversification of industries, is thrilling with new life. As this new prosperity comes to us, it will bring no sweeter thought to me, and to you, my countrymen, I am sure, than that it adds not only to the comfort and happiness of our neighbors, but that it makes broader the glory and deeper the majesty, and more en-

during the strength, of the Union which reigns supreme in our hearts. In this republic of ours is lodged the hope of free government on earth. Here God has rested the ark of His covenant with the sons of men. Let us—once estranged and thereby closer bound,—let us soar above all provincial pride and find our deeper inspirations in gathering the fullest sheaves into the harvest and standing the staunchest and most devoted of its sons as it lights the path and makes clear the way through which all the people of this earth shall come in God's appointed time. . . .

As I think of it, a vision of surpassing beauty unfolds to my eyes. I see a South, the home of fifty millions of people, who rise up every day to call from blessed cities, vast hives of industry and of thrift; her country-sides the treasures from which their resources are drawn; her streams vocal with whirring spindles; her valleys tranquil in the white and gold of the harvest; her mountains showering down the music of bells, as her slow-moving flocks and herds go forth from their folds; her rulers honest and her people loving, and her homes happy and their hearthstones bright, and their waters still, and their pastures green, and her conscience clear; her wealth diffused and poor-houses empty, her churches earnest and all-creeds lost in the gospel. Peace and sobriety walking hand in hand through her borders; honor in her homes; uprightness in her midst; plenty in her fields; straight and simple faith in the hearts of her sons and daughters; her two races walking together in peace and contentment; sunshine everywhere and all the time, and night falling on her generally as from the wings of the unseen dove.

All this, my country, and more can we do for you. As I look the vision grows, the splendor deepens, the horizon falls back, the skies open their everlasting gates, and the glory of the Almighty God streams through as He looks down on His people who have given themselves unto Him and leads them from one triumph to another until they have reached a glory unspeakable, and the whirling stars, as in their courses through Arcturus they run to the milky way, shall not look down on a better people or happier land.

Reconstruction—Carpetbaggers, Scalawags, and Renegades

Description by CLAUDE G. BOWERS in his *The Tragic Era*
Speech of B. H. HILL

"Most of the Southern leaders, utterly depressed, were in retirement. Only the Southern press seemed articulate, and it was bitterly denouncing the Military Bill. "It consigns three fourths of the Southern population to political Siberia," said the *New Orleans Crecent.* The Southern people, if wise and prudent, can live for a time under such damnable tyranny as this, but if they consent, they deserve it," said the *Louisville Journal.* . . . And then, from Georgia, a voice reverberating over the South and throughout the North—the voice of Benjamin H. Hill. . . . Fighting for the Union to the end when he lost his battle, he cast his lot with his own people. . . . Not one of his slaves deserted; not one betrayed. . . . Hill was a man of magnificent presence, six and a half feet in height and perfectly proportioned. . . . In speech marvelously persuasive, he could be immeasurably bitter when occasion called. . . . The eloquent Voorhees thought some of his speeches "as sublime as the words that fell from the lips of Paul on Mars Hill.". . . He was a giant in mind, as in body. Such the Tribune of the South who rose in a crowded hall, tense with excitement, with bayonets all about him, with spies . . . present to report his words to the Radicals in Washington. One who heard him thought his "soul and intellect were both aflame," and knew he lifted the people to their feet.". . . The hall was but dimly lighted when Hill stepped forth in full-dress suit, his face pale, his eyes burning, and defiantly swept with his glance the army officers in full-dress uniform in the front rows. "Tinkers may work, quacks may prescribe, and demagogues may deceive, but I declare to you that there is no remedy for us . . . but in adhering to the Constitution"; and thus he threw this treason to the front rows. With a contemptuous thrust at the apostasy of Brown, he lunged at Thad Stevens, and hurried on. "A great many Southerners," he said

"flippantly say the Constitution is dead. Then your rights and hopes for the future, and the hopes of your children are dead. . . They say the Constitution does not apply to us? Then don't swear to support it. They say again that we are not in the Union —then why swear to support the Union of these States? What Union does that mean? When you took the oath, was it the Union of the Northern States alone that you swore to support?" With a scornful look at the Bureau agents and carpetbaggers with the army officers, he went on. "Oh, I pity the colored people who have never been taught what an oath is, or what the Constitution means. They are drawn up by a selfish conclave of traitors to inflict a death-blow on the Republic by swearing them into a falsehood. They are to begin their political life with perjury to accomplish treason. . . . They are neither legally nor morally responsible—it is you, educated, designing white men, who thus devote yourselves to the unholy work, who are the guilty parties. You prate about your loyalty. I look you in the eye and denounce you, . . . morally and legally perjured traitors. . . . Ye hypocrites! Ye whited sepulchers! Ye mean in your hearts to deceive him, and buy up the negro vote for your own benefit." And then, to the Radicals, "Go on confiscating; arrest without warrant or probable cause; destroy habeas corpus; deny trial by jury; abrogate State Governments; defile your own race. . . . On, on with your work of ruin, ye hell born rioters in sacred things—but remember that for all these things the people will call you to judgment. Ah, what an issue you have made for yourselves. Succeed, and you destroy the Constitution; fail, and you have covered the land with mourning. Suceed and you bring ruin on yourselves and all the country; fail, and you bring infamy upon yourselves and all your followers. Succeed, and you are the perjured assassins of liberty; fail and you are defeated, despised traitors forever. Ye aspire to be Radical Governors and judges. . . . I paint before you this day your destiny. You are but cowards and knaves, and the time will come when you will call upon the rocks and mountains to fall on you and the darkness to hide you from an outraged people." And then, to the

negroes: "They tell you they are your friends—it is false. They tell you they set you free—it is false. These vile creatures never went with the army except to steal spoons, jewelry, and gold watches. They are too low to be brave. They are dirty spawn, cast out from decent society, who come down here to seek to use you to further their own base purposes. . . . Improve yourselves; learn to read and write; be industrious; lay up your means; acquire homes; live in peace with your neighbors; drive off as you would a serpent the miserable dirty adventurers who come among you . . . and seek to foment among you hatred of the decent portion of the white race.". . . All the guarantees of liberty wrung through the centuries from the hands of despotism" are abrogated and withdrawn from ten million people of all colors, sexes, and classes, who live in ten unheard and excluded States; and that, too, by men who do not live in these States . . . who never think of them but to hate . . . never enter them but to insult. ". . . Do Radicals say they wish to elevate the black race? These Radical traitors and their Southern tools alone desire to degrade the white race."

And the purpose? "To secure these ten States to keep the Radical Party in power in the approaching presidential election, . . . to retain by force and fraud the power they are losing in the detection of their treason in the North." Thus "they annul the Constitution in the name of loyalty; exterminate the black race in the name of philanthropy; disfranchise the white race in the name of equality; pull down all the defenses of life and prosperity in the name of liberty, and with blasphemous hosannas to the Union, they are rushing all sections and all races into wild chaotic anarchy; and all, that traitors may hold the power they desecrate, and riot in the wreck of the prosperity they destroy."

Southern Man Pays Tribute to Charles Sumner

Description by Claude G. Bowers in *The Tragic Era*

When Lucius Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi, rose to pay his memorable tribute, he faced an audience of more than ordinary distinction. The floor was full, the galleries thronged, the Diplomatic Gallery brilliant with colors; and intellect and fashion sat expectant, when the commanding figure of the bearded orator with the great gray eyes rose in the silence. It was a serious moment in Lamar's career. His friends had grave misgivings; his opponents, not unmindful of his fire-eating days, were cold and critical. No speaker ever undertook a more difficult task. In personal appearance he was impressive, his abundant hair and pointed beard both brown, his eyebrows heavy. . . . Unless intolerably provoked, he was gentle, and his heart was as tender as that of a young girl. His oratory was natural and at times inspired, and he combined the qualities of a deeply analytical and philosophical mind with those of a master of exquisite English which clothed his arguments in beauty. Like Sargent S. Prentiss, he was at his best in extemporaneous speech. Such was the knight of Mississippi who rose to speak on Sumner, of Massachusetts. His voice was soft and musical, modulated to the solemnity of the occasion. Referring to the softening of Sumner in the later days, he said: "It has been the kindness of the sympathy which in these later days he has displayed toward the impoverished and suffering people of the Southern States that has unveiled to me the generous, tender heart which beat beneath the bosom of a zealot, and has forced me to yield to him the tribute of respect—I might even say of my admiration." The brilliant audience sat in rapt attention as the Southerner proceeded with a brilliant analysis of Sumner's character, without reflecting on his own people of yielding aught to the foe. "The South, prostrated, exhausted, drained of her life blood, as well as of her material resources, yet still honorable and true, accepts the bitter award of the bloody arbitrament

without reservation, resolutely determined to abide the result with chivalrous fidelity; yet, as if struck dumb by the magnitude of her reverses, she suffers on in silence. The North, exultant in her triumph, and elated by success, still cherishes, as we are assured, a heart full of magnanimous emotions toward her disarmed and discomfited antagonist; and yet, as if mastered by some mysterious spell, silencing her better impulses, her words and acts are the words and acts of suspicion and distrust. Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament today could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord in tones which would reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory: 'My countrymen, know one another and you will love one another.'" Blaine, motionless as a statue, with face turned away, did not try to conceal the tears running down his cheeks, and on both sides of the House men wept openly. When Lamar closed, there was a death-like silence, and then a burst of applause, as one Northerner said to another: "My God, what a speech! It will ring through the country."

Rich American Girls Who Marry Titled Men—No Love, No Affection

A Scathing Criticisim by W. C. BRANN

And now a tale of woe comes drifting across the dark blue sea —another rich American girl who wedded a titled nonentity is all in tears. Anna Gould is the latest American girl to learn that the European "nobility" is not composed of noble men—the new-made "countess" is already pining for her own country. I expected it. I confided to Anna that her "count" was utterly no account, and advised her to use him for fish bait. I suggested that she spill her gilded affections on some honest American mechanic who could be trusted to carry in the coal, come home reasonably sober, avoid the company of courtesans and gamblers, and love her as long as there was any of her left. But it's a sheer waste of advice to give it to a woman. Anna found the "count"

on the matrimonial bargain-counter and gathered him in—paid for him, much as one might purchase a hairless Mexican pup. The dailies informed the world that the union was a love match pure and simple—as though the average daily editor could distinguish between a Cupid-shaft and an affection of the kidneys! They slobbered over the young turtle doves until the bridal wreath floated in the lather, and prattled of the "holy union of two young hearts." And while the press was slopping over, the Castellane family, recalcitrating like mule colts because Miss Gould would not turn over her entire fortune to her fiancé—even threatened to break off the alliance at the very steps of the altar. But the Goulds knew the market quotations of expired patents of nobility, kept a stiff upper lip, and "the great house of Castellane" grew hungry and came off its perch. . . . And now we are getting the second chapter of this true love tale. According to reliable reports, the "countess" is one of the most miserable of mortals. Ze count—without a coronet—is blowing in her boodle. . . . So brutal in his treatment, so ostentatious his neglect of the woman who has paid for the very clothes he wears and the bread in his mouth, that even the heartless of the wickedest city of the world profess to pity her. I have tried to be sorry for the "countess," but I can't. I am indignant that a scrawny little French fice, who insults his own country by pretensions of "nobility" in days of the Republic, and whose forefathers were kicked across the frontier like so many sheep-killing curs by the outraged peasantry, should dare mistreat a countrywoman of mine; but reason tells me it is retributive justice. When the daughter of the mouse-trap maker and the map-peddler becomes too purse-proud to marry an American sovereign, and seeks among the dudes of a fallen dynasty a companion for her bed, she deserves to suffer the tortures of the damned. If any American woman has wedded a European "nobleman" and lived happily ever afterwards, I have yet to hear of it. Social claptrap and sacerdotal ceremony cannot sanctify a contract to commit a crime against nature, nor purge "a marriage of convenience" of the taint of prostitution. The woman who barters her beauty for a

title, her soul for social distinction, is even more culpable than the courtesan. In both cases it is a cold-blooded barter and sale, but the crime of a loveless marriage is added the vice of hypocrisy. It is scarce to be expected that women who purchase their marital companions should make model wives—that is not a clause in the contract. The penurious "nobleman" marries such a woman not because he cares for her companionship, but because he needs money which he is too indolent to earn and too cowardly to steal. Having given her his name in exchange for a grub-stake, he feels that he has performed his part of the contract, has discharged his duty. He understands full well that the woman wedded him solely for his title—that it was social ambition instead of love's passion that brought her to his bed—and he heartily despises her, as all hypocrites do their fellow humbugs. The man who weds a woman solely for her wealth cannot possibly possess the instincts of a gentleman. Tho' he wear a crown, he is at heart a human hyena, capable of any crime that requires no courage. . . .

I yield to no man in admiration for womanhood, and especially our American girls—but what must we say—what must we think of these rich cold-blooded creatures, who not only lavish their fortunes on these worthless "noblemen"? These women who do nothing to earn these millions and who live in palaces, riot in luxury and extravagance—such as no words can describe, as makes the soul grow sick and faint. They spend hundreds of dollars for a pair of shoes, a handkerchief, a garter; they spend millions for horses and yachts, for palaces and banquets, for little shiny stones with which to deck their bodies. Their life is a contest among themselves for supremacy in ostentation and recklessness, in the destroying of useful and necessary things, in the wasting of labor. In the wasting of millions of money, of which they never made one cent. It is all theirs—it comes to them, just as all the springs pour into streamlets. . . . The farmer tills the soil, the miner digs in the earth, the weaver tends the loom, the mason carves the stone, the clever man invents, the

shrewd man directs, the wise man studies, the inspired man sings—and all the results, the products of the labor of brain and muscle, are gathered into one stupendous stream and poured into their selfish laps! God knows there are millions of American women I admire, noble hearted women—I am not speaking of them, but of these cold-hearted and cold-blooded women who never think of anything but their own selfishness. My disgust is all the more when I think of the misery in this world and in our own country they could help to relieve. Think of the children wearing out their strength and blasting their lives in the effort to earn their bread. Think of the mothers who are living in misery and squalor, struggling to earn enough to feed their little ones. Then think, too, of the thousands of old people, cast off and helpless, waiting for death to take them from their torments. And then let us think of that great army of men and women and children, who share the curse of the wage-slave; who toil every hour they can stand and see, for just enough to keep them alive; who are condemned till the end of their days to monotony and weariness, to hunger and misery, to heat and cold, to dirt and disease, to ignorance and drunkenness and vice! Let these cold-blooded rich women and these cold-blooded, worthless "counts" ask themselves have they done one thing to relieve any of this misery. I would think such creatures would not only be ashamed to live, but would certainly be afraid to die.

More than that, these rich American women who throw themselves and their fortunes away in this way have no sympathy with the ideals of this great Republic, where their fathers labored and amassed these fortunes, they would, if thy could, destroy this Republic and trample on the Declaration of Independence purchased by the blood of the patriots, and make this country into a monarchy, so that they would be a "countess" here as well as in Europe.

Marriages for Money and Nature's Love-Mate—Vice and Virtue

A Scathing Criticism by W. C. BRANN

If, despite all our safeguards of law and the restraining force of religion, society becomes more hopelessly corrupt; if, with our advancing civilization, courtesans increase in number; if, with our boasted progress in education and the arts, women of alleged respectability grow less chary of their charms—if the necessities of poverty and the luxury of wealth alike breek brazen bawds and multiply cuckolds—it is a fair inference that there is something radically wrong with our social system. It might be well, perhaps, for priests and publicists to cease launching foolish anathemas and useless statutes at prostitution long enough to inquire what is driving so many bright young women into dens of infamy—for those good souls who are laboriously striving to drag their fallen sisters out of the depths, to study the causes of the disease before attempting a cure. I say disease, for I cannot agree with those utilitarians who profess to regard prostitution as a "necessary evil"; who protest that the brute passions of man must be sated—that but for the Scarlet Woman he would debauch the Vestal Virgin. I do not believe that Almighty God decreed that one-half the women of this world should be sacrificed upon the unclean altar of Lust that the others might be saved. . . .. What is it that is railroading so large a portion of the young women to hell? What causes so many to forsake the "straight and narrow path" that is supposed to lead to everlasting life, and seek the irremediable way to eternal death? What mad phantasy is it that leads so many wives to sacrifice the honor of their husbands and shame their children? Is it evil inherent in the daughters of Eve themselves? Is it lawless lust or force of circumstances that adds legion after legion to the cohorts of shame? Or has our boasted progress brought with it a suspicion that female chastity is, after all, an over-prized bauble—that what is no crime against nature should be tolerated by this eminently

practical age? We have cast behind us the myths and miracles, proven the absurdity of our ancestors' most cherished traditions and brought their idols beneath the iconoclastic hammer. In this general social and intellectual house-cleaning have we consigned virtue to the rubbish heap—or at best relegated it to the garret with the spinning-wheel? . . . Time was when a woman branded as a bawd hid her face for shame, or consorted only with her kind; now, if she can but become sufficiently notorious, she goes upon the stage, and men take their wives and daughters to see her play. . . . Were I called upon to diagnose the social disease; did any duly ordained committee—from the numerous "Reform" societies, Ministerial Associations, secular legislatures, or other bodies that are taking unto themselves great credit for assiduously making a bad matter worse—call up me for advice anent the proper method of restoring to healthy life the world's moribund morality, I would probably shock the souls out of them by stating a few plain facts without troubling myself to provide polite trimmings. You cannot reform society from the bottom; you must begin at the top. Man, physically considered, is merely an animal, and the law of his life is identical with that of the brute creation. Continence in man or woman is a violation of nature's edicts, a sacrifice made by the individual to the necessities of civilization. Like the beast of the field, man formerly took unto himself a mate, and with his rude strength defended her from the advances of other males. Such, reduced to the last analysis, is the basis of marriage, of female chastity and family honor. . . . The female "reformer," with her social board of equalization theories, is a small factor in that mighty force which is filling the land with unfaithful wives and the potter's field with degraded prostitutes. When the people of a nation are almost universally poor, sexual purity is the general rule. Simple living and severe toil keep in check the passions and make it possible to mold the mind with moral precepts. But when a nation becomes divided into the very rich and the extremely poor; when wilful Waste and woeful Want go hand in hand; when luxury renders abnormal the passions of the one; and cupidity, born of envy, blunts the moral

perceptions of the other, then indeed is that nation delivered over to the world, the flesh, and the devil.

When all alike are poor, contentment reigns. The son grows up a useful, self-reliant man, the daughter an industrious, virtuous woman. From this class comes nearly every benefactor of, mankind. . . . Divided into millionaires and mendicants, the poor man's son becomes feverish to make a showy fortune by fair means or by foul, while his daughter looks with envious eye upon m'lady, follows her fashions, and too often apes her morals. . . . And people are judged, not by what they are, but by what they have. The "true-love match" becomes but a reminiscence—the blind god's bow is manipulated by brutish Mammon. Men and women make "marriage of convenience," consult their fortunes rather than their affections. . . . It is well enough to protect the honor of children with severe laws and a double-shotted gun; but the average young woman is amply able to guard her virtue if she really values it, while the married woman who becomes so intimate with a male friend that he dares assail her continence, deserves no sympathy. She is the tempter, not the victim. True it is that maids . . . as pure as the white rose that blooms above the green glacier, have been swept too far by the fierce whirlwind of love and passion; but of these the world doth seldom hear. The woman whose sin is sanctified by love—who staked her name and fame upon a cowardly lie masquerading in the garb of eternal truth—never yet rushed into court with her tale of woe or aired her grievance in the public prints. . . . May God in His mercy shield all such from the parrot criticisms and brutal insults of the fish-blooded, pharisaical female, whose heart never thrilled to love's wild melody, yet who marries for money—puts her frozen charms up at auction for the highest bidder, and having obtained a fair price by false pretenses, imagines herself pre-eminently respectable! In the name of all the gods at once, which is the fouler crime, the greater "social evil": for a woman to deliberately barter her person for gold and lands, for gewgaws, social position, and a preferred pew in a fashionable church—even though the sale be in accordance with law, have the ben-

ediction of a stupid priest and the sanction of a corrupt and canting world—or, in defiance of custom and forgetful of cold precept, to cast the priceless jewel of woman's honor upon the altar of illicit love? Give the latter woman a chance, forget her fault, and she will become a blessing to society, an ornament to heaven; the former is fit inhabitant only for a hell of ice.

Reformation of Fallen Women

A Taking Criticism By W. C. Brann

It is reluctantly admitted by those who labor sincerely among the world's unfortunates that the reformation of a fallen woman is more difficult than the twelve labors of Hercules. They are of two classes—the naturally depraved and the victim of circumstances. The former is utterly hopeless, because her nature is too coarse-fibred to even realize, let alone heed, her own infamy. The latter is equally hopeless because she realizes too much. And how reform the half-world when soicety leads so gaily? And she of the half-world, who realizes too much!—what she is, who gave heart and soul and body to a supreme self-abnegation only to be struck back from the blaze of her heaven with the brazen clamor of its closing gates clashing through her stunned brain—she gathers the rags of her life around her and flies, a haunted and hunted thing, to the blackest depths that can strangle thought and memory and brain. She laughs, too, over her whited sepulcher, but it is a laugh with painted lips and a merriment whose end is madness. . . . Of what avail are creed and dogma and ritual, when we ourselves "bow the knee to pomp that loves to varnish guilt?" Of what avail our benevolence that offers, not the Christ-touch of pity and understanding, but the bitter bread of craven servitude and Pharisacial condecention, that says, "Thou art vile and lost for all time?". . . "Who shall judge?" And the woman with the flame in her heart? Her nature was too great to be discreet. She sinned grandly, but the height of her sin made the depths of her soul abasement and her self torment was too

horrible to clothe itself in the tawdry draperies of diplomacy. She bared herself to the whips of the avenging furies. When her heaven thrust her out, to her there was left the world's hell of lost souls. And we in our wisdom accept her own sentence and our lips are silent. And in all this does our world show its shallowness and its immeasurable stupidity. How dare woman say to her sister woman, "I am better than thou?" In how much has she been tried and tempted? How much does she know of life and its hideous tests? How much does she know of woman's love that is at once her glory and her shame, her crown and her crucifix, her heaven and her Calvary? How dare she judge? Has she ever faced the uphill battle where here two hands alone fought the ravenous wolves of want and hunger? . . . Has she ever known all this? Then if she has not, let her strip her heart of its stainless selfishness and her limbs of their ignorant ease; let her go out into the world where women live and strive and suffer. The world has . . . settled it to its satisfaction that the only way to lift a woman out of hell is to bar the door of egress and, the only way to persuade her to leave off her sinning is to inform her that, though she repent in sackcloth and ashes, she will never be forgiven; that the only method of elevating the fallen woman is to get after her with scorpion whips when she breaks away from the brothel and scourage her back again! . . . It were as idle to expect to eliminate Prostitution as to extirpate Poverty and Greed. Just so long as Lust runs riot in the veins of Adam's sons, women will be degraded and debauched. Just so long as Want and Wretchedness stalk like grisly phantoms through the earth women will be found who will brazenly barter their souls for gold or for bread. There are women who are wantons by nature; whom no wealth, education or moral surroundings can withhold from evil. It were idle to talk of "reforming" women who never possessed the faintest conception of modesty; in whom the brutish nature dominates the divine; but these form a very inconsiderable portion of that vast array upon whose brows blazes the scarlet brand of the courtesan. . . . Society made them what they are; it now sits in judgment upon

them and declares that they shall be no other. From the lips of the stern judge are never heard those words, the sweetest that ever fell on mortal ears, divinest sentence that ever passed the lips of God or man "Go and sin no more." Other criminals reform. The thief becomes an honest man; the forger lives down his crime; the manslayer purifies his bloody hands with a lifetime of noble deeds; but once a courtesan always a courtesan. There is no place in all the wide world but the bagnio for the woman who has once erred. . . . Those good people who drag her hence plunge her into tortures beyond her powers of endurance; who place her on exhibition for the world to mock, set her up as a mark for the cold unmoving finger of scorn. Those who can stand the ordeal are seldom worth saving. . . . What salvation can be devised for the thousands of noble women who have fallen beneath the terrible ban of public opinion? There is only one way; to reform public opinion itself; to lift from these daughters of shame the dead weight that is crushing them down to the deepest hell. . . . Pessimist as I am called, I still have sufficient faith in my fellow-men to believe that they will not persist in a grievous, a brutal crime, when they can once be made to see that it is such. But who is to convince them? The press? The pulpit? Is not the present deplorable condition the result of their teaching? They have created a false, a vicious public opinion, before which they now cower and tremble. Is there a minister living with the courage to urge his parishioners to throw open their homes to and receive on a footing of social equality the repentant Magdalen? Is there a daily paper between the two oceans that would dare make such a suggestion. . . . If there is any truth in our religion, the portals of heaven will fly wide open at her approach; yet we close the door in her face! Almighty God thinks her good enough to associate with the Virgin Mary, yet we raise a devil of a row if we see her talking across the back fence to our daughters. . . . The world, ever gross despite centuries of civilization, makes no distinction in illicit intercourse of the sexes. To it all women found even one step outside the prescribed path are equally vile, alike deserving un-

mitigated censure. . . . Some of the noblest, grandest women ever sent into this dreary world by a beneficient God to brighten its gloom are known to have lived on very intimate terms with men they loved, and that, too, without the formality of securing society's sanction. . . . Many a noble woman has become a man's mistress because she could neither become his wife nor trample her heart beneath her feet at the dictates of society. With some women love is a higher law, before which cannons of church and State shrivel into nothingless. . . . Though the world reel, the heavens fall and black chaos come again, they will cling closer to the shrine upon which they have cast their hearts. . . . Society has no power over them for good or ill. From its fallible judgment they calmy and confidently appeal to an infallible God. For those at the other extreme, the law of whose lives is Lust instead of Love, children of the slums, . . . who were courtesans from the very cradle, there is no hope. . . . All that we can hope to do, is, by improving society, to curtail the class which breeds them. This cannot be done by dogmatizating or founding "homes for fallen women"; we must do our most effective work in our industrial system. When the laborer's lot is made easier; when it becomes possible for all men and women to earn an honest living, society will have fewer crimes and courtesan-breeding "dregs." . . . Naturally the first step would be to so reform society that it will not year by year, pour thousands upon thousands of fresh recruits into the ranks of the fallen. Bitter poverty is as potent to make prostitutes of young women as thieves of young men. Make it possible for every young woman to earn an honest and respectable living and you will save more souls than have been garnered by all the priests and preachers. . . . You will make it possible for thousands of young women to choose between good and evil whose only alternative now of degradation is death. . . . it is useless to hurl homilies at people suffering for food and fuel while the devil is clinking his gold pieces and dazzling their eyes with gems. But the most effective method of checking an evil that threatens to engulf the world, is the easiest; it is to repeat

to every repentant sinner the words of the Saviour: "Go and sin no more." Let the past perish and be forgotten; we will not judge you by what you have been but by what you are. . . . If the God who made you forgives your transgressions, can petty creatures, resting in the hollow of his hand, annul his judgments? If he says that your repentant tears have washed you white as snow, shall we appeal from his great court to that of Mrs. Grundy?

Hope

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

"Hope is the consolation of the world.

"The wanderers hope for home.—Hope builds the house and plants the flowers and fills the air with song.

"The sick and suffering hope for health.—Hope gives them health and paints the roses in their checks.

"The lonely, the forsaken, hope for love.—Hope brings the lover to their arms. They feel the kisses on their eager lips.

"The poor in tenements and huts, in spite of rage and hunger, hope for wealth—Hope fills their thin and trembling hands with gold.

"The dying hopes that death is but another birth, and Love leans above the pallid face and whispers, 'We shall meet again.'

"Let us hope if there be another life, it will bring peace and joy to all the children of men.

"And let us hope that this poor earth on which we live, may be a perfect world—a world without crime—without a tear.

"I would not for anything blot out the faintest star that shines in the horizon of human despair, or in the sky of human hope; but I will do what I can to get the infinite shadow of eternal torment out of the heart of man. . . .

Prohibition Debate

James A. Reed, of Missouri, and William E. Borah, of Idaho, easily the two outstanding orators in the Senate, debated the question of prohibition for three hours today before a crowd that packed the floor and galleries and hung eagerly on every word.

For years Senators and spectators had awaited the clash of these two champion gladiators of the spoken word—Reed, the critic, the prosecutor, the snarling master of invective, and Borah, the idealist, the lone wolf, who moves crowds to emotion through the power of his oratory.

SENATOR REED

I assert, Mr. President, that it will not be long until the moral sensibilities of all thoughtful people are awakened to the truth that the prohibitory law is the worst crime ever committed within the borders of the United States. It will not be long until the reign of hypocrisy, cant, chicanery, and fraud will come to an ignominious end.

I characterize the prohibitory law as a crime because it violates the principles of natural justice, has brought widespread disrespect for authority, and has become the facile instrument of graft, bribery, blackmail, and oppression.

The day will soon be here when the men who vote for prohibition that they may gain or retain office and who themselves violate the letter and the spirit of the law will be held in that contempt which justice demands should be visited upon all knavish hypocrites who wear the mask of pretended virtue. The day will soon come when judges who by brutal penalties have made malefactors of decent boys and men will sink into that obloquy which is the just reward of cruelty, oppression, and wrong. The day will soon come when organized groups shall no longer dictate policies of government. The voice of the people will again be heard, and that voice will pronounce the knell of those who surrender principle that "thrift may follow fawning."

Mr. President, I saw the original prohibitory law voted. I saw the veto of President Wilson incontinently overruled. I heard the affirmative vote of man after man who had drunk liquor all his life and who intended to keep on drinking. Time and time again I have seen prohibition bills come before Congress. I have heard roll call after roll call paralleling the one I have just described. Sir, the man who will vote to send his fellow man to jail for selling a drink of whisky and who will buy one himself is a coward—a canting and contemptible coward. I do not apply those terms to men who observe the doctrines they would force on others, but I hold in an abhorrence and contempt that can not be described in any tongue man has ever spoken the creature who to keep his place in the Senate or House of Representatives votes to make a felon of others for doing that which he himself connives at and practices.

If there were no men to drink liquor, there would be no men to make it or to sell it. Morally, if not legally, the man who buys illicit liquor aids, abets, and is fellow conspirator of the man who sells it to him. He who knowingly gets his liquor at second hand—that is, from an illegal purchaser—is morally upon the same plane as that purchaser. What a piece of knavish hypocrisy it all comes to.

Recently, at a great political convention, a number of leading prohibitionists were meeting in a room to determine their course of action. I was informed, and I have no reason for disbelief, that in the center of the table at which they sat and pondered their creed was a quart of rapidly vanishing whisky that had been liberally supplied for convention inspiration.

The Democratic convention was to meet in the driest State under the driest Government in the world. Just before it assembled there was enacted in Houston one of the Nation's periodic and regular farces. A boat, alleged to be loaded with great quantities of liquor was seized. The liquor was accommodatingly on deck where it could be easily observed and quite as easily captured. Only a plain, ordinary fool could doubt that the seizure was arranged for. The papers spread it broadcast that the

Democrats were to have a convention as dry as a Sahara Desert camel. But when the delegates and visitors arrived word was passed that in particular hotel rooms and elsewhere liquors could be obtained in sufficient quantities to satisfy all appetites and appease every thirst.

There was a Republican convention held in Kansas City. Some of the leading "political prohibitionists" were paying the bell boys $7, $8, $9, and $10 a pint for a class of whisky that no respectable Missourian would ever think of drinking. (Laughter.)

The supply was just across the street. The bell boys raised the price and for a few brief days enjoyed "Republican prosperity." Then the sniveling hypocrites of the convention hilariously joined in adopting a prohibition platform.

I have sometimes been tempted to write a list of the names of the men who vote dry and drink wet. I do not know but I shall yet do so.

I repeat, for the man who believes in this thing and who lives it, I make no criticism of hypocrisy. But I do criticize, on the ground that he belongs to that class of individuals who think that because they choose to live in a certain way, they have the right to make everybody else live the same way. Paraphrasing the statement of a distinguished French savant—"they conceive liberty to consist in depriving others of their liberty." The proponents of the pending barbaric bill and of similar laws could be aptly described in the verse of Robert Buchanan:

> A race that binds
> Its body in chains and calls them liberty,
> And calls each fresh link progress.

This, sir, is an immoral law. It is the worst crime ever committed within the borders of the United States of America. I make that assertion because prohibition is the breeding place and feeding ground of crime. That which produces crime is itself a crime.

Prohibition was doomed to failure because it attempted to force the habits of a part of the people—probably a minority—

upon all the people. Such laws have never been enforced and never will be. A great British statesman said, "You can not indict an entire people," and I venture to say you can not force a free people.

Prohibition is a progenitor of crime, because it has driven the liquor business from the open day into the dark and secret places. Taken out of the hands of a class of people who were, for the most part, law-abiding and who were obliged to conduct their business in public places and under the constant surveillance of officers, it has been put into the hands of men who are already criminals, or who become criminals the moment they engage in the business, Operating in violation of law, it inevitably follows these men must close the eyes and stop the ears of the officers of the law. The profits are prodigious and can be split several times. Accordingly the collection of graft and the extortion of blackmail has become nation-wide.

There has never been any attempt to enforce this law as we enforce the laws against murder, arson, rape, burglary, and other heinous crimes. In the last eighteen months I have traveled extensively in the United States. I have yet to enter a State, a city, a town, or a village where I was not tendered liquor and where a few minutes' conversation did not disclose the fact that illicit stills were clustered roundabout at which moonshine of the "purest ray serene" could be obtained at constantly falling prices. There may be some who do not want liquor, who never did want it, or who do not now know where to get it. But the boys all know; that is, all the boys who know much of anything.

There is not a policeman in a city of the United States who can not collect enough evidence in twenty-four hours to keep the courts busy for twenty-four months. In the cities are bars where to the stranger they sell half of one per cent beer. The man who is known gets the spiked article. In city after city they are selling beer spiked with ether.

Let us tell the truth, even though Bishop Cannon—who, I believe, the Senator from Virginia (Mr. Glass) in the recent campaign described as one of the three American popes—may frown,

that he may hold his job and draw his salary. There is not a man with good sense who has looked about him but knows that in the city of Washington he can in an hour's time have delivered at his office or at his home enough whisky to entertain the entire senatorial or congressional body, their wives and their sweethearts, assuming that wives and sweethearts would partake, which, of course, they would not. (Laughter.)

To say that the law has ever been enforced is to stand in the face of truth and deliberately or ignorantly lie to the American people. Graft, without stint and beyond measure, is the order and routine of our day.

Recently a grand jury, sitting in Philadelphia—perhaps still sitting—investigated the bank accounts of some police officers. These men drew salaries of from $3,000 to $4,000 a year, but their bank deposits ranged from $14,000 to $195,000. The inference to be drawn is obvious. Bribery! Graft! The arrested are, for the most part, those who do not pay the graft. Occasionally a victim is dragged in for the purpose of making a record and deceiving the public into the belief that the law is being enforced. Why will Senators close their eyes to facts? Why do we not face the truth as it is? Why do we cringe like cowards and go to hell like spaniels at the lash of an organization that can influence a few votes?

Mr. President, when you pass a law that a large percentage of the people despise violation is certain to become general. A people deliberately violating one law will easily come to violate other laws. Thus we have sown the dragon's teeth, from which has sprung a general disrespect for law.

The former Prohibition Director, General Andrews—the best man who ever held that office—testified that in twelve months' time the department had seized 172,600 stills; that prior to prohibition there had never been 500 licensed stills in the United States, and that moonshining had been inconsequential because it was unprofitable. He practically admitted that he had not captured more than one still in ten. Translated that means there were in existence at that time 1,726,000 stills. General Andrews estimated

that, at least, five persons were attached to each still or engaged in the distribution of the liquor. That gives us the startling total of over 8,000,000 people deliberately and willfully violating the law.

I agree with the Senator from Idaho (Mr. Borah) that this question might as well be opened up and discussed. I hope that it will be. It is time to pry open the door of the "whited sepulchre" and expose the "dead men's bones" therein concealed.

When interrupted I had denounced this law as a nursery of crime and asserted that disrespect for one law naturally breeds general disrespect for law. Respect for law, respect for courts, and respect for officials of State or Nation is impaired or completely destroyed once the public is convinced that thousands of public officers are receivers of graft, that graft has become a system and bribery is ordained as a custom. The people have the right so to believe. Do they not see planted in every city of the United States hundreds of tiny drug stores, frequently so insignificant they do not employ a pharmacist? Proprietary medicines stand sparsely on the shelves, thus maintaining the mere pretense of a drug store, yet these places evidently prosper. The real source of income of most of these stores is the illicit sale of liquor. Sensible men at once ask what the policeman on that beat is doing. And then they ask what the policemen on all the beats are doing. Likewise when men know that they can go into cities as absolute strangers and in twenty minutes' time find an abundant supply of liquor they believe, as all sane men must believe, that the officers are not attempting to enforce the law. They have the right also to conclude that somebody is collecting graft. Respect for law and respect for government is thus speedily destroyed.

It is important to bear in mind that a bootlegger necessarily sells to a large number of individuals. In a little while the officers know about the bootlegger; they are bound to; and a system of coilection and protection is established. Remember also that inevitably the bootleggers' operations soon or late bring him in contact with a graver class of outlaws who peddle narcotics as

well as liquor. These, in turn, have their relations with the most dangerous elements of society. Shortly there is effected a general coalition which embraces all the criminal and vicious elements of the underworld.

Always there has to some extent existed among the real criminal classes a sort of community of interest, a kind of solidarity. But the distinctly criminal class has hitherto embraced a very small percentage of the people. Every honest man's hand was against them as their hands were against every honest man. But gravely consider the ghastly truth that the criminal element has now been recruited by an army of possibly millions of liquor violators, and that there has been established what may be justly described as an offensive and defensive alliance embracing a vast army of outlaws and involving many officers of the law.

What now is the effect upon the efficiency of the officer thus involved? Called upon to apprehend a man guilty of the gravest crime, he is likely to find himself in pursuit of one in whose pay he has been. He fears to perform his duty lest he be exposed and ruined. Thus the law breeds crime. The minute an officer accepts a dollar of whisky graft, his morale is broken. He ceases to be effective against any class of criminals. He becomes a cringing coward. He walks in the shadow of constant fear. Above his head hangs the sword of destruction that any criminal may at any moment cause to fall.

They cried aloud, abolish the saloon and you will abolish crime. We were told the jails would be empty, the penitentiaries uninhabited. But the prisons are so overcrowded that arms and legs are sticking out of the windows. Farms are established on which to herd the overflow. We were told that there would be no more widows' tears nor orphans' sighs; that workhouses would be abolished and poorhouses would be no more. The demon rum was held responsible for all of human ills.

Now, the fact was and is that a percentage of human beings will drink too much; that intoxicated men will sometimes commit crime; but the whole truth is, and always was, and always will be, that there is a percentage of human beings who are

natural criminals. The prohibitionists have heaped upon the head of old John Barleycorn all the sins that were and are inherent in humanity. I shall not follow that unfair example by claiming that all the crime today can be charged to this law. I am trying to show, however, that the law promotes and increases crime. In further support of that claim I remark that when you hang up the prize of great profits, you lure men to that prize. And prohibition made the illicit liquor trade the most profitable business on earth.

Consider also that it is particularly easy for men to violate a law when they believe they are doing nothing but disobeying the mandate of some legislative body, a large percentage of whose members were probably full the night before they imposed the law on others, whilst another large percentage were impelled by selfish political reasons.

On this point we should keep constantly in mind that there is a wide gulf between the prohibitory statutes and laws leveled against acts universally denounced by all civilized nations. The first is restrictive, the second protective. The first limits the enjoyment of a natural right; the second protects the enjoyment of a natural right. The distinction is recognized in the law. The phrase malum prohibitum refers to acts not wrong in themselves but merely illegal because forbidden by law. The second class is described in the phrase malum in se, which embraces acts wrong in themselves. Such crimes are nearly always accomplished by force or fraud. They are repugnant to the interests and wishes of the victim and hence meet with his determined resistance. Their general existence would speedily break down civilized society. They are abhorred of all people. The worst criminal will protest against such acts if visited upon himself. The murderer will fight to the death one who attempts to take his life. The thief will resist the stealing of his property. The highwayman will protest against the robbery of himself. The burglar will defend his own home from plunder by another rogue. All of these classes will appeal to the law for protection when their rights are violated. Frequently they will assist in the appre-

hension of rascals who have committed crimes against third parties. Even more certainly all good and honest men and women regard with abhorence and will assist in the suppression of these and many other crimes.

It may therefore be justly said that for the protection of themselves all people stand for the suppression and apprehension of villains who by force or fraud accomplish their wicked designs. Against them is raised the universal voice of mankind. Their apprehension and punishment is regarded as a sacred duty.

Once more I emphasize the fact that this class of crime is committed against the will and the protest of the victim. Contrast such acts with those against which the prohibition law is leveled. It is true that law does not expressly forbid the citizen from taking a drink. Nevertheless, that is its object. It tries to cut off the supply in order that it may prevent the citizen from doing that which he desires to do.

There are two great difficulties inherent in the enforcement of the prohibitory law.

First. It seeks to prevent the man who wants to sell liquor from selling it to a man who wants to buy. There is a total absence of either force or fraud. On the contrary, both parties are in complete accord. There is a perfect and harmonious meeting of minds. The seller and buyer are doing exactly what each desires to do.

Second. They jointly enagage in a transaction which each believes to be moral and to be within his natural rights. Or, at least and at the worst, each regards the transaction as desirable. They feel they are doing only that which has been done by a large proportion of men since the dawn of history.

It is indisputable that, throughout the centuries, all races of men have indulged in stimulants. Dominant and progressive nations have generally used alcohol.

Call the roll of the master builders of civilization and in the majority will be the names of those who have insisted upon the right as free men to regulate their personal conduct, even to the occasional quaffing of a toast to Bacchus. Poets, who have con-

jured from words the mystery and melody of music; orators, whose eloquence has aroused enslaved peoples to resist the oppressions of tyranny; martyrs, who died in defense of the rights of men; artists, whose inspired visions are preserved in the glories of architecture, in canvas, in marble, and in bronze; saints, who labored amongst the lowly and consecrated their lives to the ennoblement of mankind; statemen, who blazed the highway of human progress and guided millions from the darkness of despotism to the sunlit fields of liberty, have nearly all, in greater or less degree, used alcohol in some form.

Prior to prohibition a considerable percentage of the population took an occasional drink and only a small proportion drank to excess. The principles of self-restraint and temperance were everywhere being inculcated. The progress was remarkable and highly commendable.

Then agitation against intemperance itself became intemperate. It took the form of organized propaganda, heavily financed. It got into the hands of a little group of professionals who collected and disbursed huge sums of money. The more they agitated, the more they could alarm the people. The more the people were alarmed, the more cash was contributed. The more cash contributed, the greater the emoluments of the agitators. They went into politics; they played the game ruthlessly.

The war was on. Millions of young men were in the Army camps. Millions were beyond the sea. Weak-kneed legislators became alarmed and began to yield. Suddenly Wayne B. Wheeler loomed as the big boss. Congress was stampeded; the eighteenth amendment was forced through for the express purpose of coercing the will of those States which did not desire to impose prohibition upon their people. The direct intention was to take away from the several States, for all time, the right to enact their own police regulations.

The methods used to secure adoption of the eighteenth amendment by the several States were regarded by many as frequently obnoxious and disgraceful.

Certain it is that the amendment was submitted during the

excitement of the war and ratified either during the war or in the troublous times succeeding. The conditions forbade mature consideration and deliberate action. Immediately following came the Volstead Act. It was not prepared by statesmen sitting in solemn council and desirous of producing a statute that would deal fairly and equitably with the situation. On the contrary, it was largely devised by the group of professional propagandists who had for years lived out of the profits of agitation. These enterprising gentlemen gathered from various State prohibitory statutes their extremest provisions and their grossest cruelties. The bill was forced through Congress under the lash of Wayne B. Wheeler, backed by a horde of propagandists and paid lobbyists. Congressmen were threatened with annihilation by the Anti-Saloon League and its cohorts. The most detestable kinds of bulldozing and lobbying were employed.

What wonder President Wilson vetoed the measure! What wonder that Congressmen who had proclaimed him the greatest man since the days of Christ, and who had denounced all who, in any respect, differed from him, now cringed and cowered before the threat of political annihilation by the Anti-Saloon League!

Thus was born the Volstead Act, the cruelties and enormities of which the present Jones bill proposes to magnify.

Let us consider some further circumstances, especially the assertion, constantly reiterated, that the people of the United States amended the Constitution, that the people, therefore, after due deliberation, determined upon a new national policy.

Technically, it is true that the Constitution was amended in the form laid down and that the law pursuant thereto was enacted by the Congress. Both have been sustained by the Supreme Court and are, therefore, legally binding. But that is very far from their ratification or adoption by a popular vote of the people. The people, in fact, never had an opportunity for a direct vote. The amendment was submitted by a total of 347 Senators and Representatives, all of whom had been elected at least, eleven months before they voted for submission.

In the campaign of 1916, neither party had recommended nation-wide prohibition. The question was not an issue in that election. The people had no opportunity, by direction or indirection, to vote upon it. Yet, the submission of an amendment is the first and one of the most important acts necessary to any change in the Constitution.

In the State legislatures an estimated liberal total of 5,000 members voted to ratify the amendment. Many of these men had been elected before the constitutional amendment was proposed, and many of these legislators in States where a popular vote had been taken voted in direct opposition to the last-expressd will of the people upon that issue. Thus it appears that a constitutional amendment to govern forty-eight States and 120,000,000 people was actually submitted and adopted by a total of not more than 5,347 individuals in the State and Federal Legislatures.

I do not claim that the constitutional amendment was illegally adopted, but I do emphasize the fact that both the constitutional amendment and the law were enacted by a very small number of the people without proper time for discussion, and that the voice of the people has never been driectly heard. I also urge the importance of these facts in connection with the problem of enforcement, for the constitutional amendment and the laws thus adopted may be very far from expressing the will of a majority of the people.

I am confident that, with ample time for discussion and upon a popular vote a majority would have rejected the nation-wide proposition. To enforce a law, adopted under the conditions stated, which proposed to reverse the custom of the ages and to regulate the individual habits of a great people, is indeed difficult if not impossible.

Again I remark that when you undertake to enforce this law you are at once confronted by the fact that the great percentage of the people want a drink once in a while, think they have the right to a drink, and hence, regard not as an enemy, not as a

criminal, but as an accommodating individual the man who comes around with a suitcase containing the desired amount of liquor.

A further difficulty arises from the fact that the prohibition of the legitimate sale of liquor has made its illicit sale highly profitable, and, as I have remarked, whenever you make a crime of a business not ordinarily regarded as wrong, men will engage in it on account of the huge profits to be realized.

At the time General Andrews appeared before the committee and gave the startling figures I have recited, he exhibited one of the stills seized. It was an ordinary copper wash boiler with a small copper contrivance attached. He stated that in that wash boiler sixty gallons of alcohol could be made in twenty-four hours, which could in turn be transformed into 120 gallons of whisky. At the then current price the product would have brought about $2,400.

Consider the fact that a man with an ordinary wash-boiler contrivance could, in a day's time, make so huge a profit. That mere fact makes violation certain. And to that the fact that millions of people who had always enjoyed a drink and always proposed to have one were distributed throughout the United States, and you have a situation making it impossible to enforce the law.

Referring to these difficulties, General Andrews testified that as soon as one source of supply was cut off another sprang into existence. When importations were reduced moonshining increased.

There is still another difficulty in the way of enforcement. Making whisky is a simpler chemical process than making bread. It can be even produced by so primitive an equipment as a tea-kettle and a little corn or rye meal or potatoes, or anything containing starch or sugar.

Fermentation is a natural process. Distillation consists simply in separating and condensing the alcohol produced by fermentation. With the slightest knowledge and the simplest apparatus whisky can be made in every home of the land. The number of people who have learned how to make it is one of the most

prominent results of this law. Today whisky is being made in the kitchen, in the cellar, in the garret, in the garage, and along the creeks, frequently by a class of people who are willing to take the chance of being caught. So enforcement has, at each stage, and in every State, become a farce.

If that were all, the case would not be so terrible; but running along with that condition is another and an appalling situation. Formerly when liquor could be obtained any place, the moral elements of all communities were arrayed in a general endeavor to warn people against the evils of strong drink. The pulpits thundered anathemas on almost every Sabbath day. Great temperance orators went over the country and provoked tears from the eyes of their auditors. Young men and young women were told "Here is a danger. Here lurks an enemy that may destroy you. You must build up your character, you must strengthen your own purpose, you must live without it, or, if you touch it, it must be in very moderate quantities. Here it is. If you want to be a fool, you can be a fool. If you want to destroy yourself you can destroy yourself. But your duty to your home, your duty to your country, and to your church and to yourself is that of self-restraint." It was presented as a great question of morals, and it was dealt with by the morale forces of society, the church, the school, the home.

Now, all that is changed. There is not a man in the Senate chamber who has heard an old-fashioned temperance lecture since the Volstead Act was passed. Instead you have heard demands for enforcement of the law and for more penalties. The whole atmosphere is different. In the old days temperance forces were all engaged in saving the drunkard. They wept over the old fellow who for seventy-five or eighty years had drunk his whisky or sipped his wine and was still hale and hearty. He was pictured as a terrible sot. Over him they shed cataracts of tears. They were bent upon rescuing him from "evil." How the tender hearts of the good sisters and good brethren did ache at the awful spectacle. But the modern professional prohibitionists have turned their kindly hearts to stone; their eyes are now tearless as

those of a granite sphinx. They no longer sing: "Rescue the perishing"; they hiss through set teeth, "Chuck them in the penitentiary for life." Closely, indeed, does the hiss of fanaticism resemble the hiss of a serpent.

They once talked of tremendous economic loss. Now, when they lock thousands of men within penitentiary walls, eternally blast their names, herd them with brutes, curse their souls, and destroy them utterly; there creeps over the faces of these humanitarians of a later day the ravening glee of the tiger as it exults above a dying victim.

With chuckle and nudge, they bear the glad tidings: "We convicted 500 men today." "Five hundred more must wear the stripes." "Five hundred more are locked in jail."

A boy is driving along the highway. He has a flask of whisky in his car. He is, perhaps, an ignorant and inexperienced lad, the kind of boy that in the old days good women put their arms about and led away from the bar and into the white-ribbon hall and there prayed with and wept over and persuaded to sign the pledge. But now the boy is grabbed by an officer too corrupt or cowardly to tackle larger game, is ruthlessly rushed to the penitentiary and so is absolutely destroyed. On such a scene, the hard-eyed pack of reformers look with approval and shout: "More law, more punishment." "Another twist to the thumbscrew." "Another turn of the rack." "A little more pain, a little more agony, a little more of human wreckage—just a bit more of the lash, good executioner."

Monsters of that kind have existed in every age. They regard law as an instrument of punishment, not of redemption. They believe that the more cruel the punishment, the heavier the club, the longer the agony, the better the law. Such as they broke men upon the wheel; drew them asunder by horses, quartered them, cut out their entrails and burned them before their faces; seared their eyeballs; tore their tongues from their throats. Such as they said that was the way to stop crime; that was the way to make people observe the law and respect government.

Then came an era of humanity. We began to see that revenge

was not the just purpose of the law; that punishment should be inflicted only to deter others from the commission of crime and to reform the culprit.

This prohibitory law—what a monstrous thing it is! Under the law as it stands—without fitting it with more nails to be driven into the hands and feet of its victims—for a single act penalties can be piled up that will put in the penitentiary for a long period of years an individual who has been guilty of a single trivial violation.

A boy delivers a gollon of moonshine. He can be indicted for possession; he can be indicted for transportation; he can be indicted for conspiracy to violate a Federal statute. He can also be similarly indicted under State laws, and conviction under the State code does not bar conviction under the Federal code.

I am not sure how many schemes have been worked out to pile penalty upon penalty, but I do know that the law as it now stands is as "cruel as the grave." Penalties may be imposed for the simple act of transporting a pint of liquor far greater than those for manslaughter or murder in the second degree frequently visited upon the killer.

What is the act? Merely malum prohibitum. The act is bad because it has been prohibited. The penalties that exist today are altogether in disharmony with the general policy of the criminal statutes.

Mr. President, it is hard to believe that any human being would want to send a lad to the penitentiary for having possession of a pint of liquor. That is indeed hard to believe. It is hard to believe that in a civilized country we would tear a father from his family, disgrace the wife, the daughters and the sons, and brand them forever with a mark that time can not erase because that father sold a gill of wine or a bottle of beer to a man who wanted to buy.

One would naturally think that for such a violation a fine of a few dollars would be a heavy penalty. But, sir, there is no knife so sharp as that held in the hand of the bigot. It "pierces even to the dividing asunder of the soul and body, of the joints

and marrow." There is no cruelty so relentless as the cruelty of fanaticism.

On an occasion the question of poisoned liquor was being discussed. It was stated that a prominent man had been made totally blind by a single drink. When some of those present expressed their sorrow and horror, a lady, naturally a kind-hearted woman, the wife of a great educator, exclaimed through her set teeth, "It serves them right; they ought to go blind if they break our law."

Mr. President, before continuing the discussion of Saturday, I desire again to thank the Senate for abrogating the unanimous consent agreement limiting debate in order to accommodate me. For that and many courtesies of the past I am deeply grateful. Second, I desire to remove the anxiety which seems to have been created in the minds of some by the remark I made on Saturday that I might "yet tell the names of those who do not vote as they drink." I assure all interested parties that they may compose their agitated nerves. I am not going to do it! (Laughter.) I might feel compelled to tell the names of people who commit real crimes. I should hate to have to do that. Certain it is, I would never violate the confidence or hospitality of friends by disclosing the fact that occasionally they try to introduce a bit of artificial sunshine into the dull days of life. Accordingly, all may be at ease. I have made many mistakes and done many wicked things, but I have never fallen to the level of a prohibition informer. (Laughter.) I thought at the time I had perpetrated a joke, but it apears I should have so labeled it.

Mr. President, on Saturday I made reference to the fact that one of the saddest effects of the law is that it apparently has transformed the kindly sentiments and humanitarian services of the old-time temperance worker into a spirit of persecution. Force is substituted for reason, penalties for persuasion, and cruelties for chairty. I repeat that where we once sought to "rescue the perishing," we now send them to the penitentiary. We have abandoned the Bible, the prayer book, and the temperance tract for the lash, the prison, the gun, and the bludgeon.

As was stated by the distinguished Senator from Maryland (Mr. Bruce), in the recent Durant prohibition enforcement prize competition 187 contestants demanded the death penalty. The vast majority of the plans proposed to pile penalty upon penalty. But perhaps the most classic illustration of fanaticism gone mad, of love turned to hate, and charity changed to crime is found in the suggestions of two persons, one of them a woman.

One contestant urged that the liquor-law violators should be hung by the tongue from an airplane and thus carried over the United States. The woman urged that the Government poison the liquor and distribute the deadly potion to the people through bootleggers. She humanely argued that "only a few hundred thousand persons would die and that it would be worth all the deaths to get prohibition enforced."

If these illustrations were no more than the sporadic utterances of insane persons, the matter would not be worth the mentioning, but the spirit of persecution is abroad in the land. Many people seem to have conceived the idea that whatsoever is done under the form of a statute is just and righteous; that law can sanctify any cruelty, any atrocity.

Sir, law has been the instrument of tyrants, the weapon of brutes since time began. By it despots have sought to cloak villainies that have stained the earth with blood, saturated it with tears, and filled the winds of time with the groans of the tortured and the dying. Law! What, sir, is law? It is—and I speak now of proper laws—it is a rule of conduct springing from common custom and ordained by general consent. It must be all that and more than that; it must be founded upon justice; it must express equity and right; it must be humane in its provisions. Such a law naturally commends itself to the intelligence and appeal to the soul of mankind. An unjust law, a cruel law may be as much a crime as is the act of an individual who assassinates in the dark.

Law! It is urged that a majority may dictate any kind of a law, however brutal, however unjust, however atrocious. Such was not the theory of the founders of this Republic. They de-

clared that all just laws spring from the consent of the governed. They forbade cruel and unusual punishments. They set bounds to the authority of government itself. They created checks and balances in order to preserve the liberty of the citizen. As they unfurled the battle flags of the Revolution they asserted that all men were entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that all just governments were established to preserve these inalienable rights.

Law, I repeat, has been the instrument and cloak of every conceivable atrocity, and that no law can ever transform a villainy into a virtue. Why, sir, the Savior of mankind was crucified according to the forms of Roman law and with the sanction of Jewish law. I repeat now what I think I once before said in this presence, that the wretches who led Him to Calvary, who drove the nails into His feet and His hands, were as great criminals as though they had executed Him against the express letter of the law.

Joan of Arc was burned at the stake in strict accordance with the thing that was then called law. But the judges who signed the decree of execution and the wretch who applied the torch were murderers more foul than assassins who cut the throats of sleeping victims, for they acted in cool deliberation and imposed the cruel death by fire.

John Calvin slowly roasted Servetus, the foremost physician of the time. He acted in accordance with the provisions of the law of Geneva and pretended to act by authority and at the behest of the law of God. But Calvin branded in blood-red letters across his memory the word murderer.

The highway of the centuries is marked by gibbets, crosses, stakes, dungeons where the bravest and the best were hanged, crucified, impaled, and imprisoned according to laws proclaimed by monsters who, by force and fear, ruled an enslaved world. Their laws were nothing save general rules for the perpetration of villainies.

The British Government dragged our ancestors across the sea and put them to trial according to the laws of England, but the

laws were atrocious, the penalties were cruel, and our fathers repudiated both England and her laws. For hundreds of years there was written in the laws of England death penalty after death penalty for offenses many of which involved no real or but slight moral turpitude. Thousands and thousands of small offenders were thus brutally penalized. Men could be thrown into prison for killing a rabbit or even hanged for trespassing upon the sacred domain of some titled tyrant and stealing a deer or sheep. But the judges who pronounced sentence and the officers who dragged the victims to the gibbet were as certainly murderers as they would have been had there been no form of law observed. The "it is hereby decreed" of a despot who in his own person exercises authority and the "be it enacted" of a few men gathered together in a legislative assembly are alike powerless to make wrong right or rob cruelty of its criminality.

Let no man say because I have thus spoken that I am declaring we should defy the prohibition law. I do not so say. We have the power of remedy in our own hands. We know full well that general hatred and defiance of the law will undermine the very structure of our Government. It is therefore our business to proceed by constitutional methods to remedy existing wrongs. The right way is to repeal bad laws and to change bad constitutions.

I have been speaking upon the theory that this is a bad law, that it is a destructive law. I now urge that it has introduced corrupting agencies and debased morals into the political life of our country.

If I were to undertake to marshal all the facts at my command, we would be here until the cock would crow in the morning. I shall call attention to just a few. I have already said that this law was enacted at the demand of an organization. At the head of that organization was Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler. I hold in my hand the biography of Wayne B. Wheeler written by Justin Steuart who was formerly publicity secretary to Mr. Wheeler. It was written within the shadows of his tomb and I presume has that touch of chairty which a work written under the circum-

stances should exemplify. Here is the opening sentence:

"Wayne B. Wheeler controlled six Congresses, dictated to two Presidents of the United States, directed legislation in most of the States of the Union, picked the candidates for the more important elective States and Federal offices, held the balance of power in both Republican and Democratic Parties, distributed more patronage than any dozen other men, supervised a Federal bureau from outside without official authority—

We know that bureau was the Prohibition Bureau—

and was recognized by friend and foe alike as the most masterful and powerful single individual in the United States. He achieved this position by sheer force of personality. The story of his rise to power, his use of that power, and his sudden death, just when the foundations seemed crumbling under him, is without parrallel.

"Where Wheeler sat was always the head of the table. He had an instinct for pre-eminence. A tireless opportunist, he dramatized himself as the champion of prohibition until the general public pictured him as a mighty St. George fighting single-handed against a swarm of dragons."

. . . . . .

"He loved the limelight. Attacks pleased him nearly as much as praise. He collected the personal newspaper notices, which became voluminous in the last five years of his life. He circulated widely typed, mimeographed, or printed copies of these collections, with such titles as 'Knocks and Boosts.' . . . He urged the need of loyalty upon others, but frequently disregarded the orders of superior officers and ignored resolutions passed by the boards of the Anti-Saloon League, which were responsible for its political or legislative policy. He did not cut the cables like Dewey, but waited until boards or committees had adjourned and their members returned to widely separated parts of the Nation, and then forgot them."

. . . . . .

"He loved power. If power could not be won, he loved the semblance of power. He never attacked the administration.

Such attack might be construed as evidence that he lacked influence with the administration. His favorite text was: 'The powers that be are ordained of God.' This did not present his own insubordination. Because of the influence over the policy of the Prohibition Department that would be his under the Haynes régime, he supported Roy A. Haynes for Commissioner of Prohibition under the reorganization bill in the face of the objections of many of the sanest men in the league. By a political maneuver he prevented the election of the ablest man in the league to its national superintendency while he persuaded or dragooned delegates to support his own candidate."

. . . . . .

"He was the exponent of force. From his first days as superintendent of a district in Ohio, when he assailed the courts for leniency, to the end of his life he preferred threats to persuasion. He made difficult the development of the league's policy of education on prohibition. He desired the most severe penalties, the most aggressive policies, even to calling out the Army and Navy, the most relentless prosecution. A favorite phrase was: 'We'll make them believe in punishment after death.' This, with 'red-blooded' and 'intestinal fortitude,' crept into many a speech, regardless of its theme—"

And so forth, and so on, ad nauseam.

That is the picture presented by the eulogist and former secretary to this man. He 'preferred force.' 'He would make the people believe in hell fire.' That obscene spirit has permeated our country to an extent astounding and horrible and sad beyond the expression of words. It has usurped the kindly persuasion and gentle ministrations of the temperance folks of a few years ago. Then many women with tender hands and sweet faces and noble hearts entered the saloons there to appeal to the saloonkeeper and to the lowly and fallen to lead better lives. Now the doctrine of force espoused by Wayne B. Wheeler has supplanted the spirit of charity and love taught by Jesus Christ. Formerly we sought to persuade. We now seek to compel. But, sirs, you can not compel a free people. Hence, it is solemnly

admitted by prohibition Senators that eight years of pretended enforcement has been but a prolonged farce.

Returing to the Anti-Saloon League, it raised and spent over $30,000,000. In the spirit of Mr. Wheeler, it entered into the various State campaigns. It adopted his philosophy, which was that he did not care how a man drank, or what his habits were, or what his opinions were, or how he would vote on any other question; if he would only cast his vote as Mr. Wheeler dictated. That, according to Wheeler, was the sole test of a man's fitness for office.

Think of that degrading and despicable philosophy! Here is the great United States, with all its multitudinous interests, its foreign relations, its difficult problems of government. The rights and interests of millions are constantly to be guarded and conserved. Disregarding all these, a man posing as a moral leader insisted that the sole qualification for office was a pledge to him that the legislator vote on one particular question as he dictated. Moreover, he asserted his right to go into a Republican convention and nominate any scoundrel he could if that scoundrel would only vote as he demanded upon that one question; to then go into a Democratic convention and nominate any scoundrel he could if that man would vote as he demanded; to change from one party to the other, being bound neither in morals nor by the ethics of politics to support the candidate nominated by the convention into which he had voluntarily entered, and in the proceedings of which he had participated! Wheeler is dead but his mantle has fallen upon the shoulders and his soul has entered the body of the Right Rev. Bishop Cannon. The philosophy of hate survives. There is not a slum district in a city of the United States where the slum boss does not have a higher code of political morals than that. And so I say the doctrines and practices of the Anti-Saloon League have been a debasing influence in our politics.

But Mr. Wheeler was not the only protagonist of these nefarious doctrines. Another distinguished leader gives us a photograph of his own soul in his own words. I refer to that peer-

less knight and accomplished gentleman, "Pussyfoot" Johnson. (Laughter.) It was disclosed in hearings before a Senate committee that "Pussyfoot" Johnson had been regularly in the pay of the Anti-Saloon League from 1917 to 1922, and that he had drawn from it various sums of money. It was also shown that Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson had given utterance to the following exalted expressions:

"Did I ever kill anybody? It has been often said that I did. Stories of slaughter have been repeated and printed. I let them pass, for in the wild days they served a useful purpose."

It served a useful purpose to have people think he was a killer engaged in a great moral movement!

"They helped spread terror among the lawless, and that aided my work. Most of the stories of sudden death date back to a fight that I had in a pool hall in Chelsea, Indian Territory. I was cornered one night by an angry mob, but fought my way out with the butt end of a broken billiard cue. I got out with a black eye and some bruises, but three of my assailants were carried out unconscious. The newspaper dispatches carried the valuable information that I had then and there put three men to sleep. Under the reputation that Chelsea then had this was interpreted generally that I had killed the three men, which was not true. They were put to sleep all right. However, they finally woke up. I never killed anybody.

"Did I ever lie?"

Now, he denies the killing. Follow on:

"Did I ever lie to promote prohibition? Decidedly, yes. I have told enough lies for the cause to make Ananias ashamed of himself. The lies that I have told would fill a big book; but I have never lied to my associates. I have never lied to the public. I have told to sinners a thousand lies for the purpose of decoying them into telling the truth. I am not seeking to defend this, only to state the fact that my conscience does not annoy me for it and to insist that I would do it again if the occasion arose.

"Did I ever bribe anybody? Yes. In 1913 I bribed some Russian officials to give me a lot of secret information concerning

Section X of their Government administration. I bribed Eurasian railway officials all over India, because that is the accepted way of getting favors in that country. In my law-enforcement work for the Government I bribed many bad men to give me information about their associates, but outside of that I have never bribed anybody."

That is the man who helped fix the moral standards of the people of the United States. From that foul and polluted fountain you draw the waters of your purity!

How did they raise this $30,000,000. In part it was subscribed by very wealthy men. One of those wealthy men has a moral record that would not look well if it were presented here on the floor of the Senate. Even now in his ten-cent stores the public regularly is supplied with glasses, corks, bottles, corkscrews, and other paraphernalia to make the preservation and consumption of booze easy, and all at cut prices.

Another distinguished contributor amassed his immense fortune by the creation of the greatest and most oppressive monopoly that ever cursed this people. By the way, I am not sure but that his son, just now riding in the chariot of another reform, is about to gain control of the single branch of the Standard Oil Co. that is not at present completely dominated by the old crowd; but that is another tale.

One way in which they raised the money was to have preachers take up collections in their churches on Sundays, and in a great many instances they divided with the preachers. I do not make that as any wholesale charge; I simply quote such evidence as we had before us. But they got the money, and they used a very large part of it in polictics. For many years they violated the law by failing to report their political collections and disbursements.

They had several Congressmen and two or three Senators in their pay. Consider the situation of a Member of Congress with the money of the Anti-Saloon League in his pocket when that organization demanded his vote for one of its pet measures. To all intents and purposes his vote was bought in advance. But the

moralists of the league saw nothing wrong in thus indirectly bribing Members of Congress.

I do not challenge the right of the organization to stand for its policies, but I do dispute the right of that or any organization to put money in the purses of the men who are to vote for laws to force those policies upon the country. No man ever did that who was not utterly depraved, who had not lost all sense of honor, all respect for law, all the qualities of decency.

Then, sir, this law has to be enforced by a class of men who are mostly under-cover men. What is an under-cover man? A spy. What is a spy? He is unquestionably the lowest order of animal life. Save the man who, in a great war, may bravely imperil his life to discover the position of an enemy in order that he may give information to his own army, the spy is a creature who has abandoned in advance every principle of honor.

What is it that keeps men decent in this world except a sense of honor? Destroy that, and man becomes a beast, devoid of respect for law, for decency or for the rights of others. The man who will engage in a business knowing in advance that he must peep through keyholes, that he must draw aside the curtains of windows, that he must lurk in the shadows and creep like some vile beast upon an unwary victim; who knows that he must be prepared, like "Pussyfoot" Johnson, to lie and to deceive, to gain friendships only to betray—a man of that kind, sirs, will do anything that cowardice does not prevent. He will commit perjury, he will accept bribes, he will levy graft, he will tempt the weak, he will seduce the honest boy into crime in order that he may gain the credit and profit of a conviction.

What wonder, then, that the cold written record of the Prohibition Unit directors discloses an alarming story of rascality. Bear in mind that the record probably does not show one-tenth of the whole truth, because it deals only with dismissals for misconduct absolutely proven. It necessarily fails to show the resignations that were tendered for causes that were substantially known, but of which complete evidence was not produced.

What does that table spell? It spells this: You can not get

decent men to do such abominable work, hence it goes into the hands of the offscourings of humanity, largely into the hands of men who are criminals or near criminals.

I notice that two men were discharged for having had previous criminal records. They are not so particular now. Men with known criminal records are now employed. And how do they work? The gorge rises in the stomach of decency when we contemplate the fact that prostitutes have been employed to decoy men. Agents have set their traps in hotels and by the expenditure of a lot of Federal money finally induced some poor bell boy or some waiter to bring in a little liquor to a party which he supposed was composed of decent men and women when it was in reality an assembly of official black-legs and prostitutes. All this is done beneath the white cloak of purity; all this is sanctified by the glory of the cause.

What saloon was ever baser than that? What divekeeper was more depraved? Where can you find a blacker picture in the old days of the old saloon?

What right has an officer of the law to commit a crime in order to entrap a victim? What right has he to become the procurer of a crime, the inducing cause of a breach of the law?

Mr. President, I turn now to another picture, and, as I try to paint with my poor brush, please compare the kindly expression that transfigured the countenance of the old-time temperance worker with the passion that distorts the face of the advocates of force. The old temperance forces appealed to our moral and spiritual attributes. They sought by gentle persuasion to rescue the perishing.

Then it was a glorious thing if one man who was addicted to drink could be induced to quit. They brought him to the temperance hall, they had him tell how the prayers of good women and the saving grace of God had taken away his thirst, clothed him once more in his right mind, and made him a good citizen. As they passed their pledge around they said, "This man was standing at the gates of hell, and we have pulled him back. He

was lost, and has been found. A gracious God, through us, as His humble servants, has saved this soul from destruction."

It was a beautiful and glorious work. I have nothing but flowers and crowns for all the people who did that work. No word of mine would ever speak harshly of them. They were engaged in a great labor of charity—the saving of men. Each time they could snatch a single brand from the burning their souls lightened up with a holy zeal. Properly they felt that they had accomplished much for they were rescuing men.

Now, behold their successors. Their proudest boast is the number of convictions secured. Gleefully they count the human being they have taken from their families, from public life, from their duties as citizens, and have locked up in penitentiaries.

Let me read the figures. I have them by the courtesy of my friend the Senator from Texas (Mr. Sheppard), who recently recited them in a speech eulogizing prohibition. The Senator declared that in the year 1928 the following admirable results were obtained:

"Seventy-eight thousand arrests in the Federal courts"—78,000 human beings upon which shoulders the law laid its heavy hand and placed an ineradicable stain.

"Fifty-eight thousand prison sentences"—58,000 men imprisoned. This we are told is the glory of prohibition.

"Aggregate of all sentences, 5,631 years." If Adam had been put in jail when he was a boy he would have just about served out that period of time.

"Fines, $7,031,709," and in addition "652 persons convicted and placed on probation for five years." "Suspended and pardoned sentences totaled 4,627; probated sentences totaled 2,265 years."

Stop a little and think, you rescuers of the perishing. If you could have indicted the old saloon and shown by good and true evidence that in a single year it had sent 58,000 human beings to jail and that it had caused the arrest of 78,000 human beings, you would have had a stronger case than was ever proved against the old saloon, bad as it was.

Observe that, in the opinion of the distinguished Senator, the number of prison sentences imposed is the proper yardstick by which to measure the success of prohibition. The more men sent to prison, the more beneficent is the law. Accordingly he introduced the figures for 1927. In that year the arrests totaled 51,945; convictions, 36,546; sentenced to prison, 11,818; aggregate of sentences, 4,477 years.

As the sentences for 1928 were much greater than for 1927, the Senator insists that prohibition is becoming progressively successful. That is to say, we are arresting more people every year, sending more people to prison every year, ruining more men and women every year, taking more fathers and sons and brothers from their families and from life, destroying them utterly, body and soul, branding them so that as they go down the path of time their names will be anathema upon the lips of all people—we are doing more of that every year; hence prohibition is a glorious success.

Oh, how the spirit of Christ has been killed! Whence comes this malevolent and monstrous thing to usurp his place in the temple where once we bowed at the shrine of charity?

Concluding his eulogy of prohibition, its penalties, and prisons, my good brother burst into ecstatic song. I will reproduce the verse, but beg to be permitted to adorn it with a single original line, being something of a poet myself. (Laughter.) Said my friend the Senator from Texas (Mr. Sheppard), eyes lifted heavenward and face illumined with a divine radiance:

"O beautiful! for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountains majesties
Above the fruited plain—
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown Thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!"
As an hundred thousand prisoners look through the bars at me.
Oh, happy day!

(Laughter.)

You will observe I am almost overcome with emotion by the beauty of the sentiment and the rhythm of the words. (Laughter.)

In two short years 125,000 to 130,000 have been jailed, an army as great as has conquered kingdoms; a mighty host of human beings, with hearts that beat, with nerves that feel, with souls to be exalted or destroyed. Into prison cells in contact with vice, with every form of horrid crime, these men were thrust, and thereby you think you serve the good and merciful God.

Turn your eyes to that picture and answer whether a law that does a thing like that to men who have only responded to an appetite, ingrained in man from the first, is not what I denounce it to be, a crime within itself.

Look again at the picture. Poor boys and impoverished mothers are sentenced to hard labor until death shall break their prison bars. And for what, pray? Because on the testimony of a sneak and informer they were convicted of having for the second or third time been caught with a little liquor in their possession, or of selling a drink to somebody who desired to buy it. Look closely at the picture. It is a shifting panorama—a tragedy running through the years—the victims are dressed in ignominious stripes. They hear the click of the lock that shuts them in forever. They are thrust into foul cells. They are forced into the parade of the lock step. They eat loathsome prison food. They speak in whispers. They are slaves toiling beneath the muzzle of rifles at hard and unrequited tasks. They are compelled to associate with the vilest of criminals. The light of hope has faded from their eyes. Despair has settled upon their souls and left its shadow upon their faces. They long for the fresh fields. Their nostrils beg for the breath of flowers. Their hearts ache for the loved ones left at home. And these victims, sirs, in the great majority of cases are not bad people. There lie within prison walls many boys who heroically sprang from the trenches and bravely faced the fire of the machine guns in France. There lie rotting within those cells many men who were useful citizens and who beyond all doubt were never guilty of a real crime.

Look once more! One hundred and thirty thousand human

a gigantic striped serpent. Leering at it from the sidelines are beings in prison stripes are marching in the lock step. The procession extends for miles. It winds in and out like the folds of the hard eyes of Bishop Cannon. Truly, the dream of Wayne B. Wheeler is realized. He has made "them believe in hell." And, merciful God, this occurs beneath the American flag. But still the fanatics demand punishment and yet more punishment. The cry is that of the degenerate Roman of Rome's degenerate days, "A man for the tiger and a man for the lion this morning, O good Quirites!" To this sad estate has the Congress of the United States and the American Government come.

I have already told you that General Andrews testified to the immense number of stills in operation. Let me call another witness. Mr. Buckner, then district attorney of New York, after a careful estimate, arrived at the conclusion that every year approximately 60,000,000 gallons of denatured alcohol were diverted from industry and redistilled for beverage purposes. The Government had loaded most of this denatured alcohol with poison. Doctor Doran, the present prohibition director, has testified that in most cases where denatured alcohols are redistilled, the poisons can not be altogether removed.

It follows that these poisons are eating away the vitals of millions of people. Malt extracts that will make more beer than ever was manufactured in the United States are now sold and made use of in the homes. Anybody can buy a can of it and make 5 gallons of beer in about five days. It is advertised on billboards throughout the country. Have you not all seen the billboard pictures of the amiable-looking old German lady holding a can in her hand and saying, "This is what Louie uses, and Louie knows." (Laughter.) The alcoholic content of that kind of beer is greater than that of the old-time brewery product and the beer is more injurious. Millions of homes are thus turned into little breweries and the beer is made in the presence and frequently with the aid of the children. If there is any danger to come from it and if the children should be guarded, the home is a mighty poor place for a brewery.

According to their own estimates, the authorities seized not more than five to ten per cent of the liquor being smuggled into the country. And General Andrews declared that as importations decreased, moonshining increased. We have now progressed to the point that the "moon shines on the moonshine everywhere." (Laughter.)

When prohibition was enacted we all thought the vineyards were thereby destroyed. But the price of California wine grapes has risen from $20 a ton to about $175. The reason is that people are making wines in vast quantities.

Cider? They have now worked out a plan where one can let his cider get hard, freeze it in a refrigerator, bore a hole in the center where the alcohol is, and be drunk in five minutes. Compared with that stuff old bourbon whiskey was a mild tonic. (Laughter.)

Even from the silos, where nature makes the stuff, the farm boy is drawing a supply.

All about the country everywhere—there is no exception—stills are running, in the mountain dells, along the banks of creeks, in cellars, in garrets, in garages, and, upon occasion, in the jails.

The seizures are merely farcical. A few days ago, within a short distance of the Capitol, the police finally discovered a still that had evidently been in operation for a very long time. It had a capacity of 1,800 gallons per day. When the raid was finally made, the officers found the still in full operation, but they could not find anybody who would admit he owned it. So they virtuously smashed the still. Thus was the majesty of the law vindicated. The whole apparatus probably was not worth more than a few hundred dollars. It had doubtless turned out hundreds of thousands of gallons of liquor. This seizure was widely advertised throughout the country. There was a great beating of tom-toms over it. The Nation was informed that the prohibition officers had dried Washington up. Such is the ridiculous farce being enacted and re-enacted all over the country.

This is the age of progress and discovery. Some enterprising genius discovered an excellent variety of whisky could be made

from corn sugar; that, in fact, it had some advantages over sour mash. For whereas sour mash gives off an offensive odor liable to arouse the neighborhood gossips, whisky can be made out of corn sugar and the occupant of the next room not know whether they are running a still or doing the family washing.

Behold the march of the corn-sugar business. In 1914 sales were 175,000,000 pounds; in 1928 the sales were 968,000,000 pounds.

Everywhere in shop windows you can see whisky flasks exposed for sale. Since prohibition there have been sold more flasks, more corks, more bottle stoppers, more corkscrews than were carried or used by all the tribes of men who through all the ages have marched across this bank and shoal of time.

The supply of charred kegs is inexhaustable. Here is an advertisement in the *Washington Star* of February 16—just a little ad. It only mentions six things. The first three of them I will read:

"Big cut-price specials at Peoples Hardware Chain Stores."

"Bottle caps, 3 gross, 50 cents; 3-gallon charred keg, $1.59; Peoples malt sirup, 45 cents."

Six or seven places are indicated where these articles can be bought in the Capital from this one chain of stores. (Laughter.)

We may laugh or we may rave; the cold, hard fact remains that the prohibition law is not regarded and enforced and will not be regarded and enforced as are laws against real crimes.

If a Washington hardware store were to advertise "machine guns for gangsters at a reduced rate" the police would be looking after that place within the next fifteen minutes.

But what avails argument and proof. Indeed, both are unnecessary in view of the high authority available. The National United Committee for Law Enforcement on February 18, 1929, put out a statement. I read excerpts, but I shall be glad to insert the entire article in the *Record*. One heading is:

"THE TRUTH ABOUT WASHINGTON"

"The Capital City is seething in lawlessness and saturated with poison liquor, dispensed by bootleggers under various aliases, operating openly and sold in hundreds of places as sugar is sold in groceries.

"One does not need a card of introduction or speak the shibboleth of the underworld to obtain admission or accommodation; all that is required is a thirst and the price. Anybody's money is good for rotten rum in Death Valleys.

"Washington is a Sodom of Suds, sold openly behind false fronts and fictitious names, containing from four to sixty per cent of alcoholic poison and in some cases so labeled.

"We make no loose charges. We are not hiding behind "estimates" previously made, or charges now headlining the press, or being uncorked in fluid eloquence on the floors of Congress, but after personal investigation by trained operatives."

. . . . . .

"Hundreds of such places, scattered all over the city, and in some cases in solid blocks, and not far removed from the Capitol itself, are found to be operating in violation of the law."

"DEATH VALLEYS IN WASHINGTON"

"For the past month the united committee has been making an undercover investigation into conditions in this Capital City. For this work we brought experienced and trained men from outside the city, and unknown in Washington. They report to us the places visited, the hours, the date, observations, character of premises, and purchases seen and made.

"The places include hotels, back-room bars, restaurants, lunch rooms, barber shops, tailor shops, cigar, delicatessen, and candy stores, and private houses with 'rooms to let'."

"SPECIMEN REPORT"

"No. 247. Entered; E Street NW.; cigar store; 12.15 p. m.; purchased five drinks of gin, 25 cents per drink; sold in back room with sign 'No admittance' on door. Time, 20 minutes.

"Then there is given a list of places visited and dates, following which the statement continues:

"Here are 342 places in which the law is flagrantly and openly violated and in which wine, gin, red liquor, corn, or whisky was being sold, and purchased, by the drink and bottle. In addition, there are numerous places all over the city where bottled 'bay rum' is sold to all comers, containing sixty per cent of alcohol, according to the label, and not marked for external purposes or number of Government permit given. Over 300 of these emptied bottles were left or taken from the down-and-out men in one week at the Gospel Mission."

Then the statement charges, in substance and effect, that there is graft among the police.

Here is an article from the Buffalo *Courier-Express*. It was sent to me by a former Senator. It is entitled "So this is Volsteadism":

"As an indication of the need of definite information from presidential candidates to what they mean when they pledge themselves to prohibition enforcement, Detroit's bootlegging industry may be cited. Doubtless, comparable figures could be obtained in any city situated as Detroit is, in a border or coast district, where rum runners ply their trade.

"Detroit's liquor business, including smuggling, manufacturing, and distribution, is estimated to employ 50,000 persons, with an output valued at $215,000,000. It is second, according to a story printed yesterday morning in this newspaper, only to the automobile industry. The chemical industry is a big business in Detroit, but it is a 'poor third' when compared with the bootlegging trade. Its annual production is valued at only $87,000,000, or considerably less than one-half of the estimated value of the illicit liquor business."

But, Mr. President, why should we produce figures or evidence when Prohibition Director Doran states:

"It is a matter of policy whether Congress wants to embark in the police business. If Congress wants to embark in the police

business, it will take $300,000,000 and a system of United States courts covering the land."

"If the Government wants to indulge in the police business," Volsteadism is from beginning to end nothing but police business. The supressing of the manufacture, the transportation, and the sale of liquor comes within the category, "police business." So long as millions want to buy and other millions want to sell, you can not suppress that business, even if you were to do as Wheeler suggested: To call out the Army, the Navy, and the National Guard. Even if you were to do that, you would have to organize a force to watch the officers and privates to keep them sober while they were standing guard. That is the cold truth about the matter.

But, lest the evidence and authorities I have cited should be challenged, I call attention to certain admissions made during this debate by distinguished dry Senators. First, I quote the Senator from Texas (Mr. Sheppard), who in seeking to avoid the terrific effect of Doctor Doran's statement, could think of nothing better to say than this:

"I understand it to be his idea that better results could be accompilshed if the Federal Government concentrated its efforts on suppressing the supply of industrial alcohol at its source."

Mr. President, alcohol does not have a source; it has 10,000 sources. It is not produced in one place where it can be watched and held down. According to the information I receive—and I state it only on information and belief—industrial alcohol is not today as popular as "good old moonshine" made by the boys around the town, who are getting rich at the business.

Second, I quote the Senator from Washington, who stands sponsor for this barbaric amendment. However, I do not believe he wrote it. I think it was sent here by the Department of Justice. I will ask the Senator if that is not correct?

Mr. Jones: "As I understood, the bill was prepared in the Department of Justice."

The Senator from Washington recently declared:

"The greatest trouble we have had, I think I may say, has been from the intelligence unit of the Government seeking to discredit and to have removed men who are standing by the enforcement of the law. In one or two instances I was compelled to go to the President of the United States in order to protect men who were enforcing the law and standing by its enforcement from the machinations of the intelligence unit. I am glad to say that the President of the United States stood by me on that proposition."

Lord God of Hosts!—and I say it reverently—has it come to pass that the officials of one department of the Government are working with law violators against the officials of another department who are engaged in the enforcement of the law? If so, then the contamination of this law is even worse than I have pictured it; for I did not presume that officers sworn in one department of the Government would dare to undo the work of other officers sworn to enforce this law. Here we have another illustration of the fact that when you declare that a crime which the majority of human beings do not believe is a crime, everywhere people protest, everywhere the arm of the law is paralyzed.

The Senator from Washington continued:

"I do not know what their business—"

That is, the business of the intelligence unit—

"has been in other States. I do know that the principal work of the intelligence unit in the State of Washington has been to discredit the prohibition enforcement officers."

The Senator nods his head, and says that is the fact. While I differ from the Senator on many, many things, I know that he is a man whose word is good everywhere.

But, sir, the story can all be epitomized in a very brief statement by the distinguished Senator from Georgia (Mr. Harris), who is the author of the proposal to increase the prohibition enforcement appropriation by $25,000,000. We all know that if there are four sincere prohibitionists in all this world, the Senator from Georgia (Mr. Harris) is one, the Senator from Washington (Mr. Jones) is another, and the Senator from Texas (Mr. Sheppard) is the other two. (Laughter.) Standing here at the end

of ten years of this thing, looking back through those years and surveying the scene, the Senator from Georgia declares:

"Every Senator, whether he is in favor of this law or not, knows that its enforcement is a farce. . . . Not only is this law violated, . . . but it is causing the people of this country to lose respect not only for this law but for all laws; and I do not know of any greater harm that is being done than for our people to lose respect for law of any kind."

To that I say, "Amen." General disrespect for all laws is the greatest harm that can befall our Nation or can curse our race, and it is the direct product of this law. It is its legitimate child. It springs from it as naturally as plant life springs from the fertile earth.

Said the Senator from Georgia:

"It has been a farce from the first—"

He then added by way of apology—

"because they have not had the money with which to enforce it."

How much money? How much money? We are spending this year, directly and indirectly, $59,000,000. Those are the figures given to me by the Senator from Wyoming (Mr. Warren), who is in charge of the appropriation bills. That is the amount spent by the Federal Government alone. That undoubtedly can not include many incidental expenses. How can you estimate the increased cost of courts and separate that cost from the usual expenses of litigation?

It would, it seems to me, be very difficult to do that. How much more does it cost if 100,000 men are locked up in jail and taken from useful employments? The economic loss and expense is not less than $200,000,000. How much more does it cost? The figures given, of course, do not embrace the expenses of enforcement in the forty-eight States. Neither do the figures I have given include imprisonments made by State officers. I do not know what may be the situation in other States, but I am sure the convictions by the State courts of Missouri far outnumber those secured by the Federal officers within that State. First and last, it seems to me it would be wholly within the limits of

conservative statement if we were to say that this law costs the State and local governments at least $100,000,000 per annum. And that the economic loss is at least $200,000,000 more.

How much does it cost? The revenue which the Government might derive mounts to stupendous sums. If this business were taken over and properly managed, if the Government obtained a revenue upon the liquor that is today being sold, I am sure the annual interest upon the national debt could be paid, and I think the entire debt could be wiped out in twenty years of time.

How much does it cost? No man can measure its cost. No man can give an accurate estimate. This much we may be sure the amount is appalling.

You say, "Ah, but we abolished the saloon. We eliminated the distillery."

You did not abolish the saloon. You split the saloon into a hundred parts and scattered the parts into every hamlet and village. You have made peripatetic that which was a fixture. Instead of being located in one spot, the saloon perambulates around the country in automobiles. The bar is condensed into a gripsack. The sales are by the case instead of by the glass. The saloon is still here, and more people are engaged in the business than in pre-Volstead days. You did not exterminate the brewery. You made millions of little breweries and installed them in the homes of the people.

Ah, but why need I argue the failure of prohibition when it is solemnly admitted on the floor of the Senate by distinguished dry Senators that the whole enforcement has been a farce? If the admissions do not cover the case, then no logic or assertion of mine will avail.

But, Mr. President, there is a phase of this question graver than any I have touched upon. In preliminary, let me repeat that there never has been a race of men that has not had some form of stimulant—not one. You may dig in the catacombs, you may explore the sepulchers of vanished races of men, and you find there the evidence that always, in some form man has used stimulants. That fact betokens a natural appetite, a natural

demand. The great races have been the ones most addicted to alcoholic beverages.

A condition of that kind must be dealt with it in a practical way. If the appetite or desire generally exists, the fact should be recognized and so dealt with as to produce the best possible results. I will go as far as any other man will go in appeals to people to restrain themselves, in pointing out the evils of over-indulgence, in doing everything that can be done by moral suasion and sensible regulation to limit the use of these stimulants. I am, however, convinced you make a tragic mistake when for the persuasions of argument you substitute legislative command, "Thou shalt not drink." By saying that you create an entirely different psychology. Like it or not, the average man says, "I don't care a snap of my fingers for that law." Like it or not, we must face the fact that men are just men, and women are just women, and that when you tell them they "shall not" do a thing which they believe they have the right to do, you plant in their minds the impulse to immediately proceed to do it. That is exactly what has occurred.

Another phase of this psychology is that liquor, once a common thing that anyone could obtain at any place has now been lifted, notwithstanding the enormous quantities of it still available, to a point where it is regarded as in the nature of a luxury. There is not a living American who does not regard almost every luxury as a prime necessity of his life.

Accordingly, at parties, at balls, at dinners, and at dances this "Luxury" is dealt out. The lad who once was told that strong drink was the potion of death, that in the cup lurked the coiled serpent of destruction, now regards drinking as a good-natured escapade and a pint of whisky on the hip as the equipment of all good fellows.

Ah, this is no dream, this is no occasional thing; it exists almost everywhere among almost all classes of society. The cocktail is dispensed as a luxury and the highball follows on. Men and women who in the old days would not have served a drink in their homes now regard it as a necessary act of courtesy.

Mothers, who a few years ago would have warned their daughters not to associate with boys who drank, now, all too often, will hand their daughters the liquor served at parties.

That is true. Deny it? Yes; stand up and deny it, and try a little longer to mislead the world. The fact is here, and if a man could consistently with decency do so, he could read a list of names as long as my friend Sheppard's list of jailbirds.

Girls guzzle it with boys. It is served in clubs, not by the clubs, oh, no; not by the proprietors of hotels and eating houses, oh, no. All they furnish are the glass, and the ginger ale, and all the boy does is to furnish the moonshine. Thus we are corrupting the youth of the land. I say to you prohibition friends, and I say it as solemnly as I have ever uttered anything in my life, we are corrupting a class that rarely was endangered or tainted in the past, and upon your souls and consciences the weight of the burden must rest.

There follows a tale more horrible. Whereas once people could get good beer, and a little stimulant from it, they now resort to home-brew which while it is made in the homes in vast quantities, is rather vile stuff. Or they consume gin and rum and whisky. These strong liquors are now used by millions who before prohibition never touched anything but light wines and mild beer.

Ah, if the story but ended there, it would not be as black as that which I am about to relate. Bootleggers of whisky are likely to become bootleggers of drugs. When men can not get a stimulant in the form of the kind of liquor they want, they go to something stronger than that. According to the best authorities, there are in the United States today more than a million drug addicts.

We never at any time had that number of habitual drunkards.

Mrs. Bonfils, a distinguished writer and a lady of great ability and unquestioned honesty, and to whom I am indebted for much of the information I am about to give, says that dope is peddled to schoolgirls. They are told: "Here is a little breath of happiness that makes you forget." In the short space of ten days the

iron grip of the drug is fastened upon their souls and bodies; they are manacled slaves the rest of their lives. Dope is also distributed and used in alarming quantities by the worst criminal classes. From it they get the inspiration of a false courage that enables them to commit crime. All too often the lady of fashion in the seclusion of her boudoir resorts to drugs to soothe her tired nerves; likewise dope is frequently the bracer of the professional gentleman who for the hour needs extra enthusiasm.

Is the dope habit growing? Oh, you people who have turned all the batteries of your wrath against a glass of beer, what say you to the fact that, running parallel with your prohibition movement, has come this horrible advance in the use of narcotics?

The secretary of the opium conference of the League of Nations declares that 786 tons of opium and twelve tons of coca leaves are more than sufficient to supply all the medical uses throughout the world.

Hon. Stephen Porter, author of the Porter bill, estimates the need of legitimate narcotics for the medical practice of the world to be 125 tons or less. John Palmer Gavit, former managing editor of the New York *Eveing Post,* and one time chief of the Washington bureau of the Associated Press, discloses in his new book, *Opium,* that the world is producing between eight and ten thousand tons of raw opium every year and doing it legitimately.

United States Attorney Charles H. Tuttle, a very high-class man, states his belief that the value of drugs smuggled into the United States last year was between $25,000,000 and $50,000,000.

What happened to the cases of ships bringing that in? The first case I cite is that of the ship *President Taft,* which came into the harbor of San Francisco on July 14, 1927, with a cargo of 830 tins of narcotics, valued at $29,300. A fine of $146,650 was levied against the company. The company appealed to Washington and the fine actually paid was $3,000.

July 1, 1926, the *President Lincoln* came into San Francisco Harbor carrying 197 tins of contraband opium; the fine levied was $32,825; the company appealed to Washington and got off with a payment of $1,000.

May 1, 1925, 388 tins of narcotics were seized on the Korean ship *Maru*. There were levied fines of $31,050; the fine actually paid was $100.

The *Rochambeau* brought $5,000,000 worth of dope into New York Harbor in December, 1928. The case against that company is still pending.

The *President Harrison* brought into New York Harbor on October 2, 1928, $1,000,000 worth of dope. These doubtless are but a few of the great number of importations and miscarriages of justice.

Notice this: The price of narcotics has fallen from $50 an ounce to $25 an ounce in the city of San Francisco. In Chicago it has fallen from $50 to $20 an ounce. In New York narcotics can be bought for $12 an ounce. That shows that the market is flooded. Besides, new varieties of dope are being created.

It is further stated that in 1922, twenty-four per cent of the prisoners in the Leavenworth prison were drug addicts, and that today sixty per cent are drug addicts.

What has that to do with prohibition? Everything. If people have a natural desire for some kind of a stimulant, and if they are set on satisfying that desire, then, in the name of high heaven, let us permit them to have that kind of a stimulant which does not utterly destroy them. Let us not drive them to these baser expedients.

We can not make people over. All that we can do is to restrain and help and guide and counsel. We should bear in mind that the personal habits of the individual are the business of the individual. So long as those habits do not impinge upon the rights of other people, we have no right to interfere except by persuasion. There is the line, and when we overleap it we bring disaster.

Senators, did you ever stop to think of the absurdity of this prohibition law? If the subject were not serious, its contemplation would provoke laughter. Consider this: A man approaches a bar and asks for a glass of beer. The bartender sells it to him. The transaction thus far is voluntary and perfectly amicable.

Then the bartender concludes to rob the customer, and murders him in cold blood and takes his purse.

A United States marshal witnesses the sale of the beer and the murder. Under the law this ridiculous situation exists! The marshal can arrest the culprit and take him before the United States court for selling a glass of beer, but he can not take him there to be tried for the cold-blooded murder and robbery. We trust the States to try every kind of crime except violations of the prohibitory law. We trust them to protect us by the apprehension of burglars, of highwaymen, of fraud mongers, of fiends, and of thieves, criminals of every kind, no matter how desperate or vile; but we do not trust the States to regulate the sale of that which a large percentage of the people want to buy. What an absurdity! The purpose of the eighteenth amendment was to force prohibition upon unwilling States. So we have the spectacle of great States with millions of people, the majority of whom protest against prohibition.

There is no man of good common sense who does not know that there can be no effective enforcement of any law among any free people where the majority of the people are opposed to it. It can not be done and it ought not to be done, for freedom consists in the right to live under laws enacted by the consent of the people.

All the while that we have proceeded along this line of unreasonable restriction of mild stimulants the deadliest serpents that ever have been loosed, the serpents of opium and of narcotics, are destroying the people of the land. Drugs are not like whisky, which can be smelled on the breath, and thus bring exposure. They do not give any evidence at first. The poison is distilled gradually. It steals through the veins. The habit grows through the years, until at last from the pallid lips of the victim comes the cry of maniacal despair. Ah, what an army is this army of drug addicts, a million men and women. An army of the living dead marching through the golden fields of earth, but their dull eyes see only the distorted pictures drugs have painted in disordered brains.

We, sir, have been all along pursuing the wrong philosophy.

We have relied on law and abandoned reason. We have come to believe in the logic of the lash, the persuasive power of force, and we have substituted handcuffs for moral precepts and chains for prayers. No longer do we hear the old appeal to reason and to right. No longer are there kindly words, gentle handclasps, and appeals to reason and to conscience. Rather the prison cell, the sound of shackles, the rattling of gyves, the death rattle in dungeons. Thus we seek to make men good. I affirm it to be true that in all the tides of time no law made by man ever made a good man or a good woman—not one. Law may have restrained the murderer's arm, but it did not remove the impulse of murder from his heart. It may have restrained the hand of the thief but it did not remove from his soul the desire to steal. It may have restrained the highwayman, but he still at heart was a robber. Law never made a man good. It may have protected the innocent from the wrongs of the wicked, it may have restrained the criminal, but it did not purge his heart or make white the blackness of his soul.

What is it then that we must look to? Ah, my friends, there are two realms of the law. First is the law passed by legislative bodies, the civil law. Its business is to protect life and property and restrain aggression and wrong. That is its realm. It is protective.

But there is another realm of law—the realm of the moral law. Its principles were written by Almighty God upon the hearts of men. They have been taught by the mother's gentle voice as in the ear of her daughter she whispered of rectitude and virtue, and by the father as he pointed his son the way of honor. This is the great law. It controls us in nearly all the acts of our lives.

What law of man has ever planted a noble impulse in the heart? Men will leap into the flood of rivers to rescue a stranger. They then obey not any man-made law; they answer the call of nature, the voice of conscience; they obey the impulse of nobility. Men will yield their lives to save a child. But no law of man commands the sacrifice. They respond to the mandate of the moral law.

On the great moral law we must at last rely. It alone makes men fit to live upon the earth. It alone will make them temperate, just, honest, and decent.

We have attempted to substitute for the persuasion of the moral law the force of the statute law. Senators, I warn you, the American people can not be forced to do anything. Nevertheless, "a man for the lion and a man for the tiger" is the cry of the day.

Mr. President, Montaigne has well said:

"It would be better for us to have no laws at all than to save them in so prodigious numbers as we have."

And Thomas Jefferson:

"The nation that is least governed is best governed."

I could quote the words of others of our mighty dead whose hands did "shape the anchors of our hope," but it would be useless to proceed further.

If you ask me, Mr. President, what remedy I would suggest, I answer, let us go back to the original principles upon which our Government was founded. Let us once more say that the States are capable of self-government. Let us repeal this obnoxious, this hideous amendment. Then let us say to the State of my friend from Utah (Mr. King), who is honoring me by his presence, "Let Utah handle this question as befits her people and as suits her purpose." To the State of my friend from Wyoming (Mr. Kendrick), let us give the same message, and so without going through the list of names, to all of the States let us say, "This is your business. It is a matter falling generally within police regulations. We trust you to apprehend the murderers, to put down crime, to suppress vice, to protect life and liberty and property, and we will trust you in this matter."

Then, sir, I am willing that the States shall be protected in the exercise of that right by the Federal Government providing, as it did provide under an amendment which years ago I offered to a bill of the Senator from Washington (Mr. Jones), that when a State prohibits the manufacture and sale of liquor within its borders liquor can not be sent into that State in interstate com-

merce without becoming immediately subject to those State laws. Let us then repeal this law. Let us then discharge the snoopers and the spies, the sneaks and the criminals who have been employed with our money to haunt our doors, to break open the windows of our habitations, and to murder our people upon the streets. Let us discharge them, and as they go let us say that in this country under this flag a system of spies and espionage is a foreign and an abominable thing, and that it shall be utterly wiped out in this Republic. Le us bring this business, wherever it is conducted or how it is conducted, into the open, where it can be carried on either by officers of the law or by men who are not criminals the moment they embark in it. Let us put it in the sunlight where it may be seen. Let us fix it so that the man who buys it buys it in the open and takes the responsibility before his neighbors and his friends. Let us go back to the old principles and old doctrines of the sovereignty of the States and the right of the American citizen to regulate his own life and control his own walk down the pathway of the years.

Senator Borah's Reply

Mr. President, with very many things which the Senator from Missouri has said I am in full accord. I think upon the fundamental question which is involved in this controversy I am in accord with the Senator. The Senator from Missouri referred to the fact that there are those who insist upon enacting such laws as this but who, nevertheless, live in violation of the law. He said that in his opinion such individuals were deserving of the severest condemnation. I am bound to say with that statement I believe all right-thinking men and women will heartily agree. It ought to be an axiom of decent citizenship. If those who make the law live in violation of the law the axe has already been laid at the root of the tree of representative government. There is a peculiar and a heavier obligation resting upon those who make the law than upon those for whom the law is made, although, of course, it binds all. But, upon reflection, Mr. President, how are we to distinguish between those who make the law and those whose duty it is to execute the law. If there be included the latter with the former, then let the Senator from Missouri unlash his fine irony and his scathing invective; he has a subject worthy of his talents. I think one of the most serious conditions with which we have to deal not only with regard to this but with regard to other laws is that those of us who make the laws and those who execute the laws standing in places of trust and tremendous responsibility do not often enough think of the fact that, perhaps, more important than are laws is the example which we ourselves set to the citizen. I think that is a matter about which the entire country can well reflect; and the Senator has stated it in his own inimitable way.

The Senator said that prohibition was the crime of crimes which had been committed in the matter of legislation in the United States. With that I cannot agree. It may have been a mistake, Mr. President; the people of the United States may have erred in their judgment; time and experience alone will demonstrate that fact; but it was not a crime. The people of the

United States were in sincerity wrestling with that which was deemed to be one of the great evils of modern civilization. Everyone had been brought to realize that in some way, and in a more effective way, it was the duty of the people of this country to deal with this problem. The object was an exalted one; the purpose embodied something of the ideal, though possibly in the end it may prove impracticable. That, time, as I have said, will determine. But that which they would have accomplished was void of all intent to do injury to the people of the United States; it was to serve them. No, it was not a crime to undertake to control and bring under the direction of law and under the domination of civilization that which would undermine and destroy civilization. It was and is a great evil, and to struggle for its control or to be rid of it can in no way be regarded as a crime. We may not have found as yet the right remedy; I do not know. The fight against the liquor traffic is not for ten days or ten years; it is an eternal fight, and only from step to step and from progressive acts can we finally determine how we shall ultimately deal with it. But the question is whether or not it was an error, whether or not it was a mistake.

I am not committed, Mr. President, to all opposition against the modification or even the repeal of the eighteenth amendment; I am not committed against the modification or even the repeal of the Volstead Act; I am only committed against the change, the repeal either of the amendment or of the law, so long as nothing better and more effective has been or can be presented.

If there be a better way to control the evil of drink, a more effective way, more thorough, and with better results to those whom we would serve, let us have it. The object is to secure the best possible remedy that experience and the human mind can give us upon this subject; and, while at the present time, in my judgment, no better plan has been proposed, no better scheme devised, and I stand for the program as it is, let it be understood at all times that we are open, as I presume all advocates of better regulation or better control or a better deal are open, to consider any plan which may be presented and which will stand the test

of reason. But it must be a better plan. It must give assurance that we are making progress. There is to be no retreat. Revolutions do not go backward.

I do not find fault with those who advocate the repeal of the eighteenth amendment. I may differ with them as to the arguments which they put forth, and as to the reasons with which they undertake to sustain their position; but the right to advocate the repeal is a sacred right—just as sacred as the right to put an amendment in the Constitution in the first place. The test of free government is the right of the people to write and unwrite laws, the test of good citizenship is obedience to the law when written. We are not quarreling with our friends about their right to urge a repeal; and, far from quarreling about a better scheme, we invite them to present it, to present it with all their power and ability, and let the American people ultimately pass upon it.

But this much I venture to say in the beginning of my remarks: That the eighteenth amendment will stand in the Constitution of the United States until the morale forces of the United States decide that something better is presented to control the liquor problem. There will be no going backward upon the effort of the human family to control this evil which has been torturing and tormenting them for 3,000 years and more.

No one need argue with me, Mr. President, as to his right to urge the repeal; but, while not committed against a change, as I have stated, I am committed to the enforcement of the present provision in every reasonable, practical way so long as it is a part of the Constitution of the United States. That presents a question far superior, to my mind, to the question of "wet" or "dry," of liquor or no liquor, important and vital as it is. The question of enforcing prohibition while it stands, of massing and crystallizing and organizing the moral sentiment of the country and the legal forces of the country to maintain our Constitution, presents a question infinitely more important to me than the question of liquor or no liquor. That involves the existence of our Government, the preservation of the principles upon which we build, the

hope of the future. The only things we can expect of the future are the liberties and the rights which a regard for the Constitution as the people have written it will give to us. When we are fighting for that principle we are fighting for free government—for the right of the people to rule. That transcends all other issues. That is the issue which holds me to this contest against all adversity, against all criticism, upon that issue I stand.

The Constitution says:

"The manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited."

There it is, the fundamental law of the land, adopted according to the method provided by the fathers; just as much a part of the law of the land as the fifth amendment to the Constitution of the United States; just as much a part of the law of the land as that which gives a man the right of trial by jury; just as much a part of the law of the land as that which protects his right under habeas corpus; just as much as that which protects the freedom of the press, or the right to worship God according to the dictates of one's own conscience; just as much as any other provision of the Constitution of the United States; and the obligation is upon us here, and elsewhere in the country, to support it, maintain it, and to enforce it so long as it is a part of the Constitution.

The Supreme Court has said that—

"The first section of the amendment—"

The one embodying prohibition—

"is operative throughout the entire territorial limits of the United States, binds all legislative bodies, courts, public officers, and individuals within those limits, and of its own force invalidates every legislative act—whether by Congress, by a State legislature, or by territorial assembly—which authorizes or sanctions what the section prohibits."

This was not only writing into the Constitution a specific provision of law; it was the adoption of a great national policy.

The people had struggled with the liquor question in one way and another for many years. They had tried the license system, local option, State control, and different methods by which to control the saloon. They finally came to the conclusion that as a matter of national policy they would adopt the prohibition policy and write it into the Constitution of the United States. That presents to me the only problem that there is before us at the present time, and that is, "The Constitution being there, how shall we maintain our system of government?"

Upon that question the able Senator from Missouri and I are not in dissagreement, as I understand. I understand that he takes the position which he has always taken: While he would repeal the eighteenth amendment, for reasons to which I shall refer later, while it is there, as I understand, and, knowing him as a great lawyer and a patriot, as I would expect him to be, he is for the enforcement of the Constitution of the United States.

Upon another occasion he said:

"When the Constitution was amended it became the paramount, the supreme law of the land. When the Volstead Act was passed it became the statute law, and Constitution and law became binding upon all citizens and all public officials."

An axiomatic proposition, yet too often forgotten in these days; a simple proposition upon which all free government rests, yet too often forgotten in these days. Written into the Constitution, the law adopted, they bind all citizens, and all citizens ought to recognize that fact.

Mr. President, the trouble in this situation lies deeper than the prohibition law itself, as I shall undertake to show later. I fear sometimes—although I am not a pessimist, I trust—that we have come to forget in this country just what a constitutional government means. It means, this, and practically nothing more: That unless the people have that reverence for the Constitution which commands of them obedience and respect there is no such thing left as constitutional government. There may be many individuals who will violate the law or violate the Constitution; but the great mass of the American people must come again to realize

—if they do not now realize—that when they themselves write the law, as they do when they adopt a constitution, they must be bound by and respect that law until they themselves rewrite it.

Again the Senator said:

"The Constitution and the statutes must stand and be obeyed unless they are changed or repealed in the manner and form laid down by the Constitution. There should be no evasion; there should be no attempt to accomplish their destruction by indirection. In my opinion, the eighteenth amendment will stand until and unless the moral forces of the Nation become convinced that there is some better way to deal with the liquor problem."

Yes, until the moral forces conclude there is a better way.

As I understand the Senator's position and mine, they are identical upon this great, fundamental question that the Constitution is there adopted by the people; the law is there, enacted by Congress; they should not be evaded; they should not be circumvented; all good citizens and all right-minded people should assist in maintaining them and enforcing them. With that question settled, Mr. President, we have nothing before us until we come to the consideration of some new scheme which involves a repeal or an entire change of the law. Let us have the new plan. Let us have the next forward step in the settlement of the liquor problem.

I shall not, of course, take issue with the Senator upon the question that there are violations of the law. I know that, I certainly shall not take issue with him upon the question that the law has led to corruption. I know that. I call his attention to the fact, however, that there never has been a law with reference to liquor placed upon the statute books of any civilized nation on the earth that the liquor forces did not undertake to break it down, to violate it, to undermine it, and to corrupt the officials. It is the history of liquor legislation from the beginning until this hour. It is not within the ingenuity of the human mind to devise a liquor law that will be satisfactory to the liquor interests. They are seeking to do with this law what they sought to do with every law. I do not care where you go, when it was, or how you

undertake to deal with it; we had the same condition of violation, of corruption, of deceit, of fraud that we have now in regard to this matter; and as I shall undertake to show in a few moments, every system of dealing with liquor at the present time is having to meet that exact problem.

Before I go on further, let me go back to early days of the Republic, when it was proposed to place a high tax upon the importation of liquor into the United States. If you will take up the debates which occurred upon that question, you will find just the same contention that is made now—that that kind of a law can not be enforced; that it will lead to smuggling, to bootlegging, to violations of the law. There must be no law. The evil wants a free rein.

Here is one paragraph from a noted Member of Congress at that time:

"But suppose we yield to the reasoning of my opponent and lay a high duty and check the importation of rum. What will happen? We shall defeat our purpose. The country will be just as immoral and much poorer than at present. Not a hogshead of the liquor will be seen on our wharves, not a shilling of revenue will be collected from it by our customhouse officers. Yet at all the inns and taverns in the land rum will be as plentiful and as cheap as ever. Does any man suppose for a moment that the thousands of artisans, and the mechanics, the tradesmen, and the fishermen, to whom liquor is as much a necessity of life—"

Blessed old thought, ancient and faded, how often it returns "as meat and bread, will upon a sudden cease to drink it because it is taxed with a great tax? Will they not rather set on foot 10,000 schemes to evade the duty? And is there any ingenuity so marvelous as the ingenuity of men who seek to circumvent an unwise law? Lay such a tax and in a few months every creek, every secluded bay, every swamp along the whole coast from Maine to Georgia will be a nest of smugglers. There, in the dark of each moon and in the blackness of each stormy night, hogsheads of the forbidden liquor will be run ashore and buried in

the marsh, or hidden in the cellar of some fisherman's hut, to be reshipped to the great seaports of the country. Then will spring up a mode of tax gathering odious to all. On the land, an army of customhouse officers, tide waiters, and gaugers. On the sea, a navy of ships, hailing every schooner, boarding every packet, giving chase to every shallop that comes in sight. And when the money collected with so much pains has been counted, the cost of ships and officers paid, and the books balanced, it will indeed be astonishing if a single shilling remains over in the Treasury."

The same tender regard for the Treasury of the United States, the appetities of the workmen, the possibility of evading the law, the application of smuggling and spying and treachery upon the part of the officers, all advanced from time to time, and every time that the United States has proposed in any way to deal with the liquor question. No new arguments under the sun.

I repeat, there is violation now, there is corruption now, there has always been violation, there will always be corruption whenever a liquor law is advanced and put upon the statute books and undertaken to be enforced. What the liquor interests crave is the right, uncontrolled and unhampered, to prey upon the human race to its full insatiable appetite.

Just a word, Mr. President, before I pass on to the different systems. I wish that violation of law and corruption of officials were confined to the liquor problem. What a fortunate country this would be. I wish, as we survey the situation, that we could feel that only with regard to prohibition or enforcement is there violation or crime. Unfortunately it is not so. What are the violations of the liquor law compared to the corruption—the saturnalia of corruption in this country in 1921, 1922, and 1923 of the highest officials, men most responsible in Government—with corruption permeating out through the entire country; apparently more money involved and more taken in one transaction than these pilfering thieves in the department of prohibition would take in a hundred years.

Perhaps this arises to some extent out of a condition that fol-

lowed the war. Let us hope so. We find it in other countries. We find it remarkably strong in other countries. Let us hope that it is a condition which followed the war.

Yet, when we make that allowance, we must refer to one thing more, that is, unfortunate as it is and humiliating as it is to admit, it, the United States has not yet learned the science of enforcing its criminal laws. That is today the greatest and most profound domestic problem, in my opinion, in this country the application and the enforcement of the criminal law, not alone with reference to prohibition—that is but one department—but with reference to the entire scope of human activity undertaken to be covered by the law.

We have had in this country, on an average for the last fifteen years 8,700 murders a year. In 1918 there was eighteen murders in the city of London. Fifteen ot the murderers were apprehended and punished. In the same year there were 230 murders in the largest city in the United States. I have not the exact figures, but I am informed that only a small percentage were punished.

In the year 1922 there were 17 murders in London. In 1922 in the largest city in the United States there were 260 murders, and in the next largest city there were 137 murders.

In 1921 there were 121 robberies in all England and Wales combined, There were 1,445 robberies in one city in the United States and 2,400 in another.

Underlying this entire question is the fact that the American people must gird themselves for the supreme task in civilization, and the crucial test of a self-governing people; that is, whether or not they can enforce the laws which they themselves write. That is the test of a self-governing people, whether the people can enforce the rules which they lay down for themselves.

We have been so busy in conquering a continent, in clearing the forests and reclaiming the deserts, and getting ourselves ahead in the great struggle for dominancy of our natural wealth that perhaps we have not given to this other problem the consideration which older communities have given to it. But it is here; it

confronts us. Let us not be misled by reference to prohibition alone. It is an underlying proposition with which the American people must deal; and just such speeches as that made by the able Senator from Missouri will, although devoted largely to one question, emphasize and call to the attention of the people the fact that they are facing the proposition of preserving the first principles of representative government.

In one sense I am not surprised that there should be this disregard of law throughout the United States. We have a class of individuals—fortunately there are none of them in the Senate, the people are too careful about that—we have a class of individuals in this country, learned gentlemen, who seem to regret that their ancestors ever came to this country, who are engaged constantly in attacking the first principles of free government, and now they would lay down the rule in this country that if an individual does not like the law he has a right to violate it, to disregard it, to join with others and nullify it. They have laid down the rule that if I do not like a particular provision of the Constitution I need not appeal to my fellow countrymen to repeal it, but I may violate it and disregard it.

In one of the leading magazines of the United States, an old magazine of high standing, I read an article in which I find this—

"He who obeys a law which is wrong contributes by that to the final debacle, the intensity of which is increased because delayed by that obedience."

"The man who obeys a law which he does not think is right." Who determines whether or not it is right? Who determines in this country whether a law is right or wrong, and how is it determined? Do individuals determine that question? Are there 117,000,000 individuals passing 117,000,000 judgments on a provision of the Constitution?

The fathers were too wise for that. They provided that the Constitution could be amended in a certain way, and when it is amended, that is a determination that what is contained in the amendment is right under our form of government, until the

people in the same way revise their judgment and determine another course; and a man who teaches that an individual has the right to determine for himself is a traitor to the institutions framed by our fathers and maintained by our forebears. I do not care what his standing may be—lawyer or professor—or for whom he may presume to speak, he is disloyal to American institutions.

"If a large number of citizens are convinced that an act compels them to live lives of hypocrisy, cowardice, and servility, they will feel no moral obligation to observe the law. On the contrary, they will develop an esprit and morale in the breaking of it in the name of patriotism."

Are you surprised that the ordinary bootlegger, looking up to those of learning, perhaps able to read the literature of the day, finds that he is pursuing a course marked out by those who assume to speak with authority? Are you surprised that the young men or the young women, inclined, perhaps, to disregard the precedents of their father and mother, find here in the literature of our country a statement that they may go counter to and disregard the laws of the land?

Ah, Mr. President, the able Senator spoke of the moral law. Let us appeal to it here. Let us invoke it here. The highest evidence of morality in a republic or a democracy is to observe the law which the majority have written. There is no morality that can be governed by political principles if that is not true.

Then this author says, in concluding his atrocious article:

"The nullification of the fugitive slave law developed men like Abraham Lincoln."

What a miserable slander, what a cowardly implication, telling the young people of this country that Abraham Lincoln built his character and his career upon disregard for the Constitution of the United States.

Lincoln said upon one occasion—I quote from memory—"I hate slavery"—using a word which seldom fell from the sacred lips of the martyr. I never saw it except with reference to slavery.

"I hate slavery; but it is in the Constitution of the United States. It is protected by the provisions of the Constitution of the United States. So long as it is, it must be protected. Therefore—"

Said he, and I quote, I believe, almost his exact words—"We are in duty bound to preserve that Constitution in letter and in spirit."

When he came to be inaugurated President of the United States out here in front of the Capitol, his last plea before the dread carnage of the Civil War broke, and brother was arrayed against brother, hero against hero—the last pleas of the martyred Lincoln was that the northern people respect the Constitution of the United States, give the southern people their fugitive slave law, and enforce it, as the Constitution of the United States obligated them to do. Yet there is circulated here as a part of the literature of the day the statement that the then President of the United States was an advocate of lawlessness, an advocate of the violation of the Constitution of the United States.

Let me read another statement. A lawyer of Connecticut—I understand him to be a member of the Connecticut bar in good standing—has written a book upon constitutional government and the duty of the citizen, particularly around the Volstead Act and the Constitution of the United States, particularly the eighteenth amendment. Let me read from this book, which is being circulated now by an organization which is engaged in trying to convince the people of the United States that the eighteenth amendment can not be enforced. This is what I find in that book:

"The eighteenth amendment is void in so far as it purports to give the United States authority over intrastate business. The decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States which purport to authorize the transfer of police power from the States to the United States under the eighteenth amendment are not binding upon the State or its people."

Mr. President, if I were going to reach out and get a man who ought to have this $10,000 fine and five years' imprisonment applied to him, he is the first gentleman I would hunt for. I

would punish, if I could, the man who teaches violence rather than the poor creature who listens to and practices such teachings. I believe in free speech, but I believe when a man preaches a doctrine that is disloyal to his government, he ought to take the responsibility for having abused free speech. He may urge repeal, he may urge change but defiance to law ought to bring shame if there be no way to punish.

Mr. President, we are not the only people in the world who are struggling with the prohibition question or with the liquor problem. They have it, for instance, now in Italty. Not many Americans agree with Mussolini as to his political philosophy or his methods, but we have to admit that he is getting results. Perhaps the particular environment amid which he works necessitates some methods and some principles with which we would not be in accord.

In surveying the situation in Italy, in trying to rehabilitate and reinvigorate the Italian people and to restore them to something of their ancient prestige, this marvelous man came up against the liquor problem and realized at once and without hesitation that it is one of the things with which Italy had to contend.

Upon a certain occasion in a public address he gave a number of figures and facts as to the deplorable condition in Italy, and stated unmistakably that the problem would have to be dealt with in a drastic way. He referred to the fact that the death rate through alcoholism was excessively high. He further referred to the fact that mortality and insanity and suicides due to the use of liquor were progressing at such a rate that the Italian people could no longer disregard the problem. Then he said:

"From these figures you will perceive that the picture is black and tragic and merits our deep attention."

The first thing he did, which is a more simple process in Italy, was to close 25,000 saloons overnight by an imperial decree, if I may be permitted to use the word "imperial" in connection with Mussolini. He closed 25,000 saloons and gave assurance that that was the first step in ridding his country of this evil which

was at war with the moral and economic life of the Italian people.

We are not the only people who are struggling with it. It is a world-wide problem working its devastation and its ruin in all countries, and the problem is what are we to do with it? In England it is now one of the vital issues or problems. They discovered some time ago that in 1927 the liquor bill of England was $1,506,000,000, and that the profits made out of those who drank it was $120,000,000. England, with 1,500,000 unemployed, with her superhuman burden of taxation, struggling for her economic life, found that she was expending $1,500.000,000 for liquor and paying somebody a profit of $120,000,000.

England has tried in every way to deal with this problem except that of absolute prohibiiton, which is now being discussed. They undertook in the first place to close the saloons earlier in the day. They found that the saloons or the liquor traffic paid no attention practically to the regulation. They then undertook to reduce the amount of alcoholic content. They found that that did not have the desired effect.

Then they went into a town of considerable size and purchased the entire liquor interests, purchased all the means and methods that they had of supplying it, and undertook to demonstrate in that way what they could do by Government ownership. What was the result? As usual, invariably the liquor traffic began to break down the little experiment in that town alone. They bootlegged liquor in every possible way, and that experiment, of course, has failed to demonstrate, therefore, what Government ownership could do under proper circumstances.

But it is the same law, the same old rule. It does not make any difference what you do or how you try or how small your efforts may be, wherever the liquor traffic can fasten its fangs upon progress, progress dies.

Let us take one more illustration. Over in Canada they had prohibition in a number of Provinces; I have forgotten just how many. Then along came the moderates, those who said that "Man has to have some liquor. Get rid of the bootlegger. Get rid of

corruption. Get rid of destroying our young men and our young women. Therefore let us adopt Government control."

The argument in Canada was that by this method they would be rid of those things which my able friend thinks we can be rid of in this country by going back to State rights. We will examine that in a few moments.

What happened under the Canadian liquor law? Let us go first to the official record. I have referred to this elsewhere. I have been accused of being misinformed. Mr. President, I am not misinformed. I was over in Canada last summer and the summer before. I am not misinformed.

The British Columbia liquor board reports:

"Since the opening of the beer parlors the sale of 'hard liquors' has increased fifty per cent. As much liquor is sold by bootleggers as is sold in the Government stores."

That is the way Canada got rid of the bootlegger. It does not make any difference, I repeat, what we do; the lawbreaker is there.

The Quebec liquor commission said:

"Sale of hard spirits increased 32,275 gallons in one year. Drunkenness among women has increased fifty-three per cent."

These are official reports and not denied, except outside of Canada. The Saskatchewan liquor board said:

"The sale of hard liquor increased thirty-three per cent in the last two years. Bootlegging increased in this Province 111 per cent in the first year."

The Alberta liquor board said that 60,000 permits were issued the first year; two years later, 144,000 permits. The greatest problem is moonshine bootlegging. Four million gallons of liquor were sold in the second year without control.

During the first four months of Government control the Ontario board said that 220,440 permits were issued and people were buying liquor at the rate of $1,000,000 a week.

Mr. President, let us turn to a different source than the official record, and that is to the representatives of the church. I am not going to take members of some organization which has for

its particular purposes the advocacy of prohibition or the liquor law, but call upon those who are interested from the standpoint of Christian ministers. Father Lavergne, speaking of government ownership in his paper said:

"With due respect to those at the head of our Government I must say that since they have become the advocates of beer and booze and have set the seal of the Government approval upon drinking, they have almost annihilated the work of the church through years of preaching temperance and sobriety."

An effort at true temperance!

Cardinal Begin said:

You know what a vigorous battle we have fought for the virtue of temperance in our diocese, our beloved coadjutor and the group of ecclesiastical and lay apostles who have aided him in his efforts. After about fifteen years' work they had almost conquered the enemy, and we were overjoyed in foreseeing the end of the destruction caused by the excesses of alcohol. But alas, there is now spreading everywhere the intolerable abuse which we denounce, and in particular the surreptitious fabrication of an alcohol more harmful than any other to the health of the body and the soul."

Let us turn to the newspapers. They are a source of information. The *Vancouver Sun* said;

"The people decided on a policy of restricting alcoholic consumption to the lowest possible degree. The government has made this piling up of revenue the chief purpose of the act. Moderation does not moderate. Government control does not control. The British Columbia liquor system has actually failed."

Sir Hugh McDonald, son of the famous John A. McDonald, said:

"There is just as much unlawful drinking under the government control act as there ever was under prohibition. The present law was in the very nature of things difficult of enforcement. It was far less difficult to secure convictions under prohibition than under government control."

The World, published at Vancouver, said:

"Rum runners, gunmen, thugs, and all the parasites which thrive on the miasma of the underworld of the Pacific coast are fostered by the policy now in force. Calculations show that bootleggers in this Province handle as much liquor as the government stores."

Hon. H. H. Stevens, a public official, said:

"Never in the history of this country was bootlegging comparable in magnitude and murderous results to what it is today."

Now, Mr. President, let us take a description of the liquor depot in Canada.

"The Montrel warehouse of the Quebec Liquor Commission contains nine acres of floor space and is full of vats, tuns, and hogsheads of alcoholic drinks from its topmost floor to the cold basement underground, where wines are kept. Two large rooms of this building are used for storing the seized wet goods and stills that are constantly being taken from Montreal bootleggers, smugglers, and proprietors of blind pigs."

There is not a problem involved in the situation in the United States that is not involved under the system of government control of liquor in Canada. They have the same bootlegger to contend with, the blind pig, the poisoing of liquor, and all the corrupting influences that we have in the United States.

Let me quote from another source. In the *Montreal Star* I find the following headlines:

"Innocent girls lured into dens."

And again:

"Dens of iniquity flourishing here must go."

These are places, so the report shows, where liquor is sold either legally or illegally.

Attorney General Craig recently said:

"Seventy-five per cent of the troubles of law enforcement are now due to the illicit sale of beer and most of that is due to the brewers that furnish the supplies and abuse the privileges granted to them under the government liquor control act."

Rev. Father Coyle, of St. Mary's Cathedral at Kingston is quoted as saying:

"It is appalling the extent to which drinking is indulged in by young men, even boys of 'teen age. The drinking habit has reached an unbelievable stage."

There is no end to the story. They are having the same fight under government control that we are having under prohibition, and that is, to restrain those who never propose to be restrained by any law.

I said in the beginning that this is not a fight of ten days or ten years. Neither, in my judgment, are the evils which accompany our effort peculiar to the method which we have employed. It does not make any difference how we shall undertake to deal with it—we shall have the same evils to contend with.

The Senator from Missouri, with his usual candor, said that he was in favor of going back to State rights; that he was in favor of giving this question over to the control of the States. Of course, Mr. President, that means the saloon. I do not believe the Senator from Missouri believes in the saloon; I do not believe anybody any longer believes in the saloon.

Let me digress long enough to say that while we have for many years been disposed to jeer at the temperance reformers, at those who are advocating prohibition, I think they have accomplished one thing: They have gotten rid of the saloon. I do not think anyone wants to go back to the saloon. That is one monument to those who were spoken of so long as cranks, as fanatics. They have convinced the American people that the saloon is intolerable; that it is a cancer upon the body politic; that it can not be tolerated; and no one, I presume, wants to go back to it. However, Mr. President, would the temperance reformers have ever closed the saloon by moral suasion? Good as they were, and noble as were their purposes, effective as they were in their appeal for needed reform, how long would it have taken the temperance reformer to have closed one saloon by moral suasion, by appeal to the moral law?

We had to invoke the law somewhere in order to incorporate

and crystallize the effect of the work of these people for seventy-five years. The moral influence and the moral suasion and the preaching had their place, and let them never be abandoned; but there must be something more, and that is the law and the authority of the Government back of the law. That finally resulted in the destruction of the saloon, and, in my opinion, if we go back to the States we shall inevitably go back to the saloon in some of the States; when we go back to the saloon in some of the States the result will be that we will go in all the States.

Mr. President, I live in a State which was bone dry according to law before the eighteenth amendment was adopted, but there was no way by which the people of Idaho could protect themselves from those States which were not dry. The people who are now urging their belief in State rights—I am not speaking now of individuals, but of the liquor interests—in no sense respected the right of Idaho to be dry. They shipped their wet goods into the State over the border, established their saloons within five feet of the border, and supplied the State in a way that the State was powerless to prevent. State rights was then not so sacred in the eyes of the liquor interests as it is today.

It is true that the able Senator from Missouri secured the adoption here of an amendment to a bill which provided that when liquor was shipped into a State it became subject to the control of the laws of the State. By a majority of the Supreme Court that provision of the law was upheld, but the court also held that while one could not ship liquor into the State there was no power to prevent one from shipping it across the State, and we discovered that when the liquor started it never got across. It was impossible to enforce the law with all the States whose people were engaged in the liquor business undertaking to break it down.

Suppose we should let it go back to the States, and suppose the State of Missouri adopted the old system, how should we protect the border States? We should have to have spies; we should have to have policemen; we should have to have the militia to protect the four borders of the States if we expected the law

not to be violated by those who intended to have liquor cross the State line. There is no more reason to believe that they will respect the borders of the State of Idaho than that they will respect the Constitution of the United States.

Mr. President, do what we will and try as we may, we have these evils to contend with. They are a part of any effort to undertake to control or deal with the liquor problem, and I had rather undertake to deal with it by the Government of the United States having to protect only the borders of the United States than having forty-eight States undertake to control four times forty-eight boundary lines.

The Senator from Missouri referred to the awful condition with reference to the use of narcotics. He is quite right; it is one of the most alarming situations with which we have to deal; but has not the man who wants a narcotic the right to have it? If we have no right to deny a man the right to have liquor, what right have we to deny him the right to take narcotics? One may be more dangerous than the other, but the question of individual liberty, of individual right, to my mind, is precisely the same. But we do deny it, and we deny it upon the theory that when an individual indulges in a practice which is harmful to the community or to those who are dependent upon him, it becomes a subject for the consideration of the public, and the public has the right to determine what the rule shall be.

I noticed the other day that the Prince of Wales, almost on the point of becoming the ruler of his kingdom, though fortunately the exigency passed, concluded to go out and visit the poor of England. He was astounded at the condition which he found among his people; he was moved to pathos when he found eleven and twelve people, men, women, and children, boys and girls, huddled in one common room, sleeping together like so many swine, with all the finer things of life driven out. It shocked the Prince. I read in a newspaper that while he was on his visit there came home a father with seventeen cents in his pocket. When asked where the other part of the fifty cents was which he had earned for the day, he stated that he had left it at the grog shop. Do you tell me, Mr. President, that government has no

duty and no power to protect the hungry children who were waiting for the fifty cents to supply the food for which their pallid lips were pleading? In a republic whatever the community determines is essential to the public welfare binds you and binds me during that time. If we do not believe in that rule, we do not believe in a democracy.

The Senator from Missouri was of the opinion that the use of narcotics had increased since prohibition. I can not dispute that; I have not examined the figures. I only know that in England, where there is no control of the liquor traffic, the use of narcotics is sweeping forward the same as it is in this country. I only know that Canada has the same problem to deal with. I rather suspect that if the Senator will take into consideration population, the population of the United States of 120,000,000 and the population of England and the population of Canada, he will find that the increase in the use of narcotics in those countries has kept pace with that in the United States. At any rate, it is going forward in those countries at such a rapid pace that it is alarming to all the people who take concern of the public welfare.

What shall we do about the liquor traffic? Possibly we can not prevent it entirely; possibly we can not ever prevent the use of alcoholic drinks altogether, but shall we continue the effort or shall we surrender in the fight? So far as I am concerned, Mr. President, so long as it is written in the Constitution of the United States that the sale of intoxicating liquors is injurious to the public welfare, and that declaration embodies the policy of the people, I propose in every way that is reasonable and fair to undertake to maintain that Constitution. Let us all combine in that effort. The Senator from Missouri will never see the day, I will never see the day when the eighteenth amendment is out of the Constitution of the United States. In the meantime, using our influence, our moral leadership, and our public office as Senators and citizens, let us see to it that it is enforced in so far as it is possible for human ingenuity to enforce it. Let us maintain it and support it with the fervor and the devotion that we would support and maintain the sacred principles upon which all free governments rest.

Farming in the Old Days

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

To Plow is to Pray—To Plant is to Prophesy, and the Harvest Answers and Fulfills.

I know that in a country where the tillers of the fields are free, everybody is free and ought to be prosperous. Happy is that country where those who cultivate the land own it. Patriotism is born in the woods and fields—by lakes and streams—by crags and plains.

The old way of farming was a great mistake. Everything was done the wrong way. It was all work and waste, weariness and want. They used to fence a hundred and sixty acres of land with a couple of dogs. Everything was left to the protection of the blessed trinity of chance, accident, and mistake.

. . . . . .

In those blessed days the people lived on corn and bacon. Cooking was an unknown art. Eating was a necessity, not a pleasure. It was hard work for the cook to keep on good terms even with hunger.

We had poor houses. The rain held the roofs in perfect contempt, and the snow drifted joyfully on the floors and beds. They had no barns. The horses were kept in rail pens surrounded with straw. Long before spring the sides would be eaten away and nothing but roofs would be left. Food is fuel. When the cattle were exposed to all the blasts of winter, it took all the corn and oats that could be stuffed into them to prevent actual starvation.

In those times most farmers thought the best place for the pig-pen was immediately in front of the house. There is nothing like sociability.

Women were supposed to know the art of making fires without fuel. . . . Everything was done in the hardest way. Everything about the farm was disagreeable. Nothing was kept in order. Nothing was preserved. . . . There was no leisure, no feeling

"Patriotism is born in the woods and fields—by lakes and streams—by crags and plains. Homes make patriots. He who has sat by his own fireside with wife and children will defend it. Few men have been patriotic enough to shoulder a musket in defence of a boarding house."

that the work was done. It was all labor and weariness and vexation of spirit.

. . . Nearly every farmer's boy took an oath that he never would cultivate the soil. The moment they arrived at the age of twenty-one they left the desolate and dreary farms and rushed to the towns and cities. They wanted to be bookkeepers, doctors, merchants, railroad men, insurance agents, lawyers, even preachers, anything to avoid the drudgery of the farm.

. . . A few years ago the times were prosperous, and the young men went to the cities to enjoy the fortunes that were waiting for them. They wanted to engage in something that promised quick returns. They built railways, established banks and insurance companies. They speculated in stocks in Wall Street, and gambled in grain at Chicago. They became rich. They lived in palaces. They rode in carriages. They pitied their poor brothers on the farms, and the poor brothers envied them.

But time has brought its revenge. The farmers have seen the railroad president a bankrupt, and the road in the hands of a receiver. They have seen the bank president abscond, and the insurance company a wrecked and ruined fraud. The only solvent people, as a class, the only independent people, are the tillers of the soil.

Farming must be made more attractive. The comforts of the town must be added to the beauty of the fields. The sociability of the city must be rendered possible in the country.

. . . If you wish to raise a good boy you must give him plenty to eat, and treat him with kindness. In this way, and in this way only, can good cattle or good people be produced.

In every house there should be a bath-room. The bath is a civilizer, a refiner, a beautifier. When you come from the fields tired, covered with dust, nothing is so refreshing. Above all things, keep clean. It is not necessary to be a pig in order to raise one. In the cool of the evening, after a day in the field, put on clean clothes, take a seat under the trees, 'mid the perfume of

flowers, surrounded by your family, and you will know what it is to enjoy life like a gentleman.

Only a few days ago, I was where they wrench the precious metals from the miserly clutch of the rocks. When I saw the mountains, treeless, shrubless, flowerless, without even a spire of grass, it seemed to me that gold had the same effect upon the country that holds it, as upon the man who lives and labors only for that. It affects the land as it does the man. It leaves the heart barren without a flower of kindness—without a blossom of pity.

I had a thousand times rather have a farm and be independent, than to be President of the United States without independence, filled with doubt and trembling, feeling of the popular pulse, resorting to art and artifice, inquiring about the wind of opinion, and succeeding at last in losing my self-respect, without gaining the respect of others.

Happiness is wealth. We can be happy without being rich—without holding office—without being famous. I am not sure that we can be happy with wealth, with office, or with fame.

The farmer goes, as it were, into partnership with nature—he lives with trees and flowers—he breathes the sweet air of the fields. There is no constant and frightful strain upon his mind. His nights are filled with sleep and rest. He watches his flocks and herds as they feed upon the green and sunny slopes. He hears the pleasant rain falling upon the waving corn, and the trees he planted in youth rustle above him as he plants others for the children yet to be.

There is no real conflict between Latin and labor. There are hundreds of graduates of Yale and Harvard and other colleges, who are agents of sewing machines, solicitors for insurance, clerks, copyists, in short, performing a hundred varieties of menial service. They seem willing to do anything that is not regarded as work—anything that can be done in a town, in the house, in an office, but they avoid farming as they would a leprosy. Nearly every young man educated in this way is simply ruined. Such an education ought to be called ignorance. It is

a thousand times better to have common sense without education, than education without the sense. Boys and girls should be educated to help themselves. They should be taught that it is disgraceful to be idle, and dishonorable to be useless.

It is not necessary in this age of the world for the farmer to rise in the middle of the night and begin his work. This getting up so early in the morning is a relic of barbarism. It has made hundreds and thousands of young men curse the business. There is no need of getting up at three or four o'clock in the winter morning. The farmer who persists in doing it and persists in dragging his wife and children from their beds ought to be visited by a missionary. It is time enough to rise after the sun has set the example. For what purpose do you get up? To feed the cattle? Why not feed them more the night before? It is a waste of life. In the old times they used to get up about three o'clock in the morning, and go to work long before the sun had risen with "healing upon his wings," and as a just punishment they all had the ague; and they ought to have it now.

Eight hours a day is enough for any farmer to work except in harvest time. When you rise at four and work till dark what is life worth? Of what use are all the improvements in farming? Of what use is all the improved machinery unless it tends to give the farmer a little more leisure?

There is another fault common with the farmers of our country—they want too much land. You cannot, at present, when taxes are high, afford to own land that you do not cultivate. Sell it and let others make farms and homes. In this way what you keep will be enhanced in value. Farmers ought to own the land they cultivate, and cultivate what they own.

Homes make patriots. He who has sat by his own fireside with wife and children will defend it. When he hears the word country pronounced, he thinks of his home.

Few men have been patriotic enough to shoulder a musket in defence of a boarding house. Raise your sons to be independent through labor. Teach them above all things to be good, true and tender husbands—winners of love and builders of homes.

Above all let every farmer treat his wife and children with infinite kindness. Give your sons and daughters every advantage within your power. In the air of kindness they will grow about you like flowers. They will fill your homes with sunshine and all your years with joy. Do not try to rule by force. A blow from a parent leaves a scar on the soul. I should feel ashamed to die surrounded by children I had whipped. Think of feeling upon your dying lips the kiss of a child you had struck.

Happiness should be the object of life, and if life on the farm can be made really happy, the children will grow up in love with the meadows, the streams, the woods and the old home. Around the farm will cling and cluster the happy memories of the delightful years.

Remember, I pray you, that you are in partnership with all labor—that you should join hands with all the sons and daughters of toil, and that all who work belong to the same noble family.

For my part, I envy the man who has lived on the same broad acres from his boyhood, who cultivates the fields where in youth he played, and lives where his father lived and died.

I can imagine no sweeter way to end one's life than in the quiet of the country, out of the mad race for money, place and power—far from the demands of business—out of the dusty highway where fools struggle and strive for the hollow praise of other fools.

Surrounded by pleasant fields and faithful friends, by those I have loved, I hope to end my days. And this I hope may be the lot of all who hear my voice. I hope that you, in the country, in houses covered with vines and clothed with flowers, looking from the open window upon rustling fields of corn and wheat, over which will run the sunshine and the shadow, surrounded by those whose lives you have filled with joy, will pass away serenely as the Autumn dies.

The Great Slavery Debates—Lincoln and Douglas

"Old Abe and The Little Giant"

From ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE'S *"Life of Lincoln"*

(Permission of Houghton Mifflin Co.)

"Mr. Douglas has tremendous odds against him," said the New York *Times*. "If Mr. Douglas shall succeed in detaching from the Administration Democrats enough to elect him, it will be the most brilliant triumph of his life.". . .

Everywhere the people now begged to see and hear him. His entry into Chicago was a triumph. All press correspondents reported it in highly colored language. He was received "like a conquering hero," wrote one of the most trustworthy and moderate of them. . . .

Six horses drew the carriage in which Douglas rode from the station to the Tremont House. The streets were so densely packed that way could be made but slowly through the throngs. The roar of cannon was unbroken. Continuous cheers arose. Frenzied men strove to reach the carriage and shake Douglas's hand. From the windows "fair ladies" waved handkerchiefs, and their voices mingled with the deeper roars of welcome. "Chicago has never before witnessed such a sight." The fighting spirit among his followers was aroused, for Douglas, the fighter, had come home to lead them. . . .

When Douglas stepped on to the balcony of the hotel to make his speech, more than twelve thousand people stood before him in the street below—the Douglas papers said thirty thousand. Again and again the cheering broke out. Douglas asked for quiet. Finally he began. He was very tired and he spoke without written preparation or even notes.

Such a reception, "so great in numbers that no human voice can be heard to its countless thousands," was the public endorsement of a great principle and not a tribute to him, said Douglas. (Voices, "It is!" "You have deserved it," and great applause.) "No!" he exclaimed; "It is an expression of your devotion to

that great principle of self-government (cries of hear, hear) to which my life for many years past has been and in the whole future will be devoted." (Immense cheering.) . . .

He had defended the principle of popular sovereignty right there in Chicago in the face of great dissatisfaction, (Shame! Shame!' and the Legislature, chosen immediately thereafter, had endorsed that principle. Had he not done his duty in fighting for that same principle again? (Cries of yes! yes! and cheers.) In the Senate he had once fought for it against opposition from the North, and recently against resistance from the South. (Cheers.) Everywhere he had pledged himself to do that; "Have I not redeemed that pledge?" (Cries of yes! yes! and three tremendous cheers.) . . .

It is "the great principle upon which all our institutions rest. It is no answer to this argument to say that slavery is an evil and hence should not be tolerated. . . . You allow them (the people) to decide for themselves whether they desire a Maine liquor law or not; . . . what kind of common schools they will have; . . . the relations between husband and wife, parent and child, and guardian and ward; in fact, . . . all other questions, and why not upon this question?" (Cheers.) . . .

Lincoln's "well prepared and carefully written" speech before the Springfield Convention stated two distinct propositions, upon which "I shall take a direct and bold issue with him (great applause.)" Consider the first, "scripture quotations and all (laughter)," the denial that the Nation could endure half slave and half free. That meant uniformity in local laws and domestic institutions of all the States, said Douglas. Thus Lincoln invited ceaseless conflict until slavery should be established or abolished everywhere—"a war of sections, a war of the North against the South, of the free States against the slave States—a war of extermination to be continued relentlessly, until the one or the other shall be subdued and all the States shall either become free or become slave." For that was what it would come to in the end.

Such uniformity was neither possible nor desirable. The founders of the Nation knew that what would suit one section

would not do for another; and so they provided that each State should be sovereign over its domestic affairs, and the general Goverment should exercise only "specified powers which were general and national." (Cheers.)

That was the "fundamental principle" of our complex State and Federal system, asserted Douglas, and "my friend, Mr. Lincoln, has totally misapprehended" it. In politics in religion, in industry, in all the activities and conduct of life, "uniformity is the parent of despotism the world over;" apply it and "you have destroyed the greatest safeguard which our institutions have thrown around the rights of the citizen." ("Bravo," and great applause.) . . .

Douglas said that he took "direct issue" with Lincoln's attack upon the Supreme Court. Under the American system it was the duty of the Courts to expound the Constitution and construe the laws; and when the decision of a case was made, all must yield to it. (Cheers.) Upon that principle "our rights, and our liberty, and our property all depend. . . . I have no idea of appealing from the decision of the supreme court upon a constitutional question to the decision of a tumultuous town meeting." (Cheers.)

A Chicago lawyer once advocated appeals from the State Supreme Court to two Justices of the Peace. (Great laughter and applause.) My friend, Mr. Lincoln, who sits behind me reminds me that that proposition was made when I was a Judge of the Supreme Court. Be that as it may, I do not think that fact adds any greater weight or authority to the suggestion. (Renewed laughter and applause.) It matters not with me who was on the bench, whether Mr. Lincoln or myself, whether a Lockwood or a Smith, a Taney or a Marshall; the decision of the highest tribunal known to the Constitution of the Country must be final until it is reversed by an equally high authority, (Cries of "bravo" and applause.)

"Hence I am opposed to this doctrine of Mr. Lincoln, by which he proposes to take an appeal from the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States upon these high constitutional questions, to a republican caucus sitting in the country

(A voice—"call it free soil," and cheers.) Yes, or to any other caucus or town meeting, whether it be Republican, American, or Democratic." (Cheers.) . . .

"This government . . . is founded on the white basis. (Great applause.) It was made by the white man, for the white man, to be administered by white men." (Cheers.) To be sure, members of any "inferior race" ought to have all the rights they could use "consistent with the safety of society" and "each state must decide for itself the nature and extent of these rights." (Hear, hear, and applause.) . . .

Illinois had rightly decided that negroes should neither be slaves nor voters, Maine said negroes could vote; neither State had a right to complain of the policy of the other. ("That's so," and cheers.) New York put a property qualification on negro suffrage. (Laughter.) While Douglas did not approve of that, he said, it was not for him or any outsider to tell New York what she should do.

In like manner, other States thought slavery best for them—"Virginia has the same power by virtue of her sovereignty to protect slavery within her limits as Illinois has to banish it forever from her own borders." (Hear, hear, and applause.) In this as in all domestic regulations, Lincoln's rule of uniformity was neither possible nor right—nor yet wise.

"I do not acknowledge that the states must all be free or must all be slave. I do not acknowledge that the negro must have civil and political rights everywhere or nowhere," that California should give Chinese the same privileges that Illinois might grant them, that the imported coolies "must necessarily be put upon an equality with the white race." (Cheers.)

So, said Douglas, "the issues between Mr. Lincoln and myself, as respective candidates for the U. S. Senate, as made up, are direct, unequivocal, and irreconcilable. He goes for uniformity in our domestic institutions, for a war of sections, until one or the other shall be subdued. I go for the great principle of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, the right of the people to decide for themselves."

Here a frenzy of cheering stopped Douglas; "cheer after cheer rent the air;" as the demonstration went on, fireworks were set off, a band played "Yankee Doodle," for a long time Douglas could not go on. "The scene at this period was glorious beyond description," reported the leading Douglas newspaper. With most of that great throng, at least, the racial appeal had won.

With all his might, Douglas pressed his advantage: "I am opposed to negro equality"—again the approving uproar broke out. Preserve the purity of our Government as well as the purity of our race; no amalgamation political or otherwise with inferior races! (Renewed applause.) See what such mixture had done in Mexico, Central America, South America, everywhere that it has taken place. ("True," "true.") Give "dependent races" every privilege the safety of society would permit—but social, political or any other equality? Never! Once more, wave upon stormy wave of cheering swept up from the great crowd. . . .

Lincoln spoke from the balcony of the Tremont House on the night of July 10, 1858. . . .

"A perfect storm of cheers" broke out when Lincoln's tall form was seen, and they were continued until he asked for quiet. Lincoln began by thanking Douglas and his friends for having given him a good seat the night before and for "otherwise very courteous" treatment by them. . . .

"Popular Sovereignty! evelasting popular sovereignty! (Laughter and continued cheers.) . . . What is it? Why, it is the sovereignty of the people!" But the Dred Scott decision said that if one man took slaves to a Territory, the people could not keep them out. When they made a State Constitution they could exclude slavery, but during all the preceding years of Territorial Government slaves could be taken in, so that they would be there when the Territory became a State. . . .

What was there new in the statement that the people could form a State Constitution? That always had been so, said Lincoln. Why should Douglas pledge himself to fight all his life for that which nobody—certainly no Republican—opposed but

which "Judge Douglas thinks he has invented? (Applause.) I suppose that Judge Douglas will claim in a little while that he is the inventor of the idea that the people should govern themselves (cheers and laughter); that nobody ever thought of such a thing until he brought it forward." Lincoln repeated the equality clause of the Declaration of Independence: "There is the origin of popular sovereignty. (Loud applause,) Who, then, shall come in at this day and claim that he invented it." (Laughter and applause.) . . .

"Lincoln repeated the house-divided part of his Springfield speech. Douglas had drawn wrong inferences from that language, said Lincoln; he had merely stated what would happen, not what he thought ought to take place. He did not even say that he wished slavery to be put in course of ultimate extinction. "I do say so now, however." (Applause.) . . .

"I am not (a) master of language; I have not a fine education; I am not capable of entering into a disquisition upon dialectic, as I believe you call it," said Lincoln with that self-depreciation which he made use of so often, especially when attacking Douglas, and which was so notable a part of his method throughout this particular campaign.

But, continued Lincoln, what he had said did not bear "any such construction as Judge Douglas puts upon it"—at least he knew what he *meant,* said Lincoln. Of course the Government had "endured eighty-two years half slave and half free;" but it had lasted so long only because the public believed all that time that slavery would finally die out. (Good, good, and applause.) Lincoln asserted that he had always hated slavery, but he had kept quiet about it "until this new era of the introduction of the Nebraska bill began. I always believed that everybody was against it, and that it was in course of ultimate extinction."

The framers of the Constitution thought so too—else why did "those old men" exclude slavery from "new Territory, where it had not already gone?" or put a period on the African slave trade? Those who now resist the spread of slavery are doing only what the founders of this Government had done. (Cheers.)

People of the free States had no right to meddle with slavery in the slave States and ought not to want to do it—he had said that a hundred times. Douglas's charge that he wanted to interfere with that institution where it existed was unwarranted. If he ever had said anything from which such an inference could be drawn. "I now correct it.". . .

He was for the principle of local self-government, but Douglas misapplied it. Each State could do as it liked with all local matters "that interfere with the right of no other State," and the General Government could do nothing that did not "concern the whole." So how could Douglas infer that, because Lincoln wished to put slavery where the public would feel that it would finally come to an end, he therefore wanted Illinois to interfere with the cranberry laws of Indiana?

Perhaps Douglas drew that inference because he looks upon slavery, "this matter of keeping one-sixth of the population of the whole nation in a state of oppression and tyranny unequaled in the world . . . as . . . only equal to the question of the cranberry laws of Indiana—as something having no moral question in it," like pasturing land with cattle or planting it with tobacco. But " a vast portion of the American people" did not look upon slavery as so small a thing, but considered it "a vast moral evil," just as the Fathers believed it to be, and "not as an evil merely confining itself to the States where it is situated." Still, under the Constitution, in the States where it exists, "we have no right to interfere with it." (Great applause.) He was not for "uniformity of domestic regulations in all the States," Lincoln reiterated, "by which I suppose it is meant, if we raise corn here, we must make sugarcane grow here too." What nonsense!

Lincoln was opposed to the Dred Scott decision, he said, but "I do not resist it. . . . All that I am doing is refusing to obey it as a political rule.". . .

If another like case came before the Supreme Court, the Dred Scott decision would control it, "unless the court decides in another way. . . . Well, we mean to do what we can to have the court decide the other way."

Judicial decisions had no such sacredness as Douglas threw around them. Lincoln said he had never heard of such a thing. That very court had rendered decisions just the opposite of that in the Dred Scott case. "It is the first of its kind; it is an astonisher in legal history (Laughter) . . . based upon falsehood . . . as to the facts . . . a new wonder of the *world* (Laughter and applause)—and no decision made on any question." No such decision had ever been held "by the profession as law." It always required "confirmation before the lawyers regarded it as settled law.". . .

In this "mighty issue . . . upon which hang the destinies of the nation," said Lincoln, "it is nothing to you—nothing to the mass of the people . . . whether or not Judge Douglas or myself shall ever be heard of after this night.". . . If you indorse him, you tell him you do not care whether slavery be voted up or down, and he will close, or try to close, your mouths with his declaration repeated by the day, the week, the month, and the year. . . . (A voice "Hit him again.") . . .

Then Lincoln made his appeal to the Germans. The Fourth of July was celebrated in memory of those "iron men" who won our independence and founded our Government. From such men we were descended, and had made progress unparalleled in the history of the world. But perhaps half our people had a different ancestry—they were immigrants from Europe who, nevertheless, here found "themselves our equal in all things." For they were spiritual kinsmen of the men who wrote the Declaration of Independence which said that "all men are created equal."

That "moral sentiment taught in that day" made these immigrants feel that they "were blood of the blood, and flesh of the flesh, of the men who wrote that Declaration (loud and long continued applause), and so they are. That is the electric cord in that Declaration that links the hearts of patriotic and liberty-loving men together, that will link those patriotic hearts as long as the love of freedom exists in the minds of men throughout the world." (Applause.)

How did the Declaration square with Douglas's idea of "don't care if slavery is voted up or down," or with the Dred Scott decision? (A voice, "Hit him again.") Douglas said that the declaration meant only that Americans asserted their equality with the English people. "According to his construction, you Germans are not connected with it." Douglas's teachings tended to destroy love of liberty and change the form of our Government. His reasoning, that inferior races should have only such rights as they were capable of enjoying, was "the arguments that kings have made for enslaving the people in all ages of the world . . . the same old serpent that says, 'You work and I eat'."

If Douglas's "don't care" proposition were accepted, "it does not stop with the negro." Where would the process of making exceptions to the Declaration end? "If one man says it does not mean a negro, why not another say it does not mean some other man? If that Declaration is not the truth, let us get the statute-book in which we find it, and tear it out! Who is so bold as to do it? If it is not true, let us tear it out. (Cries of "no, no.") Let us stick to it, then; (cheers) let us stand firmly by it, then." (Applause.) . . .

So let the principle that all men are created equal, "be as nearly reached as we can. If we cannot give freedom to every creature, let us do nothing that will impose slavery upon any other creature. (Applause.) Let us then turn this government back into the channel in which the framers of the Constitution originally placed it." Otherwise "we are tending in the contrary direction that our friend Judge Douglas proposes—not intentionally—working in the traces that tend to make this one universal slave nation. (A voice, "That is so.") He is one that runs in that direction, and as such I resist him."

Thus Lincoln reached the climax of his peroration. "Let us discard all this quibbling about this man and the other man, this race and that race and the other race being inferior, and therefore they must be placed in an inferior position. Let us discard all these things, and unite as one people throughout this

land, until we shall once more stand up declaring that all men are created equal."

Ringing cheers came like blasts of a thousand bugles. . . .

On August 21, 1858, the sun rose on a scene of commotion in the thriving town of Ottawa and the rich farm lands, thickly settled, that surrounded it. Daybreak revealed wagons filled with farmers and their families moving on every road that led to the little city. Here and there were buggies, and men and women came on horseback, too. Many were on foot. As time wore on, more vehicles, horsemen, and pedestrians filled the roads. Soon delegations and cavalcades appeared. Banners, mottoes, flags, floats, and other campaign devices advertised the purpose of the outpouring. The day was hot, the dirt roads very dry, dust rose in thick clouds. By ten o'clock Ottawa was in a haze. But the town was full of noise. Cannon roared, bands played, rural fife and drum corps rattled and shrilled, men shouted and hurrahed. Hurrah for Lincoln! Hurrah for Douglas! Hurrah for Old Abe! Hurrah for Little Dug! . . .

Lincoln came on a special train of fourteen cars crowded with shouting Republicans. It arrived about noon and when the Republican champion alighted a dense crowd sent up such loud and repeated cheers that "the woods and bluffs rang again." Into a carriage which the "fair young ladies of Ottawa" had decorated with evergreens and mottoes climbed Lincoln, and, preceded and followed by military companies, bands, and other units of the political parades of the time, was taken through crowded streets to the house of Mayor Glover, where once more, three "mighty cheers were given."

Douglas came from Peru in a grand carriage drawn by four "splendid" horses. Four miles from Ottawa a reception committee of several hundred horsemen bearing flags and banners met him and escorted him to town. Once more artillery thundered, martial music blared, excited partisans cheered. With utmost difficulty the Douglas carriage and escort made their way through the shouting throng to the Geiger House. The scene quite overcame the correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* who

reported that Douglas "came like some great delieverer, some mighty champion who had . . . "saved a nation from ruin"; and that the tremendous acclaim from the crowd, repeated again and again, "seemed to rend the very air."

At two o'clock the debate began. The crowd filled the square, swarmed over the platform, climbed upon the covering above it. For a long time the reporters could not get places on the stand. Douglas, the light of battle in his eye, looked "imperiously" over the assemblage, tossing back his heavy mane; Lincoln appeared to be placid and humble. It was a big assemblage; at least twelve thousand people were there. . . .

The Aurora resolutions pledged the new party to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law, to prevent the admission of slave States to the Union, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, to prevent the acquisition of more territory unless slavery was forever excluded from it.

As Douglas read them, shouts of approval arose. "Black Republicans" might cheer, cried Douglas, but they could not get Lincoln to endorse these pledges. (Laughter and applause. "Hit him again.") Yet those resolutions stated the Republican position now—see how the "Black Republicans cheered them as good Black Republican doctrines!" So let Lincoln answer whether he was pledged to these Republican propositions today—and Douglas asked Lincoln specific questions based on the platform he had read.

Lincoln must not evade these questions, Douglas said, but answer now, "in order that, when I trot him down to lower Egypt, I may put the same questions to him. (Enthusiastic applause.) My principles are the same everywhere. (Cheers, and "Hark.") I can proclaim them alike in the North, the South, the East, and the West. My principles will apply wherever the constitution prevails, and the American flag waves. ("Good," and applause.) I desire to know whether Mr. Lincoln's principles will bear transplanting from Ottawa to Jonesboro."

He meant nothing disrespectful or unkind to Lincoln, said Douglas; and he briefly recounted their long mutual acquaintance

and early struggles. "I was a school-teacher in the town of Winchester, and he a flourishing grocery—(saloon) keeper in the town of Salem." (Applause and laughter.) Both young men had gone to the Legislature, related Douglas. "He was then just as good at telling an anecdote as now. ("No doubt.") He could beat any of the boys wrestling, or running a foot-race, in pitching quoits or tossing a copper; could ruin more liquor than all the boys of the town together; (uproarious laughter) and the dignity and impartiality with which he presided at a horse-race or fist-fight . . . won the praise of everybody that was present and participated. (Renewed laughter.) I sympathized with him because he was struggling with difficulties, and so was I.". . .

Then Douglas took up Lincoln's house-divided speech: Lincoln had said that the Government could not exist half slave and half free. (Neither can it.) Why not? asked Douglas. Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, Hamilton, Jay, and the great men of that day made it so, "and left each State perfectly free to do as it pleased on the subject of slavery. ("Right, right.") Why can it not exist on the same principles on which our fathers made it?" ("It can.") Douglas then went on to make the arguments with which we are so familiar, until told that his time was up; and "three times three cheers" were given for him when he closed. . . .

When Lincoln rose to make reply, his partisans, who outnumbered those of Douglas two to one, said the Republican press, cheered him so loudly for several minutes that he could not be heard. . . .

That, insisted Lincoln, was all that he ever had said about slavery and "the black race;" and to argue from that, that he therefore believed in negro equality, was "but a specious and fantastic arrangement of words, by which a man can prove a horse-chestnut to be a chestnut horse." (Laughter.) He was as much for white supremacy as Douglas was, whenever the necessity of choice arose.

"There is a physical difference between the two (races) which, in my judgment, will probably forever forbid their living together

on the footing of perfect equality." But that was no reason for denying the negro the natural rights stated in the Declaration. (Loud cheers.) I hold that he is as much entitled to these as the white man. . . . He is not my equal in many respects. . . . But in the right to eat the bread, without the leave of anybody else, which his own hand earns, he is my equal, and the equal of Judge Douglas, and the equal of every living man. (Great applause.)

Douglas was mistaken about Lincoln's having been a grocery-keeper. (Laughter.) But "I don't know as it would be a great sin, if I had been. . . . Lincoln never kept a grocery anywhere in the world. (Laughter.) It is true that Lincoln did work the latter part of one winter in a little still-house, up at the head of a hollow." (Roars of laughter.)

As to the Mexican War: "You remember I was an old Whig, and whenever the Democratic party tried to get me to vote that the war had been righteously begun by the President, I would not do it. But whenever they asked for any money, or land-warrants, or anything to pay the soldiers there, . . . I gave the same vote that Judge Douglas did." (Loud applause.)

Thereafter Lincoln's speech, like that of Douglas, was a repetition of former ones. As to his house-divided speech: "I had no thought in the world that I was doing anything to bring about a war between the Free and Slave States." Lincoln had a great deal to say about Douglas having called him "a kind, amiable, and intelligent gentleman," always bringing roars of laughter from the crowd. He went over, at much length, the charge of conspiracy to extend slavery over the country and asked Douglas if he had not said outright, that the charge was a falsehood.

"The Judge nods to me that it is so. . . . I know the Judge is a great man, while I am only a small man, but I *feel that I have got him.* (Tremendous cheering.) . . . If the evidence proves the existence of the conspiracy, does his broad answer denying all knowledge, information, or belief, disturb that fact? It can only show that he was used by conspirators, and was not a leader

of them. (Vociferous cheering.) . . . I do not say that I *know* such a conspiracy to exist," but *"I believe it."*. . .

So came to an end the first of the debates. Here, for the last time, we must make note of the opposite accounts of the partisan press on both sides. According to the Republican papers, Douglas, discomfited and crushed, left the stand, his followers chagrined at his defeat; while Lincoln was borne away in triumph on the shoulders of stalwart young Republican farmers, surrounded by exulting thousands. The Douglas papers declared that their hero left the stand amid the prodigious enthusiasm of the multitude which, cheering wildly, followed him to the hotel; while Lincoln, the picture of despair, stood quaking on the platform until some sturdy Republicans took him on their shoulders' and preceded by a band, and surrounded by a lonesome squad of fifty or a hundred, tailed in after the mass of people," who had gone with Douglas. "This funeral escort passes through the crowd and bore Mr. Lincoln to his quarters, . . . with his long arms about his carriers' shoulders, his long legs dangling nearly to the ground."

In such a spirit the fight raged on. It soon became more heated and theatrical than any political contest ever waged in the country.

Temple of the Future

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

We are laying the foundation of a grand temple of the future —not the temple of the gods, but of all the people—wherein with appropriate rites, will be celebrated the religion of Humanity. We are doing what little we can to hasten the coming of the day when society shall cease producing millionaires and mendicants—gorged indolence and famished industry—truth in rags, and superstition robed and crowned. We are looking for the time when the useful shall be the honorable; and when reason holds aloft her inextinguishable torch, throned upon the world's brain, shall be the king of kings, and the god of gods.

The Trial of Major-General George W. Cole

From Classics of the Bar, Volume Two

L. H. Hiscock, a prominent lawyer of Syracuse, was on January 4, 1867, suddenly shot down by Major-General George W. Cole. . . . As he fell to the floor Cole exclaimed, "That man was my best friend, but he has ruined my simple, childlike wife."

Speech of Mr. William J. Hadley

I regard myself as highly favored, gentlemen of the jury, in having been selected by the defendant in this indictment as one of his counsel. . . .

The defendant worshipped this lady with a feeling of adoration scarcely less than idolatry; he loved her with all the affection of which the most ardent nature is capable; he lavished upon her all the treasures of his heart, and in the sight of God and man took upon his conscience the solemn vow that he would love, comfort, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health, and that forsaking all others he would cleave only unto her so long as they both should live. Little did he then anticipate that the pure, chaste girl he pressed to his heart with all the ardor of love and of youthful passion, could ever fall a victim to a base, adulterous lust, or become an object for the hand of scorn to point its slow and moving finger at. . . .

Retired from the perils and hardships to which he had been so long subjected, I need not attempt to picture to you with what joyful anticipations he looked forward to a happy reunion with his wife and children. After an absence of five years from home; exposed daily to danger and death; the pride of his companions, with a name and reputation of which any man might feel justly proud, he looked forward to the endearments of his home with an impatience which admitted of no delay. His hopes, his joys, his ambitions, all centered there. Amid every variety of danger and privation, Hope had pointed to his wife and children. Next to the pure spirit of patriotism which animated him, it was for them he had toiled and suffered, and exposed himself to death

in every form of danger. In camp, and on the field; by day and by night; the loved images of his wife and children had been ever present to his memory; his parental and conjugal affections had been the solace of his life; and with his country saved, and his duty as a gallant soldier well done, he was now to return again and enjoy those comforts in the bosom of his family, which he would not barter one moment for all the wealth and honors this world could bestow. Vain, cruel delusion! He did return, but scarcely had the congratulations of his friends and the warm welcome of his neighbors died away, before he discovered that some dark, portentous cloud was hovering between him and the happiness he had so joyfully anticipated. The wife of his bosom, upon whom he had lavished all the wealth of his affections, had become a changed woman. She whom he had left so kind, so full of affection, greeted his return with cold indifference; thoughts of horror and remorse seemed to occupy her mind; her former affection for her husband seemed to be transformed into a feeling of settled aversion; her lips gave no utterance of her former love; she had become cold and unimpassioned as the marble; disgust and alienation toward her husband seemed to possess her, and to such an extent did her aversion proceed, that she denied him those martial privileges, which, as her husband, were his of right to demand.

What had caused this change? Ah, gentlemen, the serpent had entered into the paradise of his happiness, and the woman had fallen. A libidinous scoundrel had polluted her being; had stolen away her affections, and by the magical sorcery of the adulterer's spell, had transformed her former love into settled hatred and aversion. But not at that time did this defendant know or suspect the full extent of the woe and calamity that had fallen upon him and his household. The discovery of her infidelity and the detection of the guilty wretch who had stolen his wife's purity, and his hapipness, were yet in reserve for the future. . . .

From his confiding disposition and exceeding love he bore her, he trusted to her truthfulness. It was impossible that any suspicion of her fidelity could diminish his confidence in her purity.

She, the mother of his children, so modest, so reserved, so dignified, so child-like, formerly so good, how was it possible he would suspect her of yielding to another's brutal and licentious lust? No! the suspicion was impossible. . . .

The spell of the serpent was upon her; the fascinations of the seducer had entered her soul; the foul tempter of her innocence with a villain's wile and a villain's wickedness was still in hot pursuit of the victim of his lust. . . .

It is a painful circumstance in connection with the foul wrong which the evidence will reveal to you, that this defendant and the deceased L. Harris Hiscock, were and had been, for a length of time previous to his death, warm personal friends. Before a man can deliberately debauch the wife of the friend who confides in him, he must have become utterly abandoned to every principle of virtue and be lost to every sentiment of manly honor. It was Mr. Hiscock who was recommended by this defendant to Mrs. Cole as her confidential and professional adviser in such matters as she might need counsel during his absence in the army. And it aggravates the wickedness of his conduct that in availing himself of the opportunities for seduction he not only violated the confidences of friendship, but trampled under foot the sanctity of professional relations. . . .

By the guilty conduct of this man Hiscock he was not only forever deprived of the comfort and society of the wife he so adored, that not only were his innocent children robbed of their mother's pure affection, but that he himself was placed in a situation too dreadful, too horrible to be endured! It was a condition to overwhelm the mind of any man. It was a torture that no words can communicate, no language can depict to others. What should he do? Where could he go? What would become of his little children, thus cruelly bereft of a mother's fostering care? How should he shelter those little lambs from the shame and sorrows thus made their inheritance? Whither should he fly and forget the burning, damning disgrace brought upon his name and household? He, the gallant soldier who had stood so often in the very jaws of death and faced it at the cannon's

mouth, how could he bear this great disgrace? His dishonor would speedily become known not only to the army in which he had served with such proud distinction, but to the whole world. Not a tent, not a hut in the land in which his once honored name would not be bandied about—a jest in the mouth of profligate poltroons—pronounced with wasted pity by the compassionate brave. He who commanded heroes with pride amid the fiercest din of the battle's roar, never had need to be ashamed as he looked upon his colors and took the foremost place in the line of battle; but no wretch ever led to execution for desertion or cowardice ever shrank from the sun or from the sight of human faces with more shame and horror than did he when after reading that dreadful revelation he gathered from it the fact that she he loved so tenderly was sunk in sin and shame and steeped forevermore in uttermost pollution. But he would go once more to his home; he would confront his once innocent and still loved wife, face to face; he would hear from her own lips the sad, sickening story, and no matter how indiscreet or imprudent she may have been, he would bless God for the imprudence and still forgive her if she had but stayed her feet on the brink of the precipice before taking the last leap into the fathomless abyss. Poor, deluded man! your last hope is shortly to be disappointed, and you have soon to learn that the once honored name of Mary Barto Cole had already become a thing of scorn for the ribald tongue of any libidinous scoundrel in Onondaga County, to fling its filthy, vulgar jest at. . . .

On the morning of Sunday the 2nd day of June last, he received from her a statement of her fall; of her adulterous guilt and of his own disgrace. Taking advantage of his absence, calculating probably his own safety by the chances that this defendant would never outlive the dangers to which his courage and ambition daily exposed his life, the cowardly adulterer had invaded his household, stolen his wife's affections, robbed her of her purity and polluted her person. It is impossible to describe the agony and distress of mind into which he was thrown by this communication. There are some excesses of grief so profound,

so overwhelming, one knows not how to deal with them. So was it in this case. The day was spent in the privacy of his own room, in the company of his fallen and degraded wife, in tears and groans and unutterable sorrow. To whom could he look for consolation? Not to his children; for their once joyous countenances, now toned to sadness, only intensified the agony of his reflection. His hopes of happiness forever blasted; his house a desert; his children motherless, not from the orphanage that springs from death, but from the remorseless cruelty of maternal guilt; his brain on fire, while every fiend of hell seemed let loose upon his heart; is it to be wondered at that he was unable to resist the stream of his great agony, or that reason was for a time hurled from her throne, and his mind became shattered to ruin? Is there a right-minded moral man in this community who can listen to such affliction without feeling overwhelmed with indignation at the guilty perpetrator of so foul a wrong? Is there a husband, a father, or a brother, within the sound of my voice, having but one dear darling of his heart's affections, in whose sympathies sorrow has found its charm, whose love has alleviated him misfortunes and guided him through danger and darkness, seeing her become the prostitute of a base libertine's lust, whose heart does not instinctively re-echo the precept of Almighty God, that "the man that committeth adultery with his neighbor's wife, the adulterer shall surely be put to death?" The thief who steals your property may have want, and poverty, and hunger to palliate his crime, yet he is nevertheless the subject of criminal punishment by the law of society; but the thief who deliberately robs you of your domestic joys, knows that he may steal in security for no punishment is provided by the law of society against his crime; and unless there is courage at the heart, and nerve in the right arm of the injured husband to redress his own wrongs, he goes unwhipped of justice, to repeat the same foul transgression in your family or mine, at the first convenient opportunity. . . .

Talk about the duty of patriotism in defense of a man's coun-

try! What object has any man to defend his country if he is to be hung for defending his own family? . . .

Talk not about its being the duty of an outraged husband and father to forget a wrong of this deadly character. He cannot forget it if he would. His desolated home; his discarded wife; his orphaned children; his disappointed hopes; his disgraced manhood; the vacant chair at his fireside; these are the stern practical realities of his daily life, and by no effort of his will can he banish these thoughts. His overburdened brain must think or cease to beat. Thought has become his master; the more he thinks the more intolerable his thoughts become; and thought is madness. There was no cooling time and there could be none within the compass of a lifetime. As often as memory recalled the irreparable wrong, the frenzy of his excitement would be rekindled in all its original and irrepressible fury. The more he contemplated the inconstancy of his wife, the more his reflections must craze and madden him. As husbands, as fathers, as brothers, as men, you cannot but know with what affections the human mind is endowed. Shame, anger and grief have their abiding place in the human breast. It is for you to say how great must have been their influence on this defendant under the fearful provocation he received. Amid the tumult of such emotions it was not possible that the voice of reason could exert its sway. Where, then, was the free agency of this defendant? Where his powers of controlling his will? Where that deliberation of intent, without which no crime can be committed? . . .

But I forget, there is a remedy. And the private interests in this prosecution have employed and liberally paid eloquent and distinguished counsel to come here and teach us what it is. The laws of society have, in the judgment of these distinguished gentlemen, provided a sufficient, a perfectly adequate remedy; a safe, certain, and unfailing cure, in their judgment, for all the rankling and agonizing wounds of degradation and dishonor. When the affections of your wife have been stolen and her person polluted, when your home has been broken up, your prospects in life destroyed, your hopes of happiness blasted, just go to a law-

yer's office. It makes no difference whether it is in Tweddle Hall, Albany, or in Wieting Hall, Syracuse; the doors always stand invitingly open in either place. Tell him the story of your wife's disgrace, and make him appreciate, if you can, the sorrows of your broken heart or the degradation of your manhood. Tell him what was the moneyed value of your wife when she gave you the treasure of her affections and committed to your trust the protection of her virgin innocence. He will advise you to make merchandise of her in a court of justice, to have her appraised by witnesses and lawyers, and finally struck off to her seducer at such a valuation in money as a jury of the country may put upon the lost and fallen woman. He will advise you to coin your tears and groans into dollars and cents. And now, gentlemen, pursuing the same idea, I address myself to you as affectionate husbands and fathers of beloved children. . . .

Love All, Trust a Few

Shakespeare

"Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech.

"Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledged comrade."

Liberty of Speech

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Although I represent but a small part of the holy cause of intellectual liberty, even that part shall not be defiled or smirched by a single personality. Whatever I say, I shall say because I believe it will tend to make this world grander, man nearer just, the father kinder, the mother more loving, the children more affectionate, and because I believe it will make an additional flower bloom in the pathway of every one who hears me.

You may compel a man to say that he has changed his mind. You may force him to say that he agrees with you. In this way, however, you make hypocrites, not converts. Is it possible that a god wishes the worship of a slave? Does a god desire the homage of a coward? Does he really long for the adoration of a hypocrite? Is it possible that he requires the worship of one who dare not think? If I were a god it seems to me that I had rather have the esteem and love of one grand, brave man, with plenty of heart and plenty of brain, than the blind worship, the ignorant adoration, the trembling homage of a universe of men afraid to reason.

I am here tonight for the purpose of defending your right to differ with me. I want to convince you that you are under no compulsion to accept my creed; that you are, so far as I am concerned, absolutely free to follow the torch of your reason according to your conscience; and I believe that you are civilized to that degree that you will extend to me the right that you claim for yourselves.

I have the same right to give you my opinion that you have to give me yours. I have no right to compel you to hear, if you do not want to. I have no right to compel you to speak if you do not want to. If you do not wish to know my thought, I have no right to force it upon you.

The next thing is, that this liberty of thought, this liberty of expression, is of more value than any other thing beneath the stars. Of more value than any religion, of more value than any

government, of more value than all the constitutions that man has written and all the laws that he has passed, is this liberty—the absolute liberty of the human mind. Take away that word from language, and all other words become meaningless sounds, and there is then no reason for a man being and living upon the earth.

I say to you tonight, ladies and gentlemen, that I feel more interest in the freedom of thought and speech than in all other questions, knowing, as I do, that it is the condition of great and splendid progress for the race; remembering, as I do, that the opposite idea has covered the cheek of the world with tears; remembering, and knowing, as I do, that the enemies of free thought and free speech have covered this world with blood. These men have filled the heavens with an infinite monster; they have filled the future with fire and flame, and they have made the present, when they have had the power, a perdition. These men, these doctrines, have carried fagots to the feet of philosophy. These men, these doctrines, have hated to see the dawn of an intellectual day. These men, these doctrines, have denied every science, and denounced and killed every philosopher they could lay their bloody, cruel, ignorant hands upon.

And for that reason, I am for absolute liberty of thought, everywhere, in every department, domain, and realm of the human mind.

Thomas Paine Defines His Religion

By Thomas Paine

The world is my country—to do good my religion.

I believe in one God and no more, and in Immortality. Religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and in endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy. Any system of religion that shocks the imagination of a child cannot be a true religion. The Bible was written by man and was not inspired.

Vision of War

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators. We see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. Kisses and tears, tears and kisses—divine mingling of agony and love! And some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing. At the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between con-

tending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the trenches, in forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel. . . .

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered heard of the old man bowed with the last grief. . . .

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, the whipping-post, and we see homes and firesides and school-houses and books, and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are a peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: cheers for the living; tears for the dead.

Lust's Love or True Love

By Shakespeare

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done,
Love surfeits not; lust like a glutton dies.
Love is all truth; lust full of forged lies."

The Great Mystery that Shrouds this World

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Again we are face to face with the great mystery that shrouds this world. We question, but there is no reply. Out on the wide waste seas, there drifts no spar. Over the desert of death the sphinx gazes forever, but never speaks.

In the very May of life another heart has ceased to beat. Night has fallen upon noon. But he lived, he loved, he was loved. Wife and children pressed their kisses on his lips: This is enough. The longest life contains no more. This fills the vase of joy.

He who lies here, clothed with the perfect peace of death, was a kind and loving husband, a good father, a generous neighbor, an honest man—and these words build a monument of glory above the humblest grave. He was always a child, sincere and frank, as full of hope as Spring.

All wish for happiness beyond this life. All hope to meet again the loved and lost. In every heart there grows this sacred flower. Immortality is a word that Hope through all the ages has been whispering to Love. The miracle of thought we cannot understand. The mystery of life and death we cannot comprehend. This chaos called the world has never been explained. The golden bridge of life from gloom emerges, and on shadow rests. Beyond this we do not know. Fate is speechless, destiny is dumb, and the secret of the future has never yet been told. We love; we wait; we hope. The more we love, the more we fear. Upon the tenderest heart the deepest shadows fall. All paths, whether filled with throns or flowers, end here. Here success and failure are the same. The rag of wretchedness and the purple robe of power all difference and distinction lose in this democracy of death. Character survives; goodness lives; love is immortal.

And yet to all a time may come when the fevered lips of life will long for the cool, delicious kiss of death—when tired of the dust and glare of day we all shall hear with joy the rustling garments of the night.

What can we say of death? What can we say of the dead?

Where they have gone, reason cannot go, and from thence revelation has not come. But let us believe that over the cradle Nature bends and smiles, and lovingly above the dead in benediction holds her outstretched hands.

What is Worship?

By Robert G. Ingersoll

Good, honest, faithful work, is worship. The man who ploughs the fields and fells the forests; the man who works in mines, the man who battles with the winds and waves out on the wide sea, controlling the commerce of the world; these men are worshippers. The man who goes into the forest, leading his wife by the hand, who builds him a cabin, who makes a home in the wilderness, who helps to people and civilize and cultivate a continent, is a worshipper. Labor is the only prayer that Nature answers; it is the only prayer that deserves an answer, good, honest, noble work. A woman whose husband has gone down to the gutter, gone down to degradation and filth; the woman who follows him and lifts him out of the mire and presses him to her noble heart, until he becomes a man once more, this woman is a worshipper. Her act is worship. The poor man and the poor woman who work night and day, in order that they may give education to their children, so that they may have a better life than their father and mother had; the parents who deny themselves the comforts of life, that they may lay up something to help their children to a higher place—they are worshippers, and the children who, after they reap the benefit of this worship, become ashamed of their parents, are blasphemers. The man who sits by the bed of his invalid wife—a wife prematurely old and gray, the husband who sits by her bed and holds her thin, wan hand in his as lovingly, and kisses it as rapturously, as passionately, as when it was dimpled—that is worship—that man is a worshipper; that is religion. Whoever increases the sum of human joy is a worshipper. He who adds to the sum of human misery is a blasphemer.

Lincoln and Darwin

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

On the 12th of February, 1809, two babes were born—one in the woods of Kentucky, amid the hardships and poverty of pioneers; one in England, surrounded by wealth and culture. One was educated in the University of Nature, the other at Cambridge.

One associated his name with the enfranchisement of labor, one with the emancipation of millions, with the salvation of the Republic. He is known to us as Abraham Lincoln.

The other broke the chains of superstition and filled the world with intellectual light, and he is known as Charles Darwin.

Nothing is grander than to break chains from the bodies of men—nothing nobler than to destroy the phantoms of the soul.

Because of these two men the nineteenth century is illustrious. . . .

Every generation has its heroes, its iconoclasts, its pioneers, its ideals. The people always have been and still are divided, at least into classes—the many, who with their backs to the sunrise worship the past, and the few, who keep their faces toward the dawn—the many, who are satisfied with the world as it is; the few, who labor and suffer for the future, for those to be, and who seek to rescue the oppressed, to destroy the cruel distinction of caste, and to civilize mankind. . . .

During the Revolution our fathers, to justify their rebellion, dug down to the bed-rock of human rights and planted their standard there. They declared that all men were entitled to liberty and that government derived its power from the consent of the governed. But when victory came, the great principles were forgotten and chains were put upon the limbs of men. Both of the great political parties were controlled by greed and selfishness. Both were the defenders and protecters of slavery. For nearly three-quarters of a century these parties had control of the Republic. . . .

To fight for yourself is natural—to fight for others is grand; to fight for your country is noble—to fight for the human race—for the liberty of hand and brain—is nobler still. . . .

It does not seem possible that only a few years ago our Constitution, our laws, our Courts, the Pulpit, and the Press defended and upheld the institution of slavery—that it was a crime to feed the hungry—to give water to the lips of thirst—shelter to a woman flying from the whip and chain!

The old flag still flies—the stars are there—the stains have gone. . . .

Lincoln never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by what is called education. For the most part, colleges are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed. If Shakespeare had graduated at Oxford, he might have been a quibbling attorney, or a hypocritical parson. . . .

Lincoln was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light; and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought. He was never afraid to ask—never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had keener wit, or kinder humor.

It may be that humor is the pilot of reason. People without humor drift unconsciously into absurdity. Humor sees the other side—stands in the mind like a spectator, a good-natured critic, and gives its opinion before judgment is reached. Humor goes with good nature, and good nature is the climate of reason. In anger, reason abdictates and malice extingiushes the torch. . . .

He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer, not in person, but prejudice—he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope, and the nobility of a Nation.

He spoke not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince.

He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction.

He longed to pardon.

He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.

Benjamin Franklin Defines His Religion

By BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Here is my creed. I believe in one God, the creator of the universe. That he governs it by his providence. That he ought to be worshiped. That the most acceptable service we render to him is doing good to his other children. That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion.

As to Jesus of Nazareth, I think his system of morals and his religion as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw or is like to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes, and I have some doubts as to his divinity; though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the good consequence, as probably it has, of making his doctrines more respected and more observed; especially as I do not perceive, that the Supreme takes it amiss, by distinguishing the unbelievers in his government of the world with any peculiar marks of his displeasure.

I shall only add, respecting myself, that, having experienced the goodness of that Being in conducting me prosperously through a long life, I have no doubt of its continuance in the next, though without the smallest conceit of meriting such goodness.

Thomas Jefferson Defines His Religion

From the Press

"I have ever judged the religion of others by their lives, for it is in our lives and not from our words, that our religion must be read. . . ."

Jefferson found himself in full sympathy with the rising group of Unitarians, and while he was never identified with them, in later life he constantly called himself a Unitarian. Jefferson was a firm believer in a future life. "Because, while I claim a right to believe in one God, if so my reason tells me, I yield freely to others believing in three." He says, "Say nothing of my religion. It is known to God and myself alone. Its evidence before the world is to be sought in my life; if that has been honest and dutiful to society, the religion which has regulated it cannot be a bad one."

The noble Statute for Religious Freedom has so impressed American thought through almost a century and a half that one might well today wonder at the hatred it excited. But when he wrote it, it was new doctrine in the world, and, from the clerical viewpoint at least, was dangerously radical. It runs:

"Well aware that Almighty God hath created the mind free; that all attempts to influence it by temptations, tend only to beget habits of hypocrisy and meanness, and are a departure from the plan of the Holy Author of our religion, who being Lord both of body and mind, yet chose not to propagate it by coercions on either, as was in His Almighty power to do; that the impious presumption of legislators and rulers, civil as well as ecclesiastical, who, being themselves but fallible and uninspired men, have assumed dominion over the faith of others, setting up their own opinions and modes of thinking as the only true and infallible, and as such endeavoring to impose them on others, hath established and maintained false religions over the greatest part of the world."

Protest Against War

By COUNT TOLSTOI

The bells will peal, long-haired men will dress in golden sacks to pray for successful slaughter. And the old story will begin again, the awful customary acts.

The editors of the daily press will begin virulently to stir men up to hatred and manslaughter in the name of patriotism, happy in the receipt of an increased income. Manufacturers, merchants, contractors for military stores, will hurry joyously about their business, in the hope of double receipts.

All sorts of government officials will buzz about, foreseeing a possibility of purloining something more than usual. The military authorities will hurry hither and thither, drawing double pay and rations, and with the expectation of receiving for the slaughter of other men various silly little ornaments which they so highly prize, as ribbons, croses, orders, and stars. Idle ladies and gentlemen will make a great fuss, entering their names in advance for the Red Cross Society, and ready to bind up the wounds of those whom their husbands and brothers will mutilate; and they will imagine that in so doing they are performing a most Christian work. And, smothering despair within their souls by songs, licentiousness, and wine, men will trail along, torn from peaceful labor, from their wives, mothers, and children—hundreds of thousands of simple-minded, good-natured men with murderous weapons in their hands—anywhere they may be driven.

They will march, freeze, hunger, suffer sickness, and die from it, or finally come to some place where they will be slain by thousands or kill thousands themselves with no reason; men whom they have never seen before, and who neither have done nor could do them any mischief.

And when the number of sick, wounded, and killed becomes so great that there are not hands enough left to pick them up, and when the air is so infected with the putrefying scent of the "food for powder" that even the authorities find it disagreeable, a truce will be made, the wounded will be picked up anyhow,

the sick will be brought in and huddled together in heaps, the killed will be covered with earth and lime, and once more the crowd of deluded men will be led on and on till those who have devised the project, weary of it, or till those who thought to find it profitable receive their spoil. And so once more men will be made savage, fierce, and brutal, and love will wane in the world, and the Christianizing of mankind, which has already begun, will lapse for scores and for hundreds of years.

And so the men who reaped profit from it all will assert that since there has been a war there must needs have been one, and that other wars must follow, and they will again prepare future generations for a continuance of slaughter, depraving them from their birth.

Father Ryan on Life

Some reckon their life by years,
Some measure their life by art;
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,
And their lives by the moans of their heart.
Ah! not by the silver gray
That creeps thro' the sunny hair,
And not by the scenes that we pass on our way,
And not by the furrows the fingers of care
On forehead and face have made,
Not so do we count our years;
Not by the sun of the earth, but the shade
Of our souls, and the fall of our tears.
For the young are oft-times old,
Though their brows be bright and fair;
While their blood beats warm, their hearts are cold—
O'er them the spring—but winter is there.
And the old are oft-times young,
When their hair is thin and white;
And they sing in age, as in youth they sung,
And they laugh, for their cross was light.

Stephen Girard—Noble Philanthropist

From the Press

There is opposition in Philadelphia to the dedication of a monument to Stephen Girard. One clergyman of some prominence has entered a formal protest against it, and other citizens—not many, we hope—are understood to be in sympathy with the protesting parson. We have not seen the text of the remonstrance, but it is said to be based on the allegation that the great philanthropist "had no religion."

Who knows that Stephen Girard "had no religion?" He did not during his life offend his neighbors by an obtrusive display of irreligion. He was a busy man of business, minding his own affairs, and minding them so well that he accumulated a large estate—an immense property it was esteemed in those days, when millionaires were few and the multimillionaire was almost unknown. What is the best and only true test of character? It is not words, but acts. And acts that manifest love of mankind, a life devoted to the accumulation of wealth for the benefit of one's fellow creatures—cannot be irreligious. The man whose heart beat in sympathy and thrilled with compassion for the orphan boys of his city; the man who passed his life in accumulating money by honest methods, in order to give to thousands of poor orphans the means of fitting themselves for an honorable and useful career—such a man is worthy of the respect of the purest and noblest of men for all coming time. Granted that Girard was not a believer in the tenets of any church; granted that he did not accept the doctrines of any of the schools or sects, yet it cannot be said of him that he "had no religion," for his character, as illustrated in his life work and his last will and testament, belies that allegation.

Love to man is the very essence of Christianity, and an act that evidences such love is a louder and more convincing assertion and proof of it than any number of professions, no matter how fervid or eloquent. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto Me." They were God's

poor for whom Girard lived and wrought. Whatever may have been his professed belief or unbelief, he met the demands of the Master as expressed in the new commandment, "I give unto you that ye love one another."

George Eliot

Defended by Robert G. Ingersoll

George Eliot is arrayed in robes of glory woven in the loom of her own genius . . . and this priest, in order to get even with me, digs open the grave of George Eliot and endeavors to stain her unresisting dust. He calls her an adulteress—the vilest word in the language of men—and he does it because she hated the Presbyterian creed because she, according to his definition, was an atheist, because she lived without faith and died without fear, because she grandly bore the taunts and slanders of the Christian world. George Eliot carried tenderly in her heart the faults and frailties of her race. She saw the highway of eternal right through all the winding paths, where folly vainly stalks with thorn-pierced hands, the fading flowers of selfish joy; and whatever you may think or I may think of the one mistake in all her sad and loving life, I know and feel that in the Court where her conscience sat as judge she stood acquitted pure as light and stainless as a star. George Eliot has joined the "choir invisible" whose music is the gladness of this world, and her wondrous lines, her touching poems, will be read hundreds of years after every sermon in which a priest has sought to stain her name shall have vanished utterly from human speech. . . .

> (At Ophelia's Grave) lay her in the earth,
> And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
> May violets spring—I tell thee, priest and minister
> A ministering angel shall this woman be when thou liest howling.

Jingoes for War

From the Press

How pitifully heathenish is the Jingo's belief that Almighty God so made men that their killing of one another is a fine and laudable thing! And how incongruous this belief in a white man who has learned to hide his nakedness, attended a public school, and read the Bible. Yet the Jingos count this nation richer for the Civil War; "not alone in material results," "but in memories." "We are richer for each grim campaign, for each hard-fought battle." Words more abominably false, more brutishly inhuman, more shamefully base, were never written. That war was a cruel, horrible necessity, and we are poorer for it. It left black hatreds that rankle even now, when the commander of our Northern soldiers refuses to let them march with their brothers of the South. We have memories, but of what? The widows and fatherless can tell; and we think they would give up those memories if their dead could come back—if the cause that bade them die had never cursed the land. We think they would even give up the war poems and war dramas and war stories which this poor devil of a Jingo thinks more than atone for their losses. The battle of Gettysburg was fought in the first three days of July, 1863. At one time ten thousand men and one woman lay dead upon the field, while thousands more men lay mangled and bleeding, waiting, with the buzzards that hovered above them, for pitying death. That is one of our wealth of memories—forty thousand Americans made into carrion in three days. There is another memory of the following November 19th, when the National Cemetery at Gettysburg was dedicated. There the great Lincoln came. He was not a jingo. He was a good man who loved his country. He was not boastful or vain-glorious—he did not celebrate the virtues of a fratricide. Sorrowfully he spoke a benediction that will live and glow so long as there is an American left; a prayer that ought to make petty fuss-mongers like our essayist burn with shame.

Collapse of Civilization—World War

Rev. Dr. Frederick Lynch

The irony of eight avowedly Christian nations plunging into a war as now devastates Europe was emphasized under the query, "Has Christianity Broken Down?" Now the Rev. Dr. Frederick Lynch describes the conflict, from the scene of which he has just returned, as the temporary collapse of Christian civilization. "Christianity has been thrown to the dogs, and the nations have gone mad." As an immediate result of this insanity "we have the sight, in the twentieth century of Christ's Church, of eight nations doing their best to annihilate one another, while at the same time the good people in every one of these nations, previous to the sudden spread of the war fever, bore no ill will to the good people of other nations, indeed, had much good will." In a moment, almost without premonition, millions of men on the continent have become frenzied, and with wild eyes, with bestial thirst for blood, and with savage yells, are rushing to rip their brother's bowels out. Women are rushing from besieged and burning cities with little babies in their arms, and little, cold, hungry, tired boys and girls, hardly old enough to walk, trying to keep up. Poverty stares millions in the face—poverty not only during this war, but during long years to come. Thousands of women are to be widowed, millions of little children are to be left fatherless. Natural affections are already blotted out, and their place being taken by strange, cruel lusts and passions. The virtue of women will be a free commodity for all soldiers. Drunkenness has already spread throughout these lands in a mad orgy. All industry will be ruined. Thousands of farms and villages will be laid waste. Thousands of schools and churches will be blown up. Hatreds will be engendered which will keep Europe irritated fifty years after the peace of exhaustion shall come. The commerce of the world will be all upset. The general morality of Europe will be lowered to a point where the churches will have to begin all over again and work a hundred years to restore it. Already thousands of atheists have been made. Almost every man we have met in Europe this

last week has shook his head with sadness and said, "What's the good of Christianity if it can not stop this sort of thing?" It is as if the devil and all his angels have taken complete possession of Europe. What does it all mean? It means many things. First of all, it means that there is something the matter with our Christianity, or else that we are presenting it not truly. For it seems to have no power whatever over men or nations when any real provocative of men's passions comes. Most of these millions of men who are drunk with lust of killing, and hoarsely shouting for their brothers' blood, have been calling themselves Christians, and have, most of them, been taught in Christian schools and churches. And in a day it is all forgotten, and if one who remembers dares suggest, as a few did suggest in the various parliaments and the press, that we remember our religion, he is hooted down. Is it that the human heart is too desperately wicked for even Christianity to control it when the deepest passions of all, revenge and lust of blood, are aroused? The thousands of men we saw howling in all the cities of Europe were not men any longer. They had become beasts. The beast could even be seen in their eyes.

They howled for only three things: drink, women, and blood of their brothers. Perhaps there has got to be a wholly new presentation of Christianity before these things can be stopped. Perhaps we have got really to teach what Christ Himself taught, namely, that love of Christians for each other, all men of good will for one another, must transcend race, nationality, and every other bond. We have been preaching to men as highly respectable, on the whole good, some of them saintly, while as a matter of fact this has been only seeming. They have seemed this because great temptations have not roused them from their sleep. No one who came across Europe within the last month can ever hold this easy faith again. Men are beasts; cruel, lustful, revengeful, ravening, just as the Gospel represents them. There are exceptions, but in most of us the beast lies just below the surface, and nothing but a regeneration which shall sweep through men's souls as a wind from Heaven can make them clean.

This whole miserable business has arisen out of a perverted patriotism, a race consciousness raised to the power of madness. It was a Servian patriot, a devotee of "Greater Servia," who threw the bomb that stirred Austria to revenge. All through Europe there is this patriotism which makes a God of one's country and declares there is no other god, which is forever imputing intrigues and schemes to other countries, which goes into fervors about one's own country that exasperate other countries, which would clamor for little rights for one's own country and bring on a war, regardless of the effect it would have upon six or eight innocent countries; which puts love of country above love of one's country being right, and which talks more about love of country than it does about love of God and all His children. This awful tragedy, beyond anything since Napoleon's day, is the result of this sort of patriotism. One thing even the blind can see lies at the root of all this calamity of the nations, and that is our neglect to preach the one truth on which any lasting order of justice or peace can be reached, namely, that nations must be amenable to the same Christian ethics that govern the relationships of men. Right must be right and wrong be wrong throughout the whole universe of men. If it is wrong for men to steal, it is just as criminal for big nations to seize little ones. If it is wrong for men to murder, it is wrong for nations to kill and destroy weaker nations, or men in any nation. If it is un-Christian for men to settle their disputes with their fists, it is wrong for nations to adjust their quarrels by iron fists on sea or land.

Advice From Old Judge to Young Lawyer

Judge Joe Baldwin

If you have a strong case in law—talk to the judge—if you have a strong case in fact, talk to the jury. If you have no case in law or fact, talk to the wild elements and bellow like a bull.

At The End of the Journey

By REV. LYMAN ABBOTT

She had come a long way, and the fatigue of the journey was on her face and the stains of it on her garments. She walked slowly and painfully, and in her uncertain step there was the record of leagues of travel. She had forgotten many hardships, for memory often sleeps in order that the spirit whose record it keeps may regain lost strength and refill the depleted lamp of life; but she remembered many bitter griefs, and the hand of sorrow had left a visible impress on her countenance. And the way had long been lonely as well as sorrowful; for they who set out with her had vanished from her side, and she had gone on in solitude that seemed to deepen about her. Far behind, as she traveled on, was the glow of the morning light, once gloriously glad over the whole earth, now faint and distant as the light of a sun that has long set. And after the morning passed there had come midday with its heat, its far-reaching activities, its strenuous energy, its deepening experience; and after noon-tide, evening; and so long had she traveled in the darkness, the little group about her silently stealing away one by one from her side, that it seemed to her as if it had always been night and she had always been alone. Of late she had lost the feeling of motion, although she was conscious that the landscape about her was changing.

She had set out with a high spirit and with a deep sense of joy in action and movement and life; but years and sorrows had saddened her, and she had come to think of herself not only as weary and alone, but old. There was bitterness in the thought, because it seemed a denial of her nature. In youth the fountain of life in her soul had seemed inexhaustible; and in later years, when the rare times of rest from grief and travail came, it had leaped up and sent a gush of joy to her heart. But now, for a long time, there had been no stir of the waters, and age had touched all that she possessed; and so, traveling slowly and painfully with set purpose but with fading hope, she came one dark

night to the gate which closes the road. She knocked feebly and the gate swung wide on noiseless hinges. No one stood beside it, for it marked neither end nor beginning of journey, and the road ran straight through it unbroken and unchanged, save that a soft light rested on it and in the air there was infinite content. No landscape was visible for the mist that lay over it, and no sounds were heard; but when one passed through, he knew without knowing that nature bloomed there with a fulfilled loveliness, and he heard without hearing the songs of birds which are never hushed by wintry skies. The woman rested within the gate, and as she rested she was conscious of no change in herself, but the raiment which she had worn thin and bare fell away and vanished and she saw that the fading and fraying and wearing away had despoiled only her garments and left her untouched, and as she stood, the lines vanished from her face and the pain from her limbs, and silently the fountain rose once more. The stains of travel were gone, the signs of age had vanished; once more young, but with a wisdom beyond youth, she started with buoyant step and with a rising hope in her heart; for through the soft mist beautiful forms seemed to be moving, and faint and far she heard voices that seemed to come out of her childhood, fresh with the freshness of the morning, and her spirit grew faint for joy at the sound of them.

Shakespeare on Friendship and Death

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

. . . . . .

Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.

Tribute to the Noble Dog

By SENATOR GEORGE GRAHAM VEST

Gentlemen of the jury: The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter, that he has reared with loving care, may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the winter winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he can be by his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come to encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth, an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies; and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death.

Bunker Hill

By DANIEL WEBSTER

We wish that labor may look up here and be proud in the midst of its toil. We wish finally that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore and the first to gladden him who re-visits it, may be something that shall remind him of the liberty and glory of his country. Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit. This monument may moulder away, the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea, but thy memory shall not fail, wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transport of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit. Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.

Apostrophe to Science

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Science, thou art the great magician! Thou alone performest the true miracles. Thou alone workest the real wonders. Fire is thy servant, lightning thy messenger. The waves obey thee, and thou knowest the circuits on the wind. Thou art the great philanthropist. Thou hast freed the slave and civilized the master. Thou hast taught man to chain, not his fellow men, but the forces of nature—forces that have no backs to be scarred, no limbs for chains to chill and eat—forces that never know fatigue, that shed no tears—forces that have no hearts to break. Thou gavest man the plow, the reaper, and the loom—thou hast fed and clothed the world. Thou art the great physician. Thy touch hast given sight. Thou hast made the lame to leap, the dumb to speak, and in the pallid cheek thy hand hast set the rose

of health. Thou hast given thy beloved sleep—a sleep that wraps in happy dreams the throbbing nerves of pain. Thou art the perpetual providence of man—preserver of life and love. Thou art the teacher of every virtue, and the enemy of *every vice*. Thou hast discovered the true basis of morals—the origin and office of conscience—and hast revealed the nature and measure of obligation. Thou hast taught that love is justice in its highest forms and that even self love, guided by wisdom, embraces with loving arms the human race. Thou hast slain the monsters of the past. Thou hast discovered the one inspired book. Thou hast read the records of the rocks, written by wind and wave, by frost and flame—records that even priestcraft cannot change—and in thy wondrous scales thou hast weighed the atoms and the stars. Thou art the founder of the only true religion. Thou art the very Christ, the only saviour of mankind.

Beautiful Woman

By LORD ERSKINE

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiopian's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear."

Nothing, certainly, is more delightful to the human fancy than the possession of a beautiful woman in the prime of health and youthful passion; I reverence as I ought, that mysterious union of mind and body which, while it continues our species, is the source of all our affections which builds up and dignifies the condition of human life—which binds the husband to the wife by ties more indisolluble than laws can possibly create—and which by the reciprocal endearments arising from a mutual passion, a mutual interest, and a mutual honor, lays the foundation of that parental affection which dies in the brutes with the necessities of nature, but which reflects back again upon the human parents the unspeakable sympathies of their offspring, and all the sweet, delightful relations of social existence.

Tribute at His Brother's Grave

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Dear friends: I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me. The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west. He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point; but being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above the sunken ship. For whether in mid-sea or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock; but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day. He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form, and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, the poor, and wronged, and lovingly gave alms. With loyal heart and with the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts. He was a worshipper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words: *"For justice all place a temple, and all season, summer."* He believed that happiness is the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy; and were every one to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom

to his grave, he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead. The record of a generous life runs like a vine around the memory of our dead, and every sweet, unselfish act is now a perfumed flower. And now, to you who have been chosen, from among the many men he loved, to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is, no gentler, stronger, maniler man.

Apostrophe to Liberty

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Oh! liberty, thou art the god of my idolatry. Thou art the only deity that hates the bended knee. In thy vast and unwalled temple, beneath the roofless dome, star gemmed and luminous with suns, thy worshippers stand erect. They do not bow or cringe or crawl or bend their foreheads to the earth. Upon thy sacred altars mothers do not sacrifice their babies, nor men their rights. Thou askest naught from man except the things that good men hate, the whip, the chain, the dungeon key. Thou has not monks, nor nuns, who in the name of duty murder joy. Thou carest not for forms nor mumbled prayers. At thy sacred shrine hypocrisy does not bow, fear does not crouch, virtue does not tremble, superstition's feeble tapers do not burn, but reason holds aloft her inextinguishable torch, while on the ever-broadening brow of science falls the ever-coming morning of the ever better day.

Sympathy for Those Who Commit Suicide

By Robert G. Ingersoll

To my mind it seems clear that you had better injure yourself than another. Better be a spendthrift than a thief. Better throw away your own money than steal the money of another—better kill yourself if you wish to die than murder one whose life is full of joy. No man has a right to leave his wife to fight the battle of life alone if he is able to help. No man has a right to desert his children if he can possibly be of use, as long as he can add to the comfort of those he loves, as long as he can stand between wife and misery, between child and want, as long as he can be of use, it is his duty to remain. I believe in the cheerful view, in looking at the sunny side of things, in bearing with fortitude the evils of life, in struggling against adversity, in finding the fuel of laughter even in disaster, in having confidence in tomorrow, in finding the pearl of joy amid the flints and shards, and in changing by the alchemy of patience even evil things to good. I believe in the gospel of cheerfulness, of courage, and good nature. Of the future I have no fear. My fate is the fate of the world—of all that live. My anxieties are about this life, this world.

I do not know whether self-killing is on the increase or not. If it is, then there must be, on the average, more trouble, more sorrow, more failure, and consquently, more people are driven to despair. In civilized life there is a great struggle, great competition and failure. To fail in a great city is like being wrecked at sea. In the roar of the streets his cry is not heard. Death becomes his only friend. Death promises release from want, from hunger and pain, and so the poor wretch lays down his burden, dashes it from his shoulders, and falls asleep. To me this seems very natural. The wonder is that so many endure and suffer to the natural end, that so many nurse the spark of life in huts and prisons, keep it and guard it through years of misery and want; support it by beggary, by eating the crust found in the gutter and to whom it only gives days of weariness and nights of fear

and dread. Why should the man sitting amid the wreck of all he had, the loved ones dead, friends lost, seek to lengthen, to preserve his life? What can the future have for him? Under many circumstances man has the right to kill himself. When life is of no value to him, when he can be of no real assistance to others, why should a man continue when he is no benefit, when he is a burden to those he loves, why should he remain? Life is not the same to all, to some a blessing, to some a curse, to some not much in any way. Some leave it with unspeakable regret, some with the keenest joy, and some with indifference. If we wish to prevent suicide we must change conditions. We must by education, by invention, by art, by civilization, add to the value of the average life. We must cultivate the brain and heart—do away with false pride and false modesty. We must become generous enough to help our fellows without degrading them. We must mingle a little affection with our chairty—a little fellowship. We should allow those who have sinned to really reform. We should not think only of what the wicked have done, but we should think of what we have wanted to do. People do not hate the sick. Why should they despise the mentally weak—the diseased brain. This great truth should fill the heart with pity for the failures of our race. As long as there shall be pain and failure, want and sorrow, agony and crime, men and women will untie life's knot and seek the peace of death. To the hopelessly imprisoned, to the dishonored and despised, to those who have failed, who have no future, no hope, to the abandoned, the broken-hearted, to those who are only remnants and fragments of men and women—how consoling, how enchanting, is the thought of death. Death is as natural and as merciful as life. When we have journeyed long—when we wish for the twilight, for the dusk, for the cool kisses of the night—when the senses are dull—when the pulse is faint and low—when the mists gather on the mirror of memory, when the past is almost forgotten, the present hardly perceived—when the future has but empty hands —death is as welcome as a strain of music. After all, death is not so terrible as joyless life. Next to eternal happiness is to

sleep in the soft clasp of the cool earth, disturbed by no dream, by no thought, by no pain, by no fear, unconscious of all and forever. The wonder is that so many live, that in spite of rags and want, in spite of tenements and gutter, of filth and pain, they limp and stagger and crawl beneath their burdens to the natural end. The wonder is that so few of the miserable are brave enough to die—that so many are terrified by the something after death. Most people are in love with life. How they cling to it in the Arctic shores—how they struggle in the waves and currents of the sea—how they linger in famine—how they fight disaster and despair. On the crumbling edge of death they keep the flag flying and go down at last full of hope and courage. But many have not such natures. They cannot bear defeat. They lie down on the field of conflict and give the earth their blood. All we can say is that the good and bad, the loving and the malignant, the conscientious and the vicious, the educated and the ignorant, actuated by many motives, urged and pushed by circumstances and conditions sometimes in the calm of judgment, sometimes in passion's storm and stress, sometimes in whirl and tempest of insanity, raise their hands against themselves and desperately put out the light of life.

Liberty of Thought

By Robert G. Ingersoll

I do not pretend to tell what all the truth is. I do not pretend to have fathomed the abyss, nor to have floated on outstretched wings level with the heights of thought. I simply plead for freedom. I denounce the cruelties and horrors of slavery. I ask for light and air for the souls of men. I say, take off those chains—break those manacles—free those limbs—release that brain. I plead for the right to think—to reason—to investigate. I ask that the future may be enriched with the honest thoughts of men. I implore every human being to be a soldier in the army of progress. I will not invade the rights of others. You have no right to erect your toll-gates upon the highways of thought. You

have no right to leap from the hedges of superstition and strike down the pioneers of the human race. You have no right to sacrifice the liberties of man upon the altars of ghosts. Believe what you may; preach what you desire; have all the forms and ceremonies you please; exercise your liberties in your own way, and extend to all others the same rights.

I attack the monsters, the phantoms of imagination, that have ruled the world. I attack slavery. I ask for room—room for the human mind.

Why should we sacrifice a real world that we have for one we know not of? Why should we enslave ourselves? Why should we forge fetters for our hands? Why should we be the slaves of phantoms—phantoms that we create ourselves? The darkness of barbarism was the womb of these shadows. In the light of science they cannot cloud the sky forever. They have reddened the hands of man with innoncent blood. They made the cradle a curse and the grave a place of torment.

I plead for light, for air, for opportunity. I plead for individual independence. I plead for the rights of labor and of thought. I plead for a chainless future. Let the ghosts go.

The world remains with its winters and homes and fire-sides, where grow and bloom the virtues of our race. All these are left; and music, with its sad and thrilling voice, and all there is of art and song and hope, and love, and aspiration high. All these remain. Let the ghosts go—we will worship them no more.

Man is greater than these phantoms. Humanity is grander than all the creeds, than all the books. Humanity is the great sea, and these creeds and books and religions are but the waves of a day. Humanity is the sky, and these religions and dogmas and theories are but the mists and clouds changing continually, destined finally to melt away.

Let the ghosts go. We will worship them no more. Let them cover their eyeless sockets with their fleshless hands, and fade forever from the imagination of men.

Selfish Way, and the Broad Way with Wife and Child

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

There are two ways: The narrow way, along which the selfish go in single file, not wide enough for husband and wife to walk side by side while children clasp hands. The narrow road over the desert of superstition with here and there a traveler. The narrow, grass-grown path, filled with flints and broken glass, bordered by thistles and thorns, where the twice-born, limping, walk with bleeding feet. If by this path you see a flower, do not pick it. It is a temptation. Beneath its leaves a serpent lies. Keep your eyes on the new Jerusalem. Do not look back for wife or child or friend. Think only of saving your own soul. You will be just as happy in heaven with all you love in hell. Believe, have faith, and you will be rewarded for the goodness of another. Look neither to the right nor left. Keep on, straight on, and you will save your worthless, withered, selfish soul. . . . There is another way, the broad road. Give me the wide and ample way, the way broad enough for us all to go together. The broad way where the birds sing, where the sun shines and streams murmur. The broad way through the fields where the flowers grow, over the daisied slopes where sunlight, lingering, seems to sleep and dream. I want to go the broad way with the great world, with science and art, with music and drama, with all that gladdens, thrills, refines, and calms. Let us go the wide road with husband and wife, with children and friends and with all there is between the dawn and dusk of life's strange day. The world is a great orange tree filled with blossoms, with ripening and with ripened fruit, while underneath the bending boughs the fallen slowly turn to dust. Each orange is a life. Let us squeeze it dry; get all the juice there is, so that when death comes we can say, "There is nothing left but withered peel." Let us travel the broad and natural way. Let us live for man. Think of the long night of ignorance and fear. Think of the agony, the sufferings of the past, of the days that are dead. . . .

I look, I see cathedrals, the huts of peasants, the robes of

priests and kings, and the rags of honest men. I look again. I see dungeons filled with the noblest and the best. I see exiles, wanderers, outcasts, millions of martyrs, widows and orphans. I see the cunning instruments of torture and hear the shrieks and sobs and moans of millions dead. I see the dungeon's gloom and hear the clank of chains. I see the fagot's flames, the scorched and blackened face, the wreathing limbs. I hear the scoffs and jeers of pious fiends. I see the victim on the rack. I hear the tendons as they break. I see a world beneath the feet of priests, liberty in chains, every virtue a crime, every crime a virtue, intelligence despised, stupidity sainted, hypocrisy crowned, and the white forhead of honor wearing the brand of shame. THIS WAS. I LOOK AGAIN. AND IN THE EAST OF HOPE'S FAIR SKY THE FIRST pale light shed by the herald star gives promise of another dawn. I look, and from the ashes, blood and tears, the heroes leap to bless the future and avenge the past. I see a world at war, and in the storm and chaos of the deadly strife, thrones crumble, altars fall, chains break, creeds change. The highest peaks are touched with holy light. The dawn has blossomed. I look again. I see discoverers sailing across mysterious seas. I see inventors cunningly enslave the forces of the world. I see the houses being built for schools. Teachers, interpreters of nature, slowly take the place of priests. Philosophers arise, thinkers give the world their wealth of brain, and lips grow rich with words of truth. THIS IS. I LOOK AGAIN, but towards the future now. The popes and priests are gone—the altars and the thrones have mingled with the dust—the aristocracy of land and cloud have perished from the earth and air, and all the fabled gods are dead. A new religion sheds its glory on mankind. It is the gospel of this world, the religion of the body, of the heart and brain, the evangel of health and joy. I see a world of peace, where labor reaps its true reward, a world without prisons, without workhouses, without asylums for the insane, a world on which the gibbet's shadow does not fall, a world where the poor girl trying to win bread with the needle, the needle that has been called the "asp of the poor," is not driven to the desperate choice

of crime or death, of suicide or shame. I see a world without the beggar's outstretched palm, the miser's heartless stare, the piteous wail of want, the pallid face of crime, the livid lips of lies, the cruel eyes of scorn. I see a race without disease of flesh or brain, shapely and fair, the married harmony of formed use, and as I look life lengthens, fear dies, joy deepens, love intensifies. The world is free. THIS SHALL BE.

Greatness Measured by Service

By Rev. Lyman Abbott

The greatness of a man is measured by the greatness of the service he renders. What are you and I in this world for—to see how much we can get out of it, or to see how much we can put into it? No man is worthy to be called a man who is not ambitious so to live that the world will be left richer and better and happier and wiser because he has lived in it. No man is worthy to be called a man who is, as a rule, idle, if he has work that he can do. If he walks the streets with ragged shoes and ragged clothes, he is a tramp; if he travels the continent in Pullman cars and does nothing for the world he lives in, he is the worse tramp of the two, because with less excuse for his idleness. The issue is clear: Are we here to get, or are we here to give? Is this world a grab-bag in which we all put in our hands, and some get a prize and some a blank, or is it a great confederacy in which every man does something for his fellow-man and in which the wife and mother does most of all? We need in our country, not a system of justice which will give to every offense its proper proportion of suffering, but a system of mercy which will give to every man who has been thrust into wrong-doing by circumstances, or who has walked into wrong-doing with open eyes and willing feet, a system of redemption, of saving, of love-giving which shall bring him back to virtue. These are the five great laws which Christ enunciated as laws of social righteousness: First, the law of human brother hood—we are all one organic whole; second, the law of human justice—put yourself in his

place and do to him as you would have him do to you; third, the law of possession, count all property a trust to be administered for the world; fourth, the law of activity—all life is a service, and he is the greatest man who renders the greatest service; and fifthly, the law of healing—love, not wrath.

Patrick Henry's Celebrated Speech Against the Clergy

From the Press

He (Patrick Henry) rose to reply with apparent embarrassment and some awkwardness, and began a faltering exordium. The people hung their heads at the unpromising commencement, and the clergy were observed to exchange sly looks with each other, while his father sank back in his chair in evident confusion.

All this was of short duration, however. As he proceeded and warmed up to his subject, a wondrous change came over him. His attitude became erect and lofty, his face lighted up with genius, and his eyes flashed fire, his gestures became graceful and impressive, his voice and his emphasis peculiarly charming. His appeals to the passions were overpowering. In the language of those who heard him, "he made the blood run cold, and their hair to rise on end." In a word, to the astonishment of all, he suddenly burst upon them as an orator of the highest order. The surprise of the people was only equaled by their delight, and so overcome was his father that tears flowed down his cheeks.

He contended . . . that in the case now before them . . . (the parsons) deserved to be punished with signal severity. "We have heard a great deal about the benevolence and holy zeal of our reverend clergy, but how is this manifested? Do they manifest their zeal in the cause of religion and humanity by practising the mild and benevolent precepts of the Gospel of Jesus? Do they feed the hungry and clothe the naked? Oh, no, gentlemen! Instead of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, these rapacious harpies would, were their powers equal to their will, snatch from the hearth of their honest parishioner his last hoe-cake, from

the widow and her orphan children their last milch cow! the last bed, nay, the last blanket from the lying-in woman!"

These words, uttered with all the power of the orator, aroused in the audience an intense feeling against the clergy, which became so apparent as to cause the reverend gentlemen to leave their seats on the bench, and to quit the courthouse in dismay.

Defends the League of Nations

By Senator Elihu Root

When the greater part of the nations of the world united in the League of Nations, they entered upon a new mode of regulating their conduct with regard to each other and adjusting the differences that arise in the ordinary course of international affairs.

Instead of the old method, they proceed by formal conference of Council and Assembly and a large part of the business which foreign officers and ambassadors used to do in the old methods are now done through the machinery of the League. We have stood out of the League and we are going on in the old ways, by the old methods, and the utmost friendly consideration is needed to reconcile the conduct of international affairs in the new way by our sister nations across the Atlantic and the old way by ourselves. . . .

What did we do? Has there ever been an exhibition by America of friendship or sympathy with the League and its work? Unfortunately, the crontroversy which resulted in our determining not to enter the League was violent, and bitter feelings were aroused, and those feelings came to be carried over to the League itslf, and it came to be a common thing that we would read in the newspapers and hear in speech and conversation expressions of expectation that the League would fail and evident pleasure when it seemed that it might fail. . . .

We, the great peace-loving people, what have we done to help in this wonderful new work? No sympathy, no moral support, no brotherhood. . . .

We have allowed insensate prejudice, camouflaged but futile phrases to appear, but falsely appear, to represent the true heart of the American people, with all its idealism, with its breadth of human sympathy, with its strong desire that our country should do its share for peace and happiness and noble life in all the world. . . .

These, my friends, are some of the evils visited upon us by a hateful and contentious spirit from which may the good Lord deliver us.

The Impeachment of Warren Hastings

By LORD MACAULAY

There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid; or far away over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from days of the Plantagents. The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just abolition of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. . . . The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of the orator. There were gathered together from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and every art. There were seated round the queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There

the ambassadors of great kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. . . . There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily. . . . There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. . . . The Sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. . . . He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. The managers with Burke at their head appeared in full dress. The energy and pathos of the great orator exhorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile chancellor who presided, and for a moment seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. "Therefore," so he ended his speech, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

Drugless Healing Versus Medical Healing

Ingersoll says: "I believe in the gospel of good health, I believe the time will come when the public thought will be so great and grand that it will be looked upon as infamous to perpetuate disease. I believe the time will come when men will not fill the future with consumption and with insanity. I believe the time will come when, with studying ourselves and understanding the laws of health, he will say we are under obligation to put the flags of health in the cheeks of our children. Even if I got to heaven and had a harp, I would hate to look back upon my

children and see them diseased, deformed, crazed, all suffering the penalties of crimes that I had committed."

Bernarr Macfadden says: "More than forty years ago I began a bitter fight for the most precious of all human possessions—health. I had to struggle through the maze of medical ignorance and incompetence at that time.

"I finally found health through methods that were so simple that I marveled at the inability of the people everywhere to see and accept them.

"This discovery made me a fighting crusader in the health-building field. Forty years ago I began to prepare myself to teach and preach health-building through physical culture, but my real vocation started when I began to publish the *Physical Culture Magazine* about twenty-six years ago.

"I had determined to make the doctors and the people everywhere accept the great truths in reference to the value of exercise, fresh air, wholesome diet, fasting, etc."

"The crusading spirit that I put into this work has made physical culture in some form or other a household necessity.

"The fight that I have made against the use of drugs has been felt in every drug store, by every doctor, and in every home.

"The doctors refused to accept the conclusions that were first presented in the *Physical Culture Magazine,* and I started sanitariums, several of them, for the purpose of proving their accuracy beyond all possible doubt. And these sanatariums blazed the way, and as a result numerous institutions using similar methods can now be found all over the country.

"I entered the restaurant business and helped teach the public and restaurant proprietors how to eat for health and at the same time secure a satisfactory profit financially.

"The crusading spirit which I have put into my work has revolutionized the doctoring business, both in private practice and sanitariums, throughout the world. It has helped to revolutionize the restaurant business; you can get wholesome, health-building foods most everywhere."

Dr. Harvey Wiley says: "We eat brands when we ought to

be eating bran, for wheat has all its vitality taken out of it to make white flour. We care more for the dairy cow than we do for the American citizen. She gets the real cream of wheat and we get what she is supposed to, bran—the husks.

"Simple, wholesome wheat-bread and porridge, an abundance of fruits in season, succulent vegetables, particularly the potato, spinach, and asparagus, with a generous supply of pure, fresh, clean, tuberculin-tested milk, will give the citizen a diet wholesome, nutritious, and full of vitamins.

"Let me prescribe the diet of the country: I do not care who makes its laws."

The Indian Chief

By Lord Erskine

Gentlemen of the Jury: I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject. I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself among reluctant nations submitting to our authority. I know what they feel. I have heard them in my youth from a naked savage, in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. "Who is it," said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of England adventurer—"who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it," said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and de-

pend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look out for affection.

History of Civilization

By HENRY BUCKLE

The real history of the human race is the history of tendencies which are perceived by the mind, and by events which are discerned by the mind. All notions of duty and virtue must be tested by their relations to the senses—our vices and virtues are solely the result of our passions; and our passions are caused by our physical sensibility to pain and pleasure. So it is that the loftiest virtues as well as the meanest vices are equally caused by the pleasure we find in them. Everything that we have and everything that we are, we owe to the external world, nor is man himself aught else except what he is made by the objects which surround him. The hall of science is the temple of democracy. In 1776 the Americans laid before Europe that noble declaration, which ought to be hung up in the nursery of every king, and blazoned on the porch of every royal palace. The final blow the French government received was actually dealt by the hand of an American; for it is said that it was in consequence of the advice of Jefferson, that the popular part of the legislature proclaimed itself the National Assembly, and thus set the Crown at open defiance. Most historians, instead of solving a problem, merely paint a picture. History is greater than theology, as the whole is greater than a part. The basis of the history of civilization are the following propositions: first, That the progress of mankind depends on the success with which the laws of phenomena are investigated, and on the extent to which a knowledge of these laws are diffused. Second, That before such investigation can begin, a spirit of scepticism must arise. Third . . . Fourth, That the great enemy of this movement, and therefore the great enemy of civilization, is the protective spirit; by which I mean the notion that society cannot prosper, unless the affairs of life are watched over and protected at nearly every turn by the state and the

church; the state teaching men what they are to do, and the church teaching them what they are to believe. . . . Charles the V of Spain boasted that he had burned alive, buried alive, or executed 100,000 heretics. And yet he was not a vindicative man, his natural disposition to mercy was stronger than rigour, he did what he believed to be his duty.

Trial of Zola and Dreyfus

By Joseph Choat

You will readily recall the main incidents of the trial of Zola. An army officer belonging to a race obnoxious to the hatred and jealousy of the French people, accused of an infamous crime, hounded by a licentious press, has been tried and convicted by a court-martial, and after the most shameful degradation had been condemned for life to solitary confinement upon a rock in the sea, eating out his heart with despair more biting than the talons of the vulture or the beak of the eagle. He protested his innocence, and scores of the best men in France declared their faith in it also, among them statesmen and officials of high rank and character, and before long it became apparent that, whether guilty or innocent, he had been condemned practically unheard, and the government declared that reasons of state forbade that the truth should be known. It was at this point that Zola, the most notorious at least, if not the most powerful, of French writers, with a courage and chivalry never surpassed, took up the unhappy victims cause, proclaimed his innocence, and challenged the authorities to bring himself to trial for his accusation against the court-martial, which, as he declared, had covered the illegality of the conviction of Dreyfus by the judicial crime of consciously acquitting the real criminal. The government took up the challenge, and then followed a trial which, for reckless and cruel disregard of every principle of right and justice known to us, is surely without a precedent in modern history, and yet it purported to be a jury trial. A jury was sworn, but apparently its sole function was to register the edict of the government, the army, and the

press, which demanded conviction. Of course the defendant was presumed to be guilty until he should prove himself to be innocent, but every effort of himself and his counsel to elicit the truth was thwarted. A hostile audience, with which the court-room was packed, was permitted to cover the accused with contumely. Invective from court, prosecutor, and witnesses took the place of evidence and of argument. There was no right of cross-examination, no law of evidence—witnesses who were summoned defiantly stayed away—those who came refused to testify further than they chose and were suffered to harrangue the jury for the prisoner and against the prisoner and retired amid irrepressible applause. Hearsay was the main staple of the proceedings. A perfect pandemonium prevailed throughout the trial, and at the end of two weeks, the heroic defendant was convicted. However satisfactory such a method of administering justice may be to the French people, it could not but excite horror and disgust throughout the Anglo-Saxon world.

The Law of the Sword

By CHAUNCY M. DEPEW

The tradition and education of the ages that rights could only be established and wrongs could only be redressed by the sword, created the law of the sword. For hundreds of years all disputes were settled by the guage of battle.

Titles to real estate, difficulties as to boundary lines, questions of contract and of tort, matters of inheritance, and the settlement of estates were submitted to private combat for "justice." The Courts met at the appointed places. The judges sat clothed in their robes of office. The criers of the court announced the case, and the litigants entered the lists armed for the fray. The rules for the combat were as well established as the rules of the trial are in the courts of today. The theory over it all and under it all was that the "God of battles" would be on the right side.

Cross of Gold Speech

By W. J. BRYAN

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Convention: I would be presumptious, indeed, to present myself against the distinguished gentlemen to whom you have listened if this were but a measuring of ability, but this is not a contest among persons. The humblest citizen in all the land, when called to armor in a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error that they can bring. I come to speak to you in defense of a cause as holy as the cause of liberty, the cause of humanity. (Loud applause.)

Our silver democrats went forth from victory unto victory, until they are assembled now, not to discuss, not to debate, but to enter up the judgment, rendered to them by the people of this country. (Applause,)

In this contest brother has been arrayed against brother and father against son. The warmest ties of love and acquaintance and association have been disregarded. Old leaders have been cast aside when they refuse to give expression to the sentiments of those whom they would lead, and new leaders have sprung up to give direction to this cause of truth. (Cheers.)

Thus has the contest been waged, and we have assembled here under as binding and solemn instrucetions as were ever fastened upon the representatives of the people. We do not come as individuals. Why, as individuals we might have been glad to compliment the gentlemen from New York (Mr. Hill), but we know the people for whom we speak would never be willing to put him in a position where he could thwart the will of the democratic party. (Cheers.)

I say it was not a question of persons, it was a question of principles, and it is not with gladness, my friends, that we find ourselves brought into a conflict with those who are now arrayed on the other side. The gentleman who has just preceded me (Governor Russell), spoke of the old State of Massachusetts. . . . (Applause.) But we stand here representing people who

are the equals before the law of the largest cities in the State of Massachusetts. . . .

We say to you that you have made too limited in its application the definition of business men. The man who is employed for wages is as much a business man as his employer. (Continued cheers.) The attorney in a country town is as much a business man as the lawyer in the great metropolis. The merchant at a cross roads is as much a business man as the merchant of New York. The farmer who goes forth in the morning and toils all day, begins in the spring and toils all summer, and by the application of brain and muscle to the natural resources of this country creates wealth is as much a business man as the man who goes up on the board of trade and bets upon the price of grain.

(The sentiments of the speaker were cheered again and again, and the galleries seemed to be a mass of white handkerchiefs waving. The cheers were renewed again and again, and it was some minutes before Mr. Bryan could be heard. He proceeded as follows):

The miners who go a thousand feet into the earth or climb two thousand feet on the cliffs and bring forth from their hiding places the precious metals to be poured into the channels of trade are as much business men as the few financial magnets who, in a back room, corner the money of the world.

(The free-silver delegates at this point broke forth in tremendous cheers, standing on chairs and waving their handkerchiefs, hats, and banners frantically. Order was finally restored and Mr. Bryan continued):

We come to speak for this broader class of business men. Ah, my friends, we say not one word against those who live upon the Atlantic coast, but those hardy pioneers who braved all dangers of the wilderness, who have made the desert to blossom as the rose—these pioneers away out there rearing their children near to nature's heart, where they can mingle their voices with the voices of the birds—out there where they have erected schoolhouses for the education of their young and churches where they praise their Creator and cemeteries where sleep the ashes of their

dead—are as deserving of the consideration of this party as any people in this country. (Great applause.)

We have petitioned, and our petitioners have been scorned. We have entreated, and our entreaties have been disregarded, and they have mocked at our calamity. We beg no longer: no, we petition no more. We defy them. (Great applause and confusion in the silver delegations.)

The gentleman from Wisconsin has said that he feared a Rosbespierre. My friends, in this land of the free we need fear no tyrant who will spring up from among the people. What we need is an Andrew Jackson to stand as Jackson stood against the encroachments of aggrandizing wealth. (Great applause.)

They tell us that this platform was made to catch votes. We reply to them that changing conditions make new issues; that the principles upon which rest democracy are as everlasting as the hills, but that they must be applied to new conditions as they arise. . . .

They tell us that the income tax ought not to be brought in here; that is a new idea. They criticize us for our criticisms of the Supreme Court of the United States. My friends, we have not criticized. We have simply called attention to what you know. If you want criticism, read the dissenting opinion of the court—that will give you criticisms. (Applause.)

They say we passed an unconstitutional law. I deny it. The income tax was not unconstitutional when it was passed. It was not unconstitutional when it went before the Supreme Court for the first time. It did not become unconstitutional until one judge changed his mind, and we cannot be expected to know when a judge will change his mind. (Applause, and a voice, "Hit 'em again.") The income tax is a just law. It simply intends to put the burden of government justly upon the backs of the people. I am in favor of an income tax. (Applause.)

When I find a man who is not willing to pay his share of the burden of the government which protects him, I find a man who is unworthy to enjoy the blessings of a government like ours. (Applause.) He says that we are opposing the national bank

currency. It is true. If you will read what Thomas Benton said you will find that he said that in searching history he could find but one parallel to Andrew Jackson. That was Cicero, who destroyed the conspiracy of Cataline and saved Rome. He did for Rome what Jackson did when he destroyed the bank conspiracy and saved America. (Applause.)

There are two ideas of government. There are those who believe that if you just legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous, that their prosperity will leak through on those below. The democratic ideas have been that if you legislate to make the masses prosperous, their prosperity will find its way up and through every class and rest upon it. (Applause.)

You come to us and tell us that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard. I tell you that the great cities rest upon these broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic. But destroy our farms, and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in this country. (Loud applause.)

Having behind us the commercial interests and the laboring interests and all the toiling masses, we shall answer their demands for a gold standard by saying to them, "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." (Great applause.)

Old Maid Tale

By FLETCHER VINCENT

During the Civil War, he says he was sent by his commanding officer to impress some teams to haul clothing and provisions to the soldier boys. He got for this purpose three teams lacking one horse, so he said to a man, "Now I lack one horse to make up these teams, can you tell me where I can get another horse?" "Well," he said, "there is an old maid up there on the hill—Miss Mullinex, but it is as much as a man's life is worth to try and get that horse from that old maid." "Well," said Mr. Vincent, "my commanding officer has commanded me to get the horses

whether or no—this is war times." "Well," said the man, "up there is where she lives, all I can say, may God have mercy on your poor soul." So Mr. Vincent goes to her house and knocks at her door very timidly. This was the first time this brave old Confederate soldier was afraid. A shrill voice cried out, "Come in." "Good morning, madam," said Mr. Vincent, as bravely as he could. "Good morning, sir," came the reply. The old maid continued as follows: "Well, sir, we have had very cold weather." "Yes, ma'am." "And I hear the poor soldier boys are suffering terribly." This gave Mr. Vincent his opening. "Yes, ma'am, the poor soldier boys are suffering terribly and they need clothing and food and my commanding officer has sent me to borrow teams to haul this to the brave boys, and I now have three teams lacking one horse, and I hear you have a nice horse, and I know you will let me have it to help out and I will take good care of it and return him to you." "Well, sir," screamed the old maid, "if that is your business you might as well leave right now." "But," said Mr. Vincent, "I am awfully sorry, ma'am, but my commanding officer has given me strict orders to take the horses and I will be compelled to take your horse." Where-upon she burst out in frightful wails. Mr. Vincent had a very soft heart, and the sight of the old maid in tears completely unnerved him. He sat perfectly quiet for some minutes in deep meditation, thinking over some strategy to get the horse. So he says, "Miss Mullinex, while we have been sitting here I have been thinking over a subject very foreign to what we have been talking over—a very sentmiental subject." "What have you been thinking over?" squealed the old maid. "Well, ma'am," says he, "I have been thinking how lonely I am and how much I am in need of a good wife"—(Mr. Vincent was a married man at the time—but the lie had to come)—"and I am greatly impressed with your good sense and heart and I am sure you will make a man a good wife, and I want you to marry me as soon as this terrible war is over." The old maid smiled through her tears, and said, "You may take the horse."

Reply to Blaine

By B. H. HILL

I do not doubt that I am the bearer of unwelcome messages to the gentleman from Maine and his party. He says that there are Confederates in this body and that they are going to combine with a few from the North for the purpose of controlling this government. If one were to listen to the gentleman on the other side he would be in doubt whether they rejoiced more when the South left the Union, or regretted most when the South came back to the Union that their fathers helped to form, and to which they will forever hereafter contribute as much of patriotic ardor, of noble devotion, and of willing sacrifice as the constituents of the gentleman from Maine. Oh, Mr. Speaker, why cannot gentlemen on the other side rise to the height of this great argument of patriotism? Is the bosom of the country always to be torn with this miserable sectional debate whenever a presidential election is pending? . . . The victory of the North was absolute, and God knows the submission of the South was complete. But, sir, we have recovered from the humiliation of defeat, and we come here among you and we ask you to give us the greetings accorded to brothers by brothers. We propose to join you in every patriotic endeavor and to unite with you in every patriotic aspiration that looks to the benefit, the advancement, and the honor of every part of our common country. Let us, gentlemen of all parties, in this centennial year, indeed have a jubilee of freedom. We divide with you the glories of the Revolution and of the succeeding years of our national life before that unhappy division—that four years' night of gloom and despair—and so we shall divide with you the glories of all the future. Sir, my message is this: There are no Confederates in this House; there are no Confederates anywhere; there are no Confederate schemes, ambitions, hopes, desires, or purposes here. But the South is here, and here she intends to remain. (Enthusiastic applause.) Go on and pass your qualifying acts, trample upon the Constitution you have sworn to support, abnegate the pledges of your

fathers, incite rage upon our people, and multiply your infidelities until they shall be like the stars of heaven or the sands of the seashore, without number; but know this, for all your iniquities the South will never again seek a remedy in the madness of another secession. (Continued applause.) We are here; we are in the house of our fathers, our brothers are our companions, and we are at home to stay, thank God. (Much applause.) We come to gratify no revenges, to retaliate no wrongs, to resent no past insults, to re-open no strife. We come with a patriotic purpose to do whatever in our political power shall lie to restore an honest, economical, and constitutional administration of the government. We come charging upon the Union no wrongs to us. The Union never wronged us. The Union has been an unmixed blessing to every section, to every state, to every man of every color in America. We charge all our wrongs upon that "higher law," fanaticism, that never kept a pledge nor obeyed a law. The South did seek to leave the association of those who, she believed, would not keep fidelity to their covenants; the South sought to go to herself; but, so far from having lost our fidelity for the Constitution which our fathers made, when we sought to go we hugged that Constitution to our bosom and carried it with us. Brave Union men of the North . . . you who fought for the Union for the sake of the Union; you who ceased to fight when the battle ended and the sword was sheathed—we have no quarrel with you, whether Republicans or Democrats. We felt your heavy arm in the carnage of battle; but above the roar of the cannon we heard your voice of kindness, calling: "Brothers, come back!" And we bear witness to you this day that that voice of kindness did more to thin the Confederate ranks and weaken the Confederate arm than did all the artillery employed in the struggle. We are here to co-operate with you; to do whatever we can, in spite of all our sorrows, to rebuild the Union; to restore peace; to be a blessing to the country, and to make the American Union what our fathers intended it to be: the glory of America and a blessing to humanity. But to you, gentlemen, who seek still to continue strife, and who, not satisfied with the sufferings

already endured, the blood already shed, the waste already committed, insist that we shall be treated as criminals and oppressed as victims, only because we defended our convictions—to you we make no concessions. To you who followed up the war after the brave soldiers that fought it had made peace and gone to their homes—to you we have no concession to offer. Martyrs owe no apologies to tyrants. And while we are ready to make every sacrifice for the Union, even secession, however defeated and humbled, will confess no sin to fanaticism, however bigoted and exacting. . . . Sir, we did the Union one great wrong. The Union never wronged the South; but we of the South did the Union one great wrong; and we come, as far as we can to repair it. We wronged the Union grievously when we left it to be seized and rent and torn by the men who had denounced it as "a covenant with hell and a league with the devil.". . .

Woman's Love and Her Revenge and First Kiss of Love

By LORD BYRON

Alas! The Love of woman it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if't is lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone,
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick and crushing; yet as real.
Torture is theirs what they inflict they feel.
Earth hath not a field like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury, like a woman scorned.

. . . . . .

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art:
Though prudes may condemn me,
And bigots reprove I court the effusions
That spring from the heart
Which throbs with delight to the first kiss of love.

Oh! Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?

By Knox

Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.
The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall moulder to dust—and together shall lie.
The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.
The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.
So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withered away to let others succeed;
The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they would also cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.
They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.
'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draft of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
O! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Admonitions to the English Aristocracy

By LORD ERSKINE

Let the aristocracy of England, which trembles so much for itself, take heed to its own security. Let the nobles of England, if they mean to preserve that pre-eminence which, in some shape or other, must enlist in every social community, take care to support it by aiming at that which is creative, and alone creative, of real superiority. Instead of matching themselves to supply wealth, to be again idly squandered in debauching excesses, or to round the quarters of a family shield; instead of continuing their names and honors in cold and alienated embraces, amid the enervating rounds of shallow dissipation, let them live as their fathers of old lived before them. Let them marry as affection and prudence lead the way, and in the ardors of mutual love, and in the simplicities of rural life, let them lay the foundation of a vigorous race of men, firm in their bodies, and moral from early habits; and instead of wasting their fortunes and their strength in tasteless circles of debauchery, let them light up their magnificent and hospitable halls to the gentry and peasantry of the country, extending the consolations of wealth and influence of the poor.

Henry Clay's Farewell to the Senate

From The Ladies Home Journal

Mr. Clay's feelings seemed to overcome him, and he proceeded with deep sensibility and difficult utterances in tones of exquisite tenderness to pay loving tribute to his adopted State, Kentucky, and her people—"I migrated to the State of Kentucky nearly forty-five years ago," he said. "I went there as an orphan who had not yet attained his majority, who had never recognized a father's smile or felt his caress—poor, penniless, without the favor of the great, with an imperfect and inadequate education, limited to the means applicable to such a boy, but scarcely had I set foot upon that generous soil before I was caressed with parental fondness, patronized with bountiful munificence, and I

may add to this that the choicest honors, often unsolicited, have been showered upon me; and when I stood, as it were, in the darkest moments of human existence—abandoned by the world, calumniated by a large portion of my own country-men, she threw around me her impenetrable shield, and bore me aloft in her courageous arms and repelled the poisoned shafts of malignity and calumny aimed for my destruction, and vindicated my good name from every false and unfounded assault." Mr. Clay's allusion to his humble origin and to his obligations to Kentucky moved every heart, and the emotion which checked his speech filled every eye with tears. The scene was indeed pathetic. Mr. Clay's colleagues in the Senate buried their faces on their desks to conceal their emotion, and men and women in the gallery and corridors sobbed.

What is Blasphemy?

By Robert G. Ingersoll

To live on the unpaid labor of other men—that is blasphemy—to enslave your fellow men, to put chains upon his body—that is blasphemy. To enslave the minds of men, to put manacles upon the brains, padlocks upon the lips—that is blasphemy. To deny what you believe to be true, to admit to be true what you believe to be a lie—that is blasphemy. To strike the weak and unprotected, in order that you may gain the applause of the ignorant and superstitious mob—that is blasphemy. To persecute the intelligent few, at the command of the ignorant many—that is blasphemy. To forge chains, to build dungeons, for your honest fellow-men—that is blasphemy. To pollute the souls of children with the dogma of eternal pain—that is blasphemy. To violate your conscience—that is blasphemy. The jury that gives an unjust verdict, and the judge who pronounces an unjust sentence, are blasphemers. The man who bows to public opinion against his better judgment and against his better conviction, is a blasphemer.

Napoleon's Character

By CHARLES PHILLIPS

He is fallen!—We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted.

Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality.

A mind bold, independent, and decisive—a will, despotic in its dictates—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life, in the midst of a revolution, that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity!

With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshiped no God but ambition, and with an eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate: in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic; and with a paricidal ingratitude, on the ruins of the throne and the tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism.

A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars! . . .

Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril,

and empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitols. . . .

Cradled in the camp, he was to the last hour the darling of the army; and whether in the camp or the cabinet he never forsook a friend or forgot a favor. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him, till affection was useless; and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favorite.

They knew well that if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier, he subsidized every people; to the people he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affection of literature must not be omitted. The jailor of the press, he affected the patronage of letters—the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy—the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, yet he pretended to the protection of learning! . . .

Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A Royalist—A Republican and an Emperor—A Mahometan—A catholic and a patron of the Synagogue—A Subaltern and a Sovereign—A Traitor and a Tyrant—A Christian and an Infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious incomprehensible self—the man without a model, and without a shadow.

His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell now or why he was awakened from the reverie. . . .

That he has done much evil there is little doubt; that he has been the origin of much good there is just as little. Through

his means, intentional or not, Spain, Portugal, and France have arisen to the blessings of a free constitution; superstition has found her grave in the ruins of the inquisition; and the feudal system, with its whole train of tyrannic satellites, has fled forever. Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him that there is no despotism so stupendous against which they have not a resource; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.

Eulogium to the Great Republic—Daniel Webster's Reply to Hayne

"During the evening, the report spread about Washington that in the morning, Daniel Webster would reply to General Hayne. . . . The Chamber was filled to capacity, and the corridors leading to it were blocked. . . . As Webster finished speaking and sat down, a Southern Senator passed over to him and said: "Mr. Webster, I think you had better die now and rest your fame on that speech." Hayne, who heard the remark, said to Webster: "You ought not to die. A man who can make such speeches as that ought never to die."

Webster said: "The elogium pronounced on the State of South Carolina, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears—does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his suffering, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose

it is in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright, as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir, increased gratification and delight, rather, I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down. . . . Let me remind you that in early times, no states cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return. Shoulder to shoulder they went through the revolution, hand in hand they stood around the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it ever existed, alienation, and distrust are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seed of which that great arm never scattered. Mr. President, I shall enter upon no enconium of Massachusetts, she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history, the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. The bones of her sons fallen in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives in the strength of its manhood and full of the original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, if folly and madness shall succeed in separating it from the Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever vigor it may retain over the friends who gather around it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin. I profess, sir, in my career, hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of the whole Federal Union. It is to that Union that we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and

dignity abroad. It is to that Union we are chiefly indebted to whatever makes us most proud of our country.

That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. Although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain, of national, social, and personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might be hidden in the dark recesses behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the vail. God grant that in my day at least that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall for the last time turn to behold the sun in the heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil fueds, or drenched, it may be in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in its original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those words of delusion and folly as "Liberty first and Union afterwards"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as

they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

Defence of John Brown Follower

By DANIEL W. VOORHEES

With the permission of the Court—Gentlemen of the Jury: The place I occupy in standing before you at this time is one clothed with a responsibility as weighty and as delicate as was ever assigned to an advocate in behalf of an unfortunate fellow-man. No language that I can employ could give any additional force to the circumstances by which I am surrounded, and which press so heavily on the public mind as well as on my own. I come, too, as a stranger to each one of you. . . . Gentlemen, I am here on behalf of this pale-faced, fair-haired wanderer from his home and the paths of duty, to talk to you about legal technicalities of law born of laborious analysis by the sight of the midnight lamp. I place him before you on no such ground. He is in the hand of friends who abhor the conduct of which he has been guilty. But does that fact debar him of human sympathy? Does the simple act smite the erring brother with the leprosy which forbids the touch of the hand of affection? Is his voice of repentance and appeal for forgiveness stifled in his mouth? For my client I avow every sympathy. Fallen and undone; broken and ruined as he is by the fall, yet from the depths of the fearful chasm in which he lies, I hear the common call which the wretched make for sympathy more clearly than if it issued from the loftiest pyramid of wealth and power. Let us come near to each other and have a proper understanding. I am laboring with you for an object. I think I know something of the human heart and of the leading attributes of which it is governed throughout the world. You have seen John Brown, the leader. Now look on John Cook, the follower. Never did I plead for a face that I was more willing to show. If evil is there, I have not seen it. If murder is there, I am to learn to mark the lines of the murderer

anew. If the assassin is in that young face, then commend me to the look of an assassin. No, gentlemen, it is a face for a mother to love, and a sister to idolize, and in which the natural goodness of his heart pleads trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation that estranged him from home and its principles. A crime without a motive cannot exist. Was it the motive of bloodshed? His character forbids the thought. Let me appeal to you, gentlemen of the jury, in the name of eternal truth and everlasting justice, is nothing to be forgiven to youth, to inexperience, to a gentle, kind heart, to a wayward, peculiar, though not vicious character. Gentlemen, you have this case. I surrender to your minds the issues of life and death. As long as you live, a more important case than this you will never be called to try. Shall I go home and say that in justice you remembered not mercy to him? Leave the door of clemency open; do not shut it by a wholesale conviction. Remember that life is an awful and a sacred thing; remember that death is terrible—terrible at any time, and in any form. . . .

God spare this boy, and those who love him, from such a scene of woe. I part from you now, and most likely forever. When we next meet—when I next look upon your faces and you on mine—it will be in that land and before that Tribunal where the only plea that will save you or I from a worse fate than awaits the prisoner, will be mercy.

"Parson" Vincent's Amusing Story How He Played Doctor

By FLETCHER VINCENT

Mr. Vincent, who was a great wit and fun-maker in his day, was nick-named for one of his pranks, "The Parson." He says he was visiting away from home before the civil war, and a man said to him, "It is a terrible pity about that poor girl on the hill there." Mr. Vincent said, "What is the matter with her?" "Oh!" said the man, "the doctor says she cannot live but a few days." Now, Mr. Vincent had little faith in the treatments given by doctors in that day—such as bleeding and large doses of

poisonous medicines. And he lived long enough to have little faith in the medical doses—serums and vaccinations of the modern doctor. But to continue the story Mr. Vincent said to his companion, "I would like to see that poor girl, so I want you to go up to her home and I will take these saddle-pockets and you introduce me as Doctor Vincent." So they went up and were ushered into the sick room. Mr. Vincent's companion said, "This is Doctor Vincent—he has come to cure Katie." Her father exclaimed, "Oh! the doctor says she cannot live long," and then lifting his arms towards heaven he exclaimed in a loud voice, "Look to the Lord, Katie—Look to the Lord, Katie." A fine tonic that was for a dying girl. Dr. Vincent broke out, "Get out of here? "Get out of here you old fool, she is not going to die." He felt her pulse and asked what medicine her doctor was giving her. When he saw it he said, "Yes, calomel and jollup—enough to kill an elephant." He said he saw the poor girl was in a filthy bed and her hair was all matted, so he ordered a clean bed and clean sheets and a nice bath for Katie. Then he ordered the medicine to be thrown in the fire and no more given her, and a complete fast for a week—nothing but hot water. The next morning Katie was better, and each day improved, until in a week she was up and well. Her recovery was heralded about to such an extent that it gave "Dr. Vincent" great fame, and he was sent for from far and wide, but not being a doctor and having no license to practice, he feared prosecution, so he made haste to get out of the community. And to this day his fame remaineth.

The Laugh of a Child

By Robert G. Ingersoll

The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with hand of fire, O weird musician! thy harp strung with Apolo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until the silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering midst the vine-clad hills:

but know, your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy. O rippling river of laughter! thou art the blessed boundary line between the beast and men; and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful field of care. O Laughter! rose-lipped daughter of Joy, make dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

Lincoln in His Great Debates With Judge Douglas

By W. E. CURTIS

His debates with Douglas was a gladitorial combat between oratorical Titans. It had no precedent and has not been repeated. His speech at Cooper Institute, as an example of political reasoning, made him pre-eminent upon what the Americans call the "stump." His historical analysis, concise statement, faultless logic, and irresistible conclusions made it a model which has been studied and imitated by campaign speakers ever since its delivery. The brief oration at Gettysburg, covering only thirty lines of print, ranks with the noblest utterances of human lips. No orator of ancient or modern times produced purer rhetoric, more, beautiful sentiment, or more elegant diction. . . .

His style was so simple, his language so unstudied and terse, his illustrations so quaint and apt, his reasoning so concise and compact that his critics asked themselves, "What manner of man is this lawyer from the West who has set forth these truths as we have never heard them before?" When he spoke he was transformed; his eye kindled, his voice rang, his face shone and seemed to light up the whole assembly. For an hour and a half he held the whole of his audience in the hollow of his hand.

Those who were present say that in reply to Judge Douglas at first he spoke slowly, cautiously, and in a monotone, but gradually his words grew in force and intensity until he swept the discordant souls of the assembly together and his hearers "arose from their chairs with pale faces and quivering lips and pressed unconsciously towards him." His influence was irresistible. Even

the trained reporters, accustomed to witness the most touching and impressive scenes with indifference of their profession, dropped their pencils, and what was perhaps the greatest speech of Lincoln's entire career was unreported. . . . "Judge Douglas charges me with being in favor of negro equality, and to the extent that he charges I am not guilty. I am guilty of hating servitude and loving freedom; and while I would not carry the equality of the races to the extent charged by my adversary, I am happy to confess before you that in some things the black man is the equal of the white man. In the right to eat the bread his own hands have earned he is the equal of Judge Douglas or any other living man.". . . .

"I have lived fifty years and I never have had a Negro woman for a slave or for a wife. There are enough Negro men in the country to marry all the Negro women and there are white men enough to marry all the white women and in God's name let it be that way."

"Judge Douglas frequently, with bitter irony and sarcasm, paraphrases our argument by saying, 'The white people of Nebraska are good enough to govern themselves, but they are not good enough to govern a few miserable Negroes.' Well I doubt not that the people of Nebraska are and will continue to be as good as the average of people elsewhere. I do not say to the contrary. What I do say is that no man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent.

"When Lincoln spoke the last sentence he had lifted himself to his full height, and as he reached his hands towards the stars on that still night, then and there fell from his lips one of the most sublime expressions of American statesmanship. The effect was grand, the cheers tremendous.". . .

When Mr. Lincoln replied, on the following day, he took notice of Douglas's hard words in this way:

"I am informed that my distinguished friend yesterday became a little excited, nervous (?) perhaps, and that he said something about fighting, as though looking to a personal encounter between himself and me. Did anybody in this audience hear him

use such language. ('Yes, yes.') I am informed, further, that somebody in his audience, rather more excited or nervous than himself, took off his coat and offered to take the job off Judge Douglas's hands and fight Lincoln himself. Did anybody here witness that warlike proceeding? (Laughter and cries of 'Yes.') Well, I merely desire to say that I shall fight neither Judge Douglas nor his second. I shall not do this for two reasons, which I will explain. In the first place, a fight would prove nothing which is in issue in this election. It might establish that Judge Douglas is a more muscular man than myself, or it might show that I am a more muscular man than Judge Douglas; but that subject is not referred to in the Cincinnati platform, nor in either of the Springfield platforms. Neither result would prove him right nor me wrong. And so of the gentleman who offered to do his fighting for him. If my fighting Judge Douglas would not prove anything, it would certainly prove nothing for me to fight his bottle-holder. My second reason for not having a personal encounter with Judge Douglas is that I don't believe he wants it himself. He and I are about the best friends in the world, and when we get together he would no more think of fighting me than of fighting his wife.

Not Satisfied With the World as It Now Is

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

It is impossible for any man with a good heart to be satisfied with this world as it now is. No one can truly enjoy even what he earns—what he knows to be his own—knowing that millions of his fellowmen are in misery and want. When we think of the famished we feel that it is almost heartless to eat. To meet the ragged and shivering makes one almost ashamed to be well dressed and warm—one feels as though his heart were as cold as their bodies.

In a world filled with millions and millions of acres of land waiting to be tilled, where one man can raise the food for hun-

dreds, millions are on the edge of famine. Who can comprehend the stupidity at the bottom of this truth?

Is there to be no change? Is "the law of supply and demand," invention and science, monopoly and competition, capital and legislation always to be the enemies of those who toil?

Will the workers always be ignorant enough and stupid enough to give their earnings for the useless? Will they support millions of soldiers to kill the sons of other working men? Will they always build temples for ghosts and phantoms, and live in huts and dens themselves? Will they forever allow parasites with crowns, and vampires with mitres, to live upon their blood? Will they remain the slaves of the beggars they support? How long will they be controlled by friends who seek favors, and by reformers who want office? Will they always prefer famine in the city to a feast in the fields? Will they ever feel and know that they have no right to bring children into this world that they cannot support? Will they use their intelligence for themselves, or for others? Will they become wise enough to know that they cannot obtain their own liberty by destroying that of others? Will they finally see that every man has a right to choose his trade, his profession, his employment, and has the right to work when, and for whom, and for what he will? Will they finally say that the man who has had equal privileges with all others has no right to complain, or will they follow the example that has been set by their oppressors? Will they learn that force, to succeed, must have a thought behind it, and that anything done, in order that it may endure, must rest upon the corner-stone of justice?

Will they, at the command of priests, forever extinguish the spark that sheds a little light in every brain? Will they ever recognize the fact that labor, above all things, is honorable—that it is the foundation of virtue? Will they understand that beggars cannot be generous, and that every healthy man must earn the right to live? Will honest men stop taking off their hats to successful fraud? Will industry, in the presence of crowned idleness, forever fall upon its knees, and will the lips unstained by lies forever kiss the robed impostor's hand?

A Kind and Just Word for the Jewish Race

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

When I was a child, I was taught that the Jews were an exceedingly hard-hearted and cruel people, and that they were so destitute of the finer feelings that they had a little while before that time crucified the only perfect man who had appeared upon the earth; that this perfect man was also perfect God, and that the Jews had really stained their hands with the blood of the Infinite.

When I got somewhat older, I found that nearly all people had been guilty of substantially the same crime—that is, that they had destroyed the progressive and the thoughtful; that religionists had in all ages been cruel; that the chief priests of all the people had incited the mob, to the end that heretics—that is to say, philosophers—that is to say, men who knew that the chief priests were hypocrites—might be destroyed.

I also found that Christians had committed more of these crimes than all other religionists put together.

I also became acquainted with a large number of Jewish people, and I found them like other people, except that, as a rule, they were more industrious, more temperate, had fewer vagrants among them, no beggars, very few criminals; and in addition to all this, I found that they were intelligent, kind to their wives and children, and that, as a rule, they kept their contracts and paid their debts.

The prejudice was created almost entirely by religious, or rather irreligious, instruction. All children in Christian countries are taught that all the Jews are to be eternally damned who die in the faith of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; that it is not enough to believe in the inspiration of the Old Testament—not enough to obey the Ten Commandments—not enough to believe the miracles performed in the days of the prophets, but that every Jew must accept the New Testament and must be a believer in Christianity —that is to say, he must be regenerated—or he will simply be eternal kindling wood. . . .

My opinion is that in the early days of Christianity all sensible Jews were witnesses against the faith, and in this way excited the hostility of the orthodox. Every sensible Jew knew that no miracles had been performed in Jerusalem. They all knew that the sun had not been darkened, that the graves had not given up their dead, that the veil of the temple had not been rent in twain —and they told what they knew. They were then denounced as the most infamous of human beings, and this hatred has pursued them from that day to this.

There is no other chapter in history so infamous, so bloody, so cruel, so relentless, as the chapter in which is told the manner in which Christians—those who love their enemies—have treated the Jewish people. This story is enough to bring the blush of shame to the cheek, and the words of indignation to the lips of every honest man.

Nothing can be more unjust than to generalize about nationalities, and to speak of a race as worthless or vicious, simply because you have met an individual who treated you unjustly. There are good people and bad people in all races, and the individual is not responsible for the crimes of the nation, or the nation responsible for the actions of the few. Good men and honest men are found in every faith, and they are not honest or dishonest because they are Jews or Gentiles, but for entirely different reasons.

Some of the best people I have ever known are Jews, and some of the worst people I have known are Christians. The Christians were not bad simply because they were Christians, neither were the Jews good because they were Jews. A man is far above these badges of faith and race. Good Jews are precisely the same as good Christians, and bad Christians are wonderfully like bad Jews.

Personally, I have either no prejudice about religion, or I have equal prejudice against all religions. The consequence is that I judge of people not by their creeds, not by their rites, not by their mummeries, but by their actions. . . .

In the meantime, the world will go on in its blundering way, and I shall know and feel that everybody does as he must, and that the Christian, to the extent that he is prejudiced, is prejudiced by reason of his ignorance, and that consequently the greater lever with which to raise all mankind into the sunshine of philosophy, is intelligence.

Eight Hours of Labor Enough

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

The working people should be protected by law; if they are not, the capitalists will require just as many hours as human nature can bear. We have seen here in America street-car drivers working sixteen and seventeen hours a day. It was necessary to have a strike in order to get to fourteen, another strike to get to twelve, and nobody could blame them for keeping on striking till they get to eight hours.

For a man to get up before daylight and work till after dark, life is of no particular importance. He simply earns enough one day to prepare himself to work another. His whole life is spent in want and toil, and such a life is without value.

Of course, I cannot say that the present effort is going to succeed—all I can say is that I hope it will. I cannot see how any man who does nothing—who lives in idleness—can insist that others should work ten or twelve hours a day. Neither can I see how a man who lives on the luxuries of life can find it in his heart, or in his stomach, to say that the poor ought to be satisfied with the crusts and crumbs they get.

I believe there is to be a revolution in the relations between labor and capital. The laboring people a few generations ago were not very intellectual. . . .

The free school in this country has tended to put men on an equality, and the mechanic understands his side of the case, and is able to express his views. Under these circumstances there must be a revolution. That is to say, the relations between capital and labor must be changed, and the time must come when they

who do the work—they who make the money—will insist on having some of the profits. . . .

The laboring man, however, ought to remember that all who labor are their brothers, and that all women who labor are their sisters, and whenever one class of workingmen or workingwomen is oppressed all other laborers ought to stand by the oppressed class. Probably the worst paid people in the world are the workingwomen. Think of the sewing women in this city—and yet we call ourselves civilized! I would like to see all working people unite for the purpose of demanding justice, not only for men, but for women.

All my sympathies are on the side of those who toil—of those who produce the real wealth of the world—of those who carry the burdens of mankind.

Any man who wishes to force his brother to work—to toil—more than eight hours a day is not a civilized man.

My hope for the workingman has its foundation in the fact that he is growing more and more intelligent. I have also the same hope for the capitalist. The time must come when the capitalist will clearly and plainly see that his interests are identical with those of the laboring man. He will finally become intelligent enough to know that his prosperity depends on the prosperity of those who labor. When both become intelligent the matter will be settled.

Neither labor nor capital should resort to force.

The American People Demand a Great Man for President

Description of Ingersoll's Speech—By the Press

"Ingersoll moved out from the obscure corner and advanced to the central stage. As he walked forward the thundering cheers, sustained and swelling, never ceased. As he reached the platform they took on an increased volume of sound, and for ten minutes the surging fury of acclamation, the wild waving of fans, hats, and handkerchiefs transformed the scene from one of deliberation to that of a bedlam of rapturous delirium. Ingersoll waited with unimpaired serenity, until he should get a chance to be heard. . . .

And then began an appeal, impassioned, artful, brilliant, and persuasive. . . .

Possessed of a fine figure, a face of winning, cordial frankness, Ingersoll had half won his audience before he spoke a word. It is the attestation of every man that heard him, that so brilliant a master stroke was never uttered before a political convention. Its effect was indescribable. The coolest-headed in the hall were stirred to the wildest expression. The adversaries of Blaine, as well as his friends, listened with unswerving, absorbed attention. Curtis sat spell-bound, his eyes and mouth wide open, his figure moving in unison to the tremendous periods that fell in a measured, exquisitely graduated flow from the Illinoisan's smiling lips. The matchless method and manner of the man can never be imagined from the report in type. To realize the prodigious force, the inexpressible power, the irrestrainable fervor of the audience requires actual sight.

Words can do but meagre justice to the Wizard power of this extraordinary man. He swayed and moved and impelled and restrained and worked in all ways with the mass before him as if he possessed some key to the innermost mechanism that moves the human heart, and when he finished, his fine, frank face as calm as when he began, the over-wrought thousands sank back in an exhaustion of unspeakable wonder and delight."

"The Republicans of the United States demand as their leader in the great contest of 1876 a man of intelligence, a man of integrity, a man of well-known and approved political opinions. They demand a statesman; they demand a reformer after as well as before the election. They demand a politician in the highest, broadest and best sense—a man of superb moral courage. They demand a man acquainted with public affairs—with the wants of the people; with not only the requirements of the hour, but with the demands of the future. They demand a man broad enough to comprehend the relations of this Government to the other nations of the earth. They demand a man well versed in the powers, duties and prerogatives of each and every department of this Government. They demand a man who will sacredly preserve the

financial honor of the United States; one who knows enough to know that the national debt must be paid through the prosperity of this people; one who knows enough to know that all the financial theories in the world cannot redeem a single dollar; one who knows enough to know that all the money must be made, not by law, but by labor; one who knows enough to know that the people of the United States have the industry to make the money, and the honor to pay it over just as fast as they make it.

The Republicans of the United States demand a man who knows that prosperity and resumption, when they come, must come together; that when they come, they will come hand in hand through the golden harvest fields; hand in hand by the whirling spindles and the turning wheels; hand in hand past the open furnace doors; hand in hand by the flaming forges; hand in hand by the chimneys filled with eager fire, greeted and grasped by the countless sons of toil.

This money has to be dug out of the earth. You cannot make it by passing resolutions in a political convention.

The Republicans of the United States want a man who knows that this Government should protect every citizen, at home and abroad; who knows that any government that will not defend its defenders, and protect its protectors, is a disgrace to the map of the world. They demand a man who believes in the eternal separation and divorcement of church and school. They demand a man whose political reputation is spotless as a star. . . .

Our country, crowned with the vast and marvelous achievements of its first century, asks for a man worthy of the past, and prophetic of her future; asks for a man who has the audacity of genius; asks for a man who is the grandest combination of heart, conscience and brain beneath her flag. . . .

This is a grand year—a year filled with recollections of the Revolution; filled with proud and tender memories of the past; with the sacred legends of liberty—a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountains of enthusiasm. . . .

James G. Blaine marched down the Halls of the American Congress with his shining lance like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight.

The Man With The Hoe

By Edwin Markham

Bowed with the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?
Is this the Thing the Lord made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land,
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind creed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.
What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look,
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop,
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.
O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,

Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Touch it again with immortality;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream.
Make right the immemorial infamies.
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?
O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion sweep the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shapped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

The 'Possum Story

By Randolph Tucker

There was an old negro who caught a nice, fat 'possum, and he killed it and prepared it for cooking, put it in a pan with sweet potatoes in it, and put it in the stove to cook. While waiting for his 'possum to get cooked he fell asleep and a little "nigger" came in the room, saw the old man asleep, and the 'possum all nice and done. The temptation was too great for him, so he ate the old man's 'possum, potatoes and all. After he had eaten it he became afraid lest the old man would give him a whipping, so he took some of the grease from the bones and he greased the old man's lips and his hands and slipped out. Then the old man wakes up. The first thing he thinks of is his 'possum, so he opens the stove—but the 'possum is gone. He sees the bones on the table and he licks his lips and his hands, and he says to himself, "Well, I suppose I must have eaten that 'possum, but 'fore God, if I did, it certainly lays lighter on my stomach than any other 'possum I ever ate."

Idleness

By VICTOR HUGO

"Jean Valjean (ex-convict) You are strong and healthy why do you not work?"

Answer—it is a bore. What is your trade? Idler—speak seriously. Can anything be done for you? What do you wish to be? A robber.—Jean Valjean—"My boy, you are entering by sloth into the most laborious of existences. Ah! you declare yourself an idler, then prepare yourself for labor. Have you ever seen a formidable machine which is called a flatting press? You must be on your guard against it, for it is a crafty and ferocious thing, and if it catch you by the skirt or the coat it drags you under it entirely. This machine is indolence. Stop while there is yet time, and save yourself, otherwise it is all over with you, and ere long you will be among the cog-wheels. Once caught, hope for nothing more. You will be forced to fatigue yourself, idler, and no rest will be allowed you, for the iron hand of implacable toil has seized you. You refuse to earn your livelihood, have a calling, and accomplish a duty: it bores you to be like the rest: Well you will be different. Labor is the law, and whoever repulses it as a bore must have it as a punishment. You do not wish to be a laborer, and you will be a slave: toil only lets you loose on one side to seize you again on the other; you do not wish to be its friend, and you will be its negro. Ah, you did not care for the honest fatigue of men and you are about to know the sweat of the damned; while others sing you will groan, you will see other men working in the distance, and they will seem to you to be resting. The laborer, the reaper, the sailor, the blacksmiht, will appear to you in the light, like the blessed inmates of a paradise. What a radiance there is in the anvil! What joy it is to guide the plow, and boat! But you, idler, will have to dig and drag, and roll and walk! Pull at your halter, for you are a beast of burden in the service of hell! So you desire to do nothing? without will, you will not be able to lift anything without agony, and every passing minute, you make your muscles crack. What

is a feather for others will be a rock for you, and the most simple thing will grow scraped. Life will become a monster around you, and coming and going, breathing, will be so many terrible tasks for you. Your lungs will produce in you the effect of a hundred pound weight, and going there sooner than here will be a problem to solve. Any man who wishes to go out merely opens his door and finds himself in the street, but if you wish to go out you must pierce through a wall. What do honest men do to reach the street? They go down stairs; but you will tear up your sheet, make a cord of them fibre by fibre then pass through your window and hang by this thread over an abyss, and it will take place at night, in the storm, the rain, or the hurricane, and if the cord be too short you will have but one way of descending, by falling hap-hazard into the gulf, and from any height, and on what? On some unknown thing beneath. Woe to the man who wishes to be a parasite, for he will be a vermin!

Ah my boy, you are on the wrong road, and indolence is a bad adviser, for robbery is the hardest of labors. Take my advice and do not undertake the laborious task of being an idler.

The Ecstasy of True Love—Rich Man Marries Poor Girl

By Bernarr Macfadden

Bud Stillman, born to great wealth, and Lena Wilson, his humbly reared bride of the Canadian backwoods, are on a thrilling honey-moon that should be the open door to a glorious married life.

These two are active participants in the revolt of youth.

They help prove to skeptics that there really is a revolt going on.

But the revolt is not what the dreary pessimists think it is—an armed uprising against the good and the beautiful things of life.

It IS a protest against sham, hypocrisy and ugliness.

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In picking as his wife a sturdy, vibrantly alive woman of the

healthy outdoors, young Stillman violated all traditions of the social set.

The "proper" thing would have been a marriage to a girl of his own financial status. There should have been an impressive ceremony in a gorgeous church, attended by all the wealth and aristocracy of the city.

What happened after the wedding would not have mattered to the rest of the world.

If husband and wife proved totally unsuited one to the other, and later sought solace in love elsewhere, that would have been quite the natural order of things.

If divorce and a shattered home came, that would have been quite usual. Nobody would have been shocked or surprised.

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Wise Bud had seen too much of that sort of thing already.

His own parents had furnished as strong an object lesson as any boy needed.

He had seen his father and his mother drag each other's name through the scorching flames of publicity. He knew of his father's ultra-intimate relationships with Flo Leeds.

Bud figured that that was the WRONG way to make life worth while, and he set about finding the RIGHT WAY.

So, regardless of social custom or of anything except the appeal of vibrant youth to vibrant youth, he became engaged and married to obscure, unknown Lena Wilson, a maid of the wood camps.

That was Bud's revolt, a revolt against the stupid fashion of marrying some one financially or socially "eligible," regardless of physical attraction or the powerful lure of personality.

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Everywhere youth is in revolt. Even in royal circles abroad men and women are marrying whom they please.

Prince Carol, once heir to the Rumanian throne, shot away his chance for a crown by marrying a woman from among the ordinary run of folks.

The virile young prince knew that there was something wrong with too much blue blood. And he was right, because *blue blood is the thin blood of anemic feebleness.*

There has been considerable speculation concerning the reason for the Prince of Wales' continued failure to marry.

Chances are that this sturdy young bachelor is equally determined not to marry until he can marry a girl for whom his heart can beat with the ardor and passion of true affection.

It would not be surprising to see him break down the walls of silly tradition to find a bride outside the ranks of sovereignty.

It would be a good thing for the world, and especially for royalty if he did.

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There is no title of nobility equal to that of abounding health.

There is no monarch so happy as the man who shares his joys and accomplishments with his true mate, no matter how humble their station. The wholesome revolt of youth is to secure these prizes because youth realizes the truth of what Victor Hugo said: *"Life is a flower of which love is the honey."*

Prize Fighting is a Brutal Sport

By BERNARR MACFADDEN

The "good" fighter is a man with the smallest amount of human feeling in his breast when he is in the ring.

He subordinates everything to the lust for victory.

He must possess what is called the killer instinct.

He must batter a helpless foe into complete submission, until there is not a flicker of consciousness left in a bleeding hulk of humanity.

Yet such is the lure of the prize ring that hundreds of thousands of men and women gladly pay large sums of money for the privilege of witnessing championship bouts.

So intense is their desire to attend such functions that fight promoters are able to command tremendous price for seats.

Fighters are paid salaries that put in the shade the rewards given for any other form of activity.

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Amounts that run into the hundreds of thousands of dollars are handed out to gentlemen whose intelligence sometimes rates but little above that of an ordinarily bright child of ten or twelve.

In the meantime, the world's greatest thinker might find it hard to earn a bare living.

A man with a great invention might be starving to death in a garret.

A great artist might be walking the streets with no one to pay any attention to works of immortal beauty.

A brutal slugger can often command greater financial reward than a brilliant statesman or outstanding benefactor of humanity.

An obscure nurse will sacrifice her very life to save the lives of her suffering sick people for $40 a month while near by a man-brute will be drawing a check for $500,000 for having smashed a rival to the floor.

You would think that in this "civilized" land there would be more interest in knocking out poverty and disease than there is in knocking out a brawny brute of a man.

You would think that people would be more ready to spend $2,000,000 or $3,000,000 for flooring dirty politics than for seeing a bruiser toppled off his feet.

But such is not the case. And while it is a matter of great persuasion to raise funds for the relief of flood sufferers, for the carrying on of Boy Scout or Y. M. C. A. work, it is no job at all to get thousands of easy marks to produce $25 to $225 each in hope that they'll see one swift punch land in a vital spot.

The reason for this goes back to the primitive days of our race.

It is an instinct that is a relic of savage fights for life in primeval forests.

Then every man's life depended upon his ability to hit first and

hardest and upon a merciless disregard of human life or human suffering.

In that brutish era, if a man wanted a wife, he went wooing with a club. If the fair maiden was reluctant to go with him a tap on her head settled the argument.

When men and women attend prize fights today they are answering the call of that other and heartless period of the human history.

Instead of going out to mash a rival to death with a rock or a flint hatchet, they go to a prize fight and watch two rivals pummel each other with padded mitts.

Instead of fighting their own physical battles they let Jack Dempsey, Jack Sharkey, Gene Tunney, and other ring artists do their fighting for them.

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The Pestilence of Fanaticism

By SENATOR JAMES A. REED

The present-day reformer supplants the ancient and foolish doctrine, "Everything that is, is right," with the still more foolish doctrine, "Everything that is, is wrong." In a world which an intelligent and patriotic ancestry lovingly handed over to us in a reasonably well-ordered condition he runs amok. Our inherited liberties, guaranteed by a Constitution and code of laws, together forming a homogenous system, are recklessly attacked until the whole structure is seriously imperiled.

The modern reformer insists upon substituting statutory commands for ethical precepts and official surveillance for the restraints of morality. He undertakes to force the acceptance of his peculiar doctrines by penalty of fine and imprisonment. The old and true concept of freedom embraced the right of the citizen to choose his own religion, think his own thoughts, indulge his own habits and live his own life without interference by the state, save that he should not trespass upon the rights of others. For this condition of personal freedom and responsibility the reformer proposes to substitute legal regulations which, like a web of steel, shall encompass the citizen from birth to death. Man will live and die the slave of the majority which enacts the laws.

Natural rights may be as effectively destroyed by the laws of a republic as by the decrees of a despot. The doctrine that the world can be made virtuous and happy by substituting for the natural right of choice, with responsiblity, the prohibitions and regulations of law, is as old as human tyranny. It has been resorted to in every age and has uniformly failed. It established the Inquisition and equipped it with instruments of torure. It forbade freedom of thought, of speech and of the press. It compulled men to embrace certain creeds upon pain of death, ordered people to attend particular churches or suffer barbaric penalties. It imprisoned, tortured or put to death all who did not accept every word of the Old and New Testament exactly as defined by the exegetes of the dominant hierarchy. It regulated the habits

of the people in the minutest detail. It punished a blasphemer with death. And occasionally, as every schoolboy knows, it burned a witch.

The modern intolerant differs from his ancinet prototype only in degree. Alike they have resorted to the logic of brute force. In the past, the penalty was pillory and scaffold; today it is fine and imprisonment. Legal restrictions are to take the place of ethical instruction, parental precepts and enlightened reasoning. The statutory reformer nominates himself as doctor-general of public morals and insists that all mankind shall swallow his physic or go to jail.

Let it be admitted that this statutory moralist is generally honest and in earnest. Unfortunately, honesty of opinion and earnestness of purpose are only too frequently accompanied by gross ignorance. Zeal, honesty and ignorance in combination always produce intolerance, and intolerance increases to fanaticism, eager to destroy all the natural liberties of men if thereby the zealots' ends may be gained. Regardless of the university degrees he has attained, the fanatic is invariably ignorant. Tolerance is the offspring of intelligence. The intelligent man knows he may be mistaken. The ignorant man is certain he is right. Give me the radius of a man's intelligence and I will describe the circumference of his tolerance.

Regardless of divergent creeds and cults, modern reformers all agree:

1. That our plan of government has not worked with perfection and that therefore the *plan* ought to be destroyed;

2. That all who oppose them are "in league with hell and have made a covenant with death";

3. That they possess an infallible specific which every human being should be by law compelled to swallow, and that, thereupon, evil will disappear, sorrow will cease, men and women will be transformed into statutory angels, and "everything will be lovely and the goose hang high"—particularly if the reformer succeeds somehow or other in grabbing a lucrative job.

Accordingly, the agitation begins, proselyting proceeds, the morons are mustered, the chautauquas chautalk, and the club-women weep. All the while numerous hired males and females, masquerading as disinterested representatives of morals, pull the strings and gather in the shekels. The political candidate, observing the gathering storm, promptly trims his little sail to catch the wind and scuds before it for the port of office. Commonly, he pledges himself in advance. Wherefore, he arrives in Washington hog-tied beyond squealing. And so we have had an array of reforms based upon the kind of reasoning I have described. Examine, if you please, the foregoing articles of the reformer's creed.

Of course, no plan of government ever has been or ever will be absolutely perfect; even if perfect, its administration would necessarily be faulty. Intelligent persons know that in this latter fact is lodged nearly all the difficulties attendant upon governmental activities. Defective administration is inseparable from the frailty, dishonesty and ignorance of human agents. What is needed is better execution of the law, not the destruction of the governmental plan. Clearly, the new-hatched schemes must be enforced by men as inefficient or as corrupt as those embarrassing the present system. Accordingly, thoughtful and patriotic men agree that no principle of our government should be abandoned or changed, except for grave reasons, and then only when there is approximate certainty that the proposed substitute will not only remedy the evils that now exist but will not bring worse and greater ones in its wake.

These considerations, however, do not appeal to the modern reformer. Like the patent-medicine quack he proclaims himself the master of human ills and drives straight on. All too often the public is convinced. More frequently an active and organized minority is converted, and timorous congressmen, although unconvinced, hunt cover. Thus, half-baked schemes, commonly promoted by intolerants, mountebanks and dreamers, are put upon the nation. And before the great, good-natured public is aware, it has been placed in leading strings, its rights circumscribed and

its natural privileges abolished. More appalling is the fact that little by little the great edifice erected by the toil and wisdom of the past is being defaced and its very foundations undermined. . .

The statutory reformer has a single and invariable method of procedure. He magnifies the wickedness and sufferings of mankind and attributes them all to the object of his special malediction. Witness the Prohibition propaganda. Its literature blazed with assertions that all vice, crime, poverty, and human agony were directly chargeable to the Rum Fiend. He was the devil incarnate who produced virginal incontinence, martial infelicity, theft, arson, rape, robbery and murder. His remorseless hands, holding the white throat of innocence in an iron grasp, were dragging myriads of unfortunates to untimely graves and condemning them to the fires of an endless perdition. He it was who filled the jails and penitentiaries with pitiable creatures who otherwise would have stood resplendent as pillars of the state and ornaments of society.

The reformer cried aloud: "Amend the Constitution, pass the Volstead staute and in the twinkling of an eye evil will vanish! Close the saloons and the jails will empty themselves; cries of poverty will be turned to songs of joy; childish wailings to melodious laughter; drunken blows to fond caresses; and hatred be transmuted into tenderest love. Highwaymen will give up their bludgeons and become ministers of justice. Thieves will no longer 'break through and steal'!"

The legal revolution occurred, but the moral miracle did not come off according to schedule. Men still go philandering, and sometimes maidens listen to their amorous wooings. The fashionable swain, bottle on hip, is received in polite society. He presses his flask to the lips of a girl whose pre-Volstead mother would have scorned a boy with liquor-tainted breath. The fires were put out in the furnaces of the distilleries and breweries, but were lighted under ten thousand illict stills. Moonshining became a profitable trade, bootlegging a dignified profession, rum-running a romantic calling. An army recruited from elevator boys, taxi drivers, bell hops, soda fountain girls—every occupational class

from hodcarriers to church sextons—is engaged in the retail traffic. Colored gentlemen drive Pierce Arrows and dusky maidens sport the furs of the arctics. Drugstores are liquor emporiums, ready supplied with prescriptions sold by physicians at the rate of $300 a book, containing one hundred blanks.

And who, pray, are the customers? The answer is everybody who wants a drink and that "everybody" embraces hundreds of thousands of women in homes from which, prior to the Reformation, liquor was banned and barred. Other thousands are boys who, under the old régime, would have understood that their safety depended upon the exercise of self-restraint, but who now seem to rely upon the law for protection, and yet regard the breaking of the law as a pastime, and guzzling liquor from a hip flask as an enviable prank. A vast multitude of men who formerly reverence the law now deliberately and avidly conspire for its breach. The leprosy of hypocrisy has become epidemic. Half-drunken legislators enact dry laws and celebrate the achievement in moonshine. Judges sometimes (let us hope rarely) impose merciless sentences and anæsthetize their human sensibilities in bootleg. Police officers, sheriffs, constables, and bailiffs, their breaths reeking with rot-gut, drag to jail an occasional victim selected as a sacrifice to public clamor. But not one out of a thousand violators is ever arrested or prosecuted. Meanwhile the Prohibition force revels in blackmail, subornation, venal immunities, treachery, fraud and crime promotion, revolting practices inseparable from the spy system. Tyrannous acts are of hourly occurrence. In violation of the Constitution, the homes, the business houses, baggage, vehicles, and persons of citizens are indiscriminately seized and searched. In 1924, in a single judicial district, more than eight hundred out of one thousand searches were illegally made. But all the while the great tide of traffic proceeds.

Now comes the most inhuman product of Prohibition: the Poison Squad. Its business is to poison the alcohol turned over to the industries under the name "denatured." The Prohibition Unit knows that one gallon out of every ten of the diabolic con-

coction is diverted from industry and drunk by the people. The chemist of the Bureau of Internal Revenue recently testified that according to his best estimate in the year 1924, 6,000,000 gallons of denatured alcohol were used as a beverage. He asserted that many of the substances used in denaturing were deadly poisons, that the lethal nature of the concoction can be so concealed as to deceive the unsuspecting victim who drinks it. He admitted that sometimes the denatured product is sold without any attempt to remove its fatal properties. In any event, small portions of the poison remain and are gravely injurious to the health. The Prohibition Unit knows it has killed or injured thousands of persons. It persists in and seemingly enjoys the infamous practice.

Once the distiller turned out pure whiskey. Against its use the clamorous tongue of protest was raised and it was outlawed. The distiller now makes pure alcohol. The Prohibition Unit transforms 60,000,000 gallons of it into coffin varnish each year, knowing that 6,000,000 gallons will reach the stomachs of human beings. That extinct animal, the "respectable saloon-keeper," was denounced for selling rot-gut, but not even Wheeler ever accused him of deliberately and maliciously putting into his whisky barrels such death-dealing toxins as strychnine, wood alcohol, formaldehyde, carbolic acid or mercury, all of which are employed by the Prohibition Unit. The vilest of saloon whisky could be swilled by the habitué for years. The Poison Squad compounds a potion which kills its unsuspecting victim within a few moments. One could drink gallons of the old stuff and survive. A single dose of Dr. Wheeler's Chemical Compound has produced blindness and death in fifteen minutes. The old stuff acted slowly and hence its user had time and opportunity to reform. Dr. Wheeler kills 'em quick.

When the old-fashioned drunkard, at the end of years of hilarity, laid him down to a peaceful death or made a jovial exit astride a purple dipsosaurus or some other animal of the alcoholic menagerie, the Anti-Saloon League gathered around his coffin and wept for a good man gone wrong. Today when an upright cit-

izen gets a dose of Wheeler's Ready Relief and is sent to the eternal bar of Judgment without time for repentance or benefit of clergy, the same crowd chuckle and declare: "It served him right. *He broke our law.*" But be it remembered that each time the old-fashioned drunkard accumulated a jag he also broke the law. Nevertheless, for him there were "sorrows, plenteous tears," while for the victim stricken blind or writhing in the convulsions of poison unwittingly taken, there are only ribald and contemptuous jeers.

The women having been rescued from "the slavery imposed by brutal husbands, fathers, and brothers," what more natural than to start rescuing the babies from "their unnatural mothers?" He who listened to the clamorous tongues of the advocates of the Baby Control bill was astounded to learn that nearly all mothers were ignorant, incompetent or vicious, and that babies were generally grossly mistreated and allowed to die of hardship and neglect. In wonderment he asked how a race, so cruelly mothered, could have not only survived but advanced from barbarism to a high state of civilization.

The remedy proposed by the baby-savers was, of course, statutory. A Washington bureau was created to regulate and reform the motherhood of the land. The humor of the project was accentuated by the fact that the members of the bureau, almost without exception, were spinsters beyond the period of hope, and therefore necessarily devoid of experience in either the pangs or passions of motherhood.

The uplifters contemplated a thorough job. Among other things, they demanded that any woman *enceinte* should be compelled to register the fact at the town hall, to the end that a government snooper might give her a thorough going over and decide whether she really knew how to have a baby. Midwives were to be selected. Rules for the accouchement were to be laid down. Some strange freakishness led to the importation of a Jap to help devise rules for the government of American motherhood!

Shorn of its more monstrous terms, the law was enacted. But —oh, marvelous to report!—women continue to have babies in

much the same old way. Children roll in the dirt, make mud pies, and thrive almost as well as did their troglodytic ancestors. Mothers still cover with kisses the smudgy faces of their offspring, tuck the little forms in at night, and like the mothers of all time, guard them from evil with an infinite and deathless love —a love that can never be supplanted by a government agent, whether a superannuated spinster or a town constable. But what of the Society of Spinsters? It still exists on government bounty, and tells the world how to raise babies!

This by no means concludes the gamut of current reform schemes, some of them half socialistic, some half bolshevistic, some half idiotic—the other half in each case being usually a compound of maudlin sentimentality and a natural desire to nose into the business of others. . . .

Truth to tell, Washington has become the universal Mecca of human freaks. To that city protagonists of vagaries gravitate by all known routes, some by election, some by appointment and some by "divine command." The great majority, however, merely follow noses that itch for the business of others. There they bed and breed. They haunt the corridors of the public buildings, crowd into the offices of congressmen, and insist upon displaying their fantastic and sometimes loathsome wares. Consumed by passion for experimentation, they regard the public corpus as a legitimate subject for ceaseless exploratory operations and clinical vivisection.

To this array of freaks the Constitution is not a bulwark of liberty but a shackle upon progress which they hold in contemptuous disregard. Congress itself is full of men who do not think of the Constitution save as an obstacle to their desires. They study it only to devise some plan for its circumvention. There is no subterfuge they will not employ, no deceit to which they will not resort, if peradventure the limitations imposed by the Constitution may be cheated.

A favorite device is, by a false recital of the real objects of a bill, to bring it apparently under some specific power granted to the federal government. Witness:

The Mann Act which, pretending to be an exercise of authority to regulate commerce between the States, in fact sought to regulate commerce between the sexes.

The penalization of doctors for prescribing beer as a *medicine* under the pretended authority of the amendment prohibiting liquor as a *beverage*.

The attempted prohibition of interstate commerce in the products of child labor on the pretext that the use of such goods was injurious to the public health.

The recent effort of the Nebraska Legislature to forbid the teaching of any other than the English language on the false recital that the child's *morals* would be thereby impaired.

Under another grouping, but even more monstrous, is the proposal by Congress of a constitutional amendment empowering the federal government to pass laws denying to all human beings under eighteen years of age the right to work. Happily, that barbarous and tyrannical proposition is being rapidly rejected by the States. Evidently there is an awakening of the States, if not of Congress.

Will that race of men who for a thousand years have asserted the "right of castle," rejected governmental interference in domestic affairs, proclaimed the right of the free man to regulate his personal habits and to rear and govern his children in accordance with the law of conscience and of love, now become subject to a self-imposed statutory tyranny which from birth to death interferes in the smallest concerns of life? Shall we endure a legal despotism, the equivalent of which would have provoked rebellion amongst the Saxons even when under the Norman heel?

I doubt not these statutory bonds will be eventually broken. The right of the free man to live his own life, limited only by the inhibition of non-infringement upon the rights of others, will again be asserted. But before that day arrives will the splendid symmetry of our governmental structure have been destroyed?

A Beautiful World for the Coming Years

By H. G. WELLS

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There can be little question that the attainment of a federation of all humanity, together with a sufficient measure of social justice, to ensure health, education, and a rough equality of opportunity to most of the children born into the world, would mean such a release and increase of human energy as to open a new phase in human history. The enormous waste caused by military preparation and the mutual annoyance of competing great powers, and the still more enormous waste due to the under-productiveness of great masses of people, either because they are too wealthy for stimulus or too poor for efficiency, would cease. There would be a vast increase in the supply of human necessities, a rise in the standard of life and in what is considered a necessity, a development of transport and every kind of convenience; and a multitude of people would be transferred from low-grade production to such higher work as art of all kinds, teaching, scientific research, and the like. All over the world there would be a setting free of human capacity, such as has occurred hitherto only in small places and through precious limited phases of prosperity and security.

Without supposing any change in human quality, but merely its release from the present system of inordinate waste, history justifies this expectation. . . .

War is a horrible thing, and constantly more horrible and dreadful, so that unless it is ended it will certainly end human society. . . .

We want to get rid of the militarist not simply because he hurts and kills, but because he is an intolerable thick-voiced blockhead who stands hectoring and blustering in our way to achievement. We want to abolish many extravagancies of private ownership just as we should want to abolish some idiot guardian

who refused us admission to a studio in which there were fine things to do.

There are people who seem to imagine that a world order and one universal law of justice would end human adventure. It would but begin it. . . .

Hitherto man has been living in a slum, amidst quarrels, revenges, vanities, shames and taints, hot desires and urgent appetities. He has scarcely tasted sweet air yet and the great freedoms of the world that science has enlarged for him.

To picture to ourselves something of the wider life that world unity would open to men in a very attractive speculation. Life will certainly go with a stronger pulse, it will breathe a deeper breath, because it will have dispelled and conquered a hundred infections of body and mind that now reduce it to invalidism and squalor. We have already laid stress on the vast elimination of drudgery from human life through the creation of a new race of slaves, the machines. This and the disappearance of war and the smoothing out of enless restraints and contentions by juster social and economic arrangements—will lift the burden of toilsome work and routine work, that has been the price of human security since the dawn of the first civilizations, from the shoulders of our children. Which does not mean that they will cease to work, but that they will cease to do irksome work under pressure, and will work freely, planning, making, creating, according to their gifts and instincts. They will fight nature no longer as dull conscripts of the pick and plough, but for a splendid conquest. Only the spiritlessness of our present depression blinds us to the clear intimations of our reason that in the course of a few generations every little country town could become an Athens, every human being could be gentle in breeding and healthy in body and mind, the whole solid earth man's mine and its uttermost regions his playground.

There will be little drudgery in this better-ordered world. Natural power harnessed in machines will be the general drudge. What drudgery is inevitable will be done as a service and duty for a few years or months out of each life; it will not consume nor

degrade the whole life of anyone. And not only druges, but many other sorts of men and ways of living which loom large in the current social scheme will necessarily have dwindled in importance or passed away altogether. There will be few professional fighting men or none at all, no customhouse officers; the increased multitude of teachers will have abolished large police forces and large jail staffs, mad-houses will be rare or non-existant; a world-wide sanitation will have diminished the proportion of hospitals, nurses, sick-room attendants, and the like; a world-wide economic justice, the floating population of cheats, sharpers, gamblers, forestallers, parasites, and speculators generally. But there will be no diminuation of adventure or romance in this world of the days to come. . . .

Men will turn again with renewed interest to the animal world. In these disordered days a stupid, uncontrollable massacre of animal species goes on—from certain angles of vision it is a thing almost more tragic than human miseries; in the nineteenth century dozens of animal species, and some of them very interesting species, were exterminated; but one of the first fruits of an effective world state would be the better protection of what are now wild beasts. It is a strange thing in human history to note how little has been done since the Bronze Age in taming, using, befriending, and appreciating the animal life about us. But that mere witless killing which is called sport today would inevitably give place in a better educated world community to a modification of the primitive instincts that find expression in this way, changing them into an interest not in the deaths, but in the lives of beasts, and leading to fresh and perhaps very strange and beautiful attempts to befriend these pathetic, kindred lower creatures we no longer fear as enemies, hate as rivals, or need as slaves. And a world state and universal justice does not mean the imprisonment of our race in any bleak institutional orderliness. There will still be mountains and the sea, there will be jungles and great forests, cared for indeed and treasured and protected; the great plains will still spread before us and the wild winds blow. But men will not hate so much, fear so much, nor cheat

so desperately—and they will keep their minds and bodies cleaner. . . .

But one of the hardest, most impossible tasks a writer can set himself, is to picture the life of people better educated, happier in their circumstances, more free and more healthy than he is himself. We know enough today to know that there is infinite room for betterment in every human concern. Nothing is needed but collective effort. Our poverty, our restraints, our infections and indigestions, our quarrels and misunderstandings, are all things controllable and removable by concerted human action, but we know as little how life would feel without them as some poor dirty ill-treated, fierce-souled creature born and bred amidst the cruel and dingy surroundings of a European back street can know what it is to bathe every day, always to be clad beautifully, to climb mountains for pleasure, to fly, to meet none but agreeable, well-mannered people, to conduct researches or make delightful things. Yet a time when all such good things will be for all men may be coming more nearly than we think. Each one who believes that brings the good time nearer; each heart that fails delays it. . . .

There may be tragic economic struggles, grim grapplings of race with race and class with class. It may be that "private enterprise" will refuse to learn the lesson of service without some quite catastrophic revolution, and that a phase of confiscation and amateurish socialistic government lies before us. We do not know; we cannot tell. There are unnecessary disasters, but they may be unavoidable disasters. Human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe. Against the unifying effort of Christendom and against the unifying influence of the mechanical revolution, catastrophe won—at least to the extent of achieving the Great War. We cannot tell yet how much of the winnings of catastrophe still remain to be gathered in. New falsities may arise and hold men in some unrighteous and fated scheme of order for a time, before they collapse amidst the misery and slaughter of generations.

Yet, clumsily or smoothly, the world, it seems, progresses and will progress. . . .

Yet it is not more than five hundred years since the great empire of the Aztecs still believed that it could live only by the shedding of blood. Every year in Mexico hundreds of human victims died in this fashion: the body was bent like a bow over the curved stone of sacrifice, the breast was slashed open with a knife of obsidian, and the priest tore out the beating heart of the still living victim. The day may be close at hand when we shall no longer tear out the hearts of men, even for the sake of our national gods.

Eulogy to Geo. George Washington

By DANIEL WEBSTER

"First in War, First in Peace, First in the Hearts of His Countrymen."

I rise, gentlemen, to propose to you the name of that great man, in commemoration of whose birth, and in honor of whose character and services, we have here assembled. . . .

We are met to testify our regard for him whose name is intimately blended with whatever belongs most essentially to the prosperity, the liberty, the free institutions, and the renown of our country. That name was of power to rally a nation in the hour of thick-thronging public disasters and calamities; that name shone, amid the storm of war, a beacon light, to cheer and guide the country's friends; it flamed, too, like a meteor, to repel her foes. That name, in the days of peace, was a loadstone, attracting to itself a whole people's confidence, a whole people's love, and the whole world's respect. That name, descending with all time, spreading over the whole earth, and uttered in all the languages belonging to the tribes and races of men, will forever be pronounced with affectionate gratitude by every one in whose breast there shall arise an aspiration for human rights and human liberty.

We perform this grateful duty, gentlemen, at the expiration of a hundred years from his birth, near the place, so cherished and beloved by him, where his dust now reposes, and in the capital which bears his own immortal name. . . .

No American can pass by the fields of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, or Camden, as if they were ordinary spots on the earth's surface. Whoever visits them, feels the sentiment of love of country kindling anew, as if the spirit that belonged to the transactions which have rendered these places distinguished, still hovered round, with power to move and excite all who in future time may approach them.

But neither of these sources of emotion equals the power with which great moral examples affect the mind. When sublime virtues cease to be abstractions, when they become embodied in human character, and exemplified in human conduct, we should be false to our own nature, if we did not indulge in the spontaneous effusions of our gratitude and our admiration. The voluntary outpouring of the public feeling, made today, from north to the south, and from the east to the west, proves this sentiment to be both just and natural. In the cities and in the villages, in the public temples and in the family circles, among all ages and sexes, gladdened voices today bespeak grateful hearts and a freshened recollection of the virtues of the Father of his Country. And it will be so, in all time to come, so long as public virtue is itself an object of regard. The ingenuous youth of America will hold up to themselves the bright model of Washington's example, and study to be what they behold; they will contemplate his character till all its virtues spread out and display themselves to their delighted vision; as the earliest astronomers, the shepherds on the plains of Babylon, gazed at the stars till they saw them form into clusters and constellations, overpowering at length the eyes of the beholders with the united blaze of a thousand lights.

Gentlemen, we are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington; and what a century it has been! During its course, the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric

velocity, accomplishing, for human intelligence and human freedom, more than had been done in five or ten centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era, as well as at the head of the New World. A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theater on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders; and of both he is the chief. . . .

It was the extraordinary fortune of Washington, that having been intrusted, in revolutionary times, with the supreme military command, and having fulfilled that trust with equal renown for wisdom and for valor, he should be placed at the head of the first government in which an attempt was to be made, on a large scale, to rear the fabric of social order on the basis of a written constitution and of a purely representative principle. A government was to be established without a throne, without an aristocracy, without castes, orders, or privileges; and this government, instead of being a democracy, existing and acting within the walls of a single city, was to be extended over a vast country, of different climates, interests and habits, and of various sects and sentiments of the Christian religion. The experiment certainly was entirely new. A popular government of this extent, it was evident, could be framed only by carrying into full effect the principle of representation or of delegated power; and the world was to see whether society could, by the strength of this principle, maintain its own peace and good government, carry forward its own great interests, and conduct itself to political renown and glory. By the benignity of Providence, this experiment, so full of interest to us and to our posterity forever, so full of interest, indeed, to the world in its present generation and in all its generations to come, was suffered to commence under the guidance of Washington. Destined for this high career, he was fitted for it by wisdom, by virtue, by patriotism, by discretion, by whatever can inspire confidence in man toward man. In entering on the untried scenes, early disappointment and the premature extinction

of all hope of success would have been certain, had it not been that there did exist throughout the country, in a most extraordinary degree, an unwavering trust in him whose hand held the helm of affairs, . . .

At the period of the birth of Washington, there existed in Europe no political liberty in large communities, except in the provinces of Holland, and except that England herself had set a great example, so far as it went, by her glorious revolution of 1688. Everywhere else, despotic power was predominant, and the feudal or military principle held the mass of mankind in hopeless bondage. One-half of Europe was crushed beneath the Bourbon sceptre, and no conception of political liberty, no hope even of religious toleration, existed among that nation, which was America's first ally. The king was the state; the king was the country; the king was all. There was one king, with power not derived from his people, and too high to be questioned; and the rest were all subjects, with no political rights but obedience. . . .

Gentlemen, the spirit of human liberty and of free government, nurtured and grown into strength and beauty in America, has stretched its course into the midst of the nations. Like an emanation from heaven, it has gone forth, and it will not return void. It must change, it is fast changing the face of the earth. Our great, our high duty is to show, in our own example, that this spirit is a spirit of health as well as a spirit of power; that its benignity is as great as its strength; that its efficiency to secure individual rights, social relations, and moral order, is equal to the irresistible force with which it prostrates principalities and powers. The world, at this moment, is regarding us with a willing, but something of a fearful admiration. Its deep and awful anxiety is to learn whether free states may be stable and as well free; whether popular power may be trusted as well as feared; in short, whether wise, regular, and virtuous self-government is a vision for the contemplation of theorists, or a truth established, illustrated, and brought into practice in the country of Washington.

Gentlemen, for the earth which we inhabit, and the whole

circle of the sun, for all the unborn races of mankind, we seem to hold in our hands, for their weal or woe, the fate of this experiment. If we fail, who shall venture the repetition? If our example shall prove to be one, not of encouragement, but of terror, not fit to be imitated, but fit only to be shunned, where else shall the world look for free models? If this great Western Sun be struck out of the firmament, at what other fountain shall the lamp of liberty hereafter be lighted? What other orb shall emit a ray to glimmer, even, on the darkness of the world?

Gentlemen, there is no danger of our overrating or overstating the important part which we are now acting in human affairs. It should not flatter our personal self-respect, but it should reanimate our patriotic virtues, and inspire us with a deeper and more solemn sense, both of our privileges and of our duties. We cannot wish better for our country, nor for the world, than that the same spirit which influenced Washington may influence all who succeed him; and that the same blessing from above, which attended his efforts, may also attend theirs. . . .

Let us trust to the influence of Washington's example. Let us hope that that fear of Heaven which expels all other fear, and that regard to duty which transcends all other regard, may influence public men and private citizens, and lead our country still onward in her happy career. Full of these gratifying anticipations and hopes, let us look forward to the end of that century which is now commenced. A hundred years hence, other disciples of Washington will celebrate his birth, with no less of sincere admiration than we now commemorate it. When they shall meet, as we now meet, to do themselves and him that honor, so surely as they shall see the blue summits of his native mountains rise in the horizon, so surely as they shall behold the river on whose banks he lived, and on whose banks he rests, still flowing on toward the sea, so surley may they see, as we now see, the flag of the Union floating on the top of the capitol; and then, as now, may the sun in his course visit no land more free, more happy, more lovely, than this our own country!

Gentlemen, I propose—*"The Memory of George Washington."*

Tribute to the Public Schools

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

I believe that education is the only lever capable of raising mankind. If we wish to make the future of the Republic glorious we must educate the children of the present. The greatest blessing conferred by our Government is the free school. In importance it rises above everything else that the Government does. In its influence it is far greater. . . .

The real object should be to become acquainted with nature—with the conditions of happiness—to the end that man may take advantage of the forces of nature. I believe in the schools for manual training, and that every child should be taught not only to think, but to do, and that the hand should be educated with the brain. The money expended on schools is the best investment made by the Government. . . .

They are the hope of the Republic and, in my judgment, of the world.

We need far more schoolhouses than we have, and while money is being wasted in a thousand directions, thousands of children are left to be educated in the gutter. It is far cheaper to build schoolhouses than prisons, and it is much better to have scholars than convicts.

The Kindergarten system should be adopted, especially for the young; attending school is then a pleasure—the children do not run away from school, but to school. We should educate the children not simply in mind, but educate their eyes and hands, and they should be taught something that will be of use, that will help them to make a living, that will give them independence, confidence—that is to say, character. . . . Men and women of the highest character should have charge of the children, because there is a vast deal of education in association, and it is of the utmost importance that the children should associate with real gentlemen—that is to say, with real men; with real ladies—that is to say, with real women.

Every schoolhouse should be inviting, clean, well ventilated,

attractive. The surroundings should be delightful. Children forced to school, learn but little. The schoolhouse should not be a prison or the teachers turnkeys.

I believe that the common school is the bread of life, and all should be commanded to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. It would have been far better to have expelled those who refused to eat.

The greatest danger to the Republic is ignorance. Intelligence is the foundation of free government.

The Great Controversy Darwin Raised in his Evolution Theory

By H. G. WELLS

The Outline of History, Page 954

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It was only slowly that the general intelligence of the Western world was awakened to two disconcerting facts: first, that the succession of life in the geological record did not correspond to the acts of the six days of creation; and, second, that the record in harmony, with a mass of biological facts, pointed away from the Bible assertion of a separate creation of each species straight towards a genetic relation between all forms of life, *in which even man was included!* The importance of this last issue to the existing doctrinal system was manifest. If all the animals and man had been evolved in this ascendant manner, then there had been no first parents, no Eden, and no Fall. And if there had been no fall, then the entire historical fabric of Christianity, the story of the first sin and the reason for an atonement, upon which the current teaching based Christian emotion and morality, collapsed like a house of cards.

It was with something like horror, therefore, that great numbers of honest and religious-spirited men followed the work of the English naturalist, Charles Darwin (1809-82); in 1859 he published his *Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection,*

a powerful and permanently valuable exposition of that conception of the change and development of species which we have sketched briefly in Chapter III; and in 1871 he completed the outline of his work with the *Descent of Man,* which brought man definitely into the same scheme of development with the rest of life.

Many men and women are still living who can remember the dismay and distress among ordinary intelligent people in the Western communities as the invincible case of the biologists and geologists against the orthodox Christian cosmogony unfolded itself. The minds of many resisted the new knowledge instinctively and irrationally. Their whole moral edifice was built upon false history; they were too old and set to rebuild it; they felt the practical truth of their moral convictions, and this new truth seemed to them to be incompatible with that. They believed that to assent to it would be to prepare a moral collapse for the world. And so they produced a moral collapse by not assenting to it. The universities in England particularly, being primarily clerical in their constitution, resisted the new learning very bitterly. During the seventies and eighties a stormy controversy raged throughout the civilized world. The quality of the discussions and the fatal ignorance of the church may be gauged by a description in Hackett's *Commonplace Book* of a meeting of the British Association in 1860, at which Bishop Wilberforce assailed Huxley, the great champion of the Darwinian views, in this fashion.

Facing "Huxley with a smiling insolence, he begged to know, *was it through his grandfather or grandmother that he claimed his descent from a monkey?* Huxley turned to his neighbour, and said, 'The Lord hath delivered him into my hands.' Then he stood before us and spoke these tremendous words, 'He was not ashamed to have a monkey for his ancestor; but he would be ashamed to be connected with a man who used great gifts to obscure the truth'." (Another version has it: "I have certainly said that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for his grandfather. If there were an ancestor whom I should feel ashamed in recalling, it would rather be a man of restless

and versatile intellect who plunges into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure them by an aimless rhetoric and distract the attention of his audience from the real point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilled appeals to prejudice.") These words were certainly spoken with passion. The scene was one of great excitement. A lady fainted, says Hackett. . . . Such was the temper of this controversy.

The Darwinian movement took formal Christianity unawares, suddenly. Formal Christianity was confronted with a clearly demonstrable error in her theological statements. The Christian theologians were neither wise enough nor mentally nimble enough to accept the new truth, modify their formulae, and insist upon the living and undiminished vitality of the religious reality those formulae had hitherto sufficed to express. For the discovery of man's descent from sub-human forms does not even remotely touch the teaching of the kingdom of Heaven. Yet priests and bishops raged at Darwin; foolish attempts were made to suppress Darwinian literature and to insult and discredit the exponents of the new views. . . .

It was the orthodox theology that the new scientific advances had compromised, but the angry theologians declared that it was religion.

The Improved Man

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

The Improved Man will be in favor of universal liberty—that is to say, he will be opposed to all kings and nobles, to all privileged classes. He will give to all others the rights he claims for himself. He will neither bow nor cringe, nor accept bowing and cringing from others. He will be neither master nor slave, neither prince nor peasant—simply man.

He will be the enemy of all caste, no matter whether its foundation be wealth, title or power, and of him it will be said: "Blessed is that man who is afraid of no man and of whom no man is afraid."

The Improved Man will be in favor of universal education. He will believe it the duty of every person to shed all the light he can, to the end that no child may be reared in darkness. By education he will mean the gaining of useful knowledge, the development of the mind along the natural paths that lead to human happiness.

He will not waste his time in ascertaining the foolish theories of extinct peoples or in studying the dead languages for the sake of understanding the theologies of ignorance and fear, but he will turn his attention to the affairs of life, and will do his utmost to see to it that every child has an opportunity to learn the demonstrated facts of science, the true history of the world, the great principles of right and wrong applicable to human conduct—the things necessary to the preservation of the individual and of the state, and such arts and industries as are essential to the preservation of all.

He will also endeavor to develop the mind in the direction of the beautiful—of the highest art—so that the palace in which the mind dwells may be enriched and rendered beautiful, to the end that these stones, called facts, may be changed into statues.

The Improved Man will believe only in the religion of this world. He will have nothing to do with the miraculous and supernatural. He will find that there is no room in the universe for these things. He will know that happiness is the only good, and that everything that tends to the happiness of sentient beings is good, and that to do the things—and no other—that add to the happiness of man is to practice the highest possible religion. His motto will be: "Sufficient unto each world is the evil thereof." He will know that each man should be his own priest, and that the brain is the real cathedral. He will know that in the realm of mind there is no authority—that majorities in this mental world can settle nothing—that each soul is the sovereign of its own world, and that it cannot abdicate without degrading itself. He will not bow to numbers or force; to antiquity or custom. He, standing under the flag of nature, under the blue and stars, will decide for himself. He will not endeavor by prayers and suppli-

cation, by fastings and genuflections, to change the mind of the "Infinite" or alter the course of nature, neither will he employ others to do those things in his place. He will have no confidence in the religion of idleness, and will give no part of what he earns to support parson or priest, archbishop or pope. He will know that honest labor is the highest form of prayer. He will spend no time in ringing bells or swinging censers, or in chanting the litanies of barbarism, but he will appreciate all that is artistic—that is beautiful—that tends to refine and ennoble the human race. He will not live a life of fear. He will stand in awe neither of man nor ghosts. He will enjoy not only the sunshine of life, but will bear with fortitude the darkest days. He will have no fear of death. About the grave, there will be no terrors, and his life will end as serenely as the sun.

The Improved Man will be satisfied that the supernatural does not exist—that behind every fact, every thought and dream is an efficient cause. He will know that every human action is a necessary product, and he will also know that men cannot be reformed by punishment, by degradation or by revenge. He will regard those who violate the laws of nature and the laws of States as victims of conditions, of circumstances, and he will do what he can for the well-being of his fellowmen.

The Improved Man will not give his life to the accumulation of wealth. He will find no happiness in exciting the envy of his neighbors. He will not care to live in a palace while others who are good, industrious and kind are compelled to huddle in huts and dens. He will know that great wealth is a great burden, and that to accumulate beyond the actual needs of a reasonable human being is to increase not wealth, but responsibility and trouble.

The Improved Man will find his greatest joy in the happiness of others and he will know that the home is the real temple. He will believe in the democracy of the fireside, and will reap his greatest reward in being loved by those whose lives he has enriched.

The Improved Man will be self-poised, independent, candid and free. He will be a scientist. He will observe, investigate,

experiment and demonstrate. He will use his sense and his senses. He will keep his mind open as the day to the hints and suggestions of nature. He will always be a student, a learner and a listener—a believer in intellectual hospitality. In the world of his brain there will be continuous summer, perpetual seed-time and harvest. Facts will be the foundation of his faith. In one hand he will carry the torch of truth, and with the other raise the fallen.

Famous Jumping Frog Story

By MARK TWAIN

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-terriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats and all of them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal-lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerst, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kep' him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as fur as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dn'l Webster down here on this floor—D'an'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor ag'in as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground

at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come acrost him with his box, and says:

"What might be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent-like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well," he says, "I don't see no p'nts about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley say. "Maybe you understand frogs and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his froty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slooped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word," Then he says, "One—two—three—*git*." And him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a church and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked him thumb over his shoulder—so—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well," he says, "*I* don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l up by the nap of the neck, and hefted him, and says, "Why blame my cats if he don't weigh five pounds!" and turned him upside down and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And——"

Tribute to Jesus of Nazareth

By H. G. WELLS

The Outline of History, page 496

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"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

The audience to which this book will first be presented will be largely an audience of Christians, with perhaps a sprinkling of Jewish readers, and the former at least will regard Jesus of Nazareth as being much more than a human teacher, and his appearance in the world not as a natural event in history, but as something of a supernatural sort interrupting and changing that steady development of life towards a common consciousness and a common will, which we have hitherto been tracing in this book. But these persuasions, dominant as they are in Europe and America, are nevertheless not the persuasions of all men or of the great majority of mankind. We shall therefore hold closely to the apparent facts, and avoid, without any disputation or denial, the theological interpretations that have been imposed upon them. We shall tell what men have believed about Jesus of Nazareth, but him we shall treat as being what he apepared to be, a man, just as a painter must needs paint him as a man. The documents that testify to his acts and teachings we shall treat as ordinary human documents. If the light of divinity shine through our recital, we will neither help nor hinder it. This is what we have already done in the case of Budda, and what we shall do later with Muhammad. About Jesus we have to write not theology but history, and our concern is not with the spiritual and theological significance of his life, but with its effects upon the political and every-day life of men. . . .

But just as the personality of Gautama Budda has been distorted and obscured by the stiff squatting figure, the gilded idol of later Buddhism, so one feels that the lean and strenuous personality of Jesus is much wronged by the unreality and conventionality that a mistaken reverence has imposed upon his figure in

modern Christian art. Jesus was a penniless teacher, who wandered about the dusty sun-bit country of Judea, living upon casual gifts of food; yet he is always represented clean, combed, and sleek, in spotless raiment, erect, and with something motionless about him as though he were gliding through the air. This alone has made him unreal and incredible to many people who cannot distinguish the core of the story from the ornamental and unwise additions of the unintelligently devout.

And it may be that the early parts of the gospels are accretions of the same nature. The miraculous circumstances of the birth of Jesus, the great star that brought wise men from the east to worship at his manger cradle, the massacre of the male infant children in the region of Bethlehem by Herod as a consequence of these portents, and the flight into Egypt, are all supposed to be such accretionary matter by many authorities. At the best they are events unnecessary to the teaching, and they rob it of much of the strength and power it possesses when we strip it of such accompaniment. So, too, do the discrepant genealogies given by Matthew and Luke, in which there is an endeavour to trace the direct descent of Joseph, his father, from King David, as though it was an honour to Jesus or to anyone to have such a man as an ancestor. The insertion of these genealogies is the more peculiar and unreasonable, because, according to the legend, Jesus was not the son of Joseph at all, but miraculously conceived.

We are left, if we do strip this record of these difficult accessories, with the figure of a being, very human, very earnest and passionate, capable of swift anger, and teaching a new and simple and profound doctrine—namely, the universal loving Fatherhood of God and the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven. He was clearly a person—to use a common phrase—of intense personal magnetism. He attracted followers and filled them with love and courage. Weak and ailing people were heartened and healed by his presence. Yet he was probably of a delicate physique, because of the swiftness with which he died under the pains of crucifixion. There is a tradition that he fainted when, according to the custom, he was made to bear his cross to the

place of execution. When he first appeared as a teacher he was a man of about thirty. He went about the country for three years spreading his doctrine, and then he came to Jerusalem and was accused of trying to set up a strange kingdom in Judea; he was tried upon this charge, and crucified together with two thieves. Long before these two were dead, his sufferings were over.

Now it is a matter of fact that in the gospels all that body of theological assertion which constitutes Christianity finds little support. There is, as the reader may see for himself, no clear and emphatic assertion in these books of the doctrines which Christian teachers of all denominations find generally necessary to salvation. Except for one or two passages in St. John's Gospel it is difficult to get any words actually ascribed to Jesus in which he claimed to be the Jewish Messiah (rendered in Greek by "the Christ") and still more difficult is it to find any claim to be a part of the godhead, or any passage in which he explained the doctrine of the Atonement or urged any sacrifices or sacraments (that is to say, priestly offices) upon his followers. We shall see presently how later on all Christendom was torn by disputes about the Trinity. There is not evidence that the apostles of Jesus ever heard of the Trinity—at any rate from him, . . .

This doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven, which was the main teaching of Jesus, and which plays so small a part in the Christian creeds, is certainly one of the most revolutionary doctrines that ever stirred and changed human thought. It is small wonder if the world of that time failed to grasp its full significance, and recoiled in dismay from even a half apprehension of its tremendous challenges to the established habits and institutions of mankind. It is small wonder if the hesitating convert and disciple presently went back to the old familiar ideas of temple and altar, of fierce deity and propitiatory observance, of consecrated priest and magic blessing, and—those things being attended to—reverted then to the dear old habitual life of hates and profits and competition and pride. For the doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven, as Jesus seems to have preached it, was no less than a bold and uncompromising demand for a complete change and

cleansing of the life of our struggling race, an utter cleansing, without and within. . . .

The Jews were persuaded that God, the one God of the whole world, was a righteous god, but they also thought of him as a trading god who had made a bargain with their Father Abraham about them, a very good bargain indeed for them, to bring them at last to predominance in the earth. With dismay and anger they heard Jesus sweeping away their dear securities. God, he taught, was no bargainer; there were no chosen people and no favourites in the Kingdom of Heaven. God was the loving father of all life, as incapable of showing favour as the universal sun. And all men were brothers—sinners alike and beloved sons alike—of this divine father. In the parable of the Good Samaritan Jesus cast scorn upon that natural tendency we all obey, to glorify our own people and to minimize the righteousness of other creeds and other races. In the parable of the labourers he thrust aside the obstinate claim of the Jews to have a sort of first mortgage upon God. All whom God takes into the kingdom, he taught, God serves alike; there is no distinction in his treatment, because there is no measure to his bounty. From all, moreover, as the parable of the buried talent witnesses, and as the incident of the widow's mite enforces, he demands the utmost. There are no privileges, no rebates, and no excuses in the Kingdom of Heaven.

But it was not only the intense tribal patriotism of the Jews that Jesus outraged. They were a people of intense family loyalty, and he would have swept away all the narrow and restrictive family affections in the great flood of the love of God. The whole Kingdom of Heaven was to be the family of his followers. We are told that, "While he yet talked to the people, behold, his mother and his brethern stood without, desiring to speak with him. Then one said unto him, "Behold thy mother and thy brethern stand without, desiring to speak with thee." But he answered and said unto him that told him, "Who is my mother? and who are my brethern?" And he stretched forth his hand towards his disciples, and said, "Behold my mother and my brethern! For

whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

And not only did Jesus strike at patriotism and the bonds of family loyalty in the name of God's universal fatherhood and the brotherhood of all mankind, but it is clear that his teaching condemned all the gradations of the economic system, all private wealth, and personal advantages. All men belonged to the kingdom; all their possessions belonged to the kingdom; the righteous life for all men, the only righteous life, was the service of God's will with all that we had, with all that we were. Again and again he denounced private riches and reservation of any private life.

"And when he was gone forth into the way, there came one running, and kneeled to him, and asked him, "Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" And Jesus said unto him, "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is, God. Thou knowest the commandments, Do not commit adultery, Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Defraud not, Honour thy father and mother." And he answered and said unto him, "Master, all these things have I observed from my youth." Then Jesus beholding him loved him, and said unto him, "One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, take up the cross, and follow me," And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved: for he had great possessions.

"And Jesus looked round about, and saith unto his diciples, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!' And the disciples were astonished at his words. But Jesus answered again, and saith unto them, 'Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God! It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God'.". . .

The whole tenor of the opposition to him and the circumstances of his trial and execution show clearly that to his contemporaries he seemed to propose plainly and did propose plainly to change and fuse and enlarge all human life. But even his

disciples did not grasp the profound and comprehensive significance of that proposal. They were ridden by the old Jewish dream of a king, a Messiah to overthrow the Hellenized Herods and the Roman overlord, and restore the fabled glories of David. They disregarded the substance of his teaching, plain and direct though it was; evidently they thought it was merely his mysterious and singular way of setting about the adventure that would at last put him on the throne of Jerusalem. They thought he was just another king among the endless succession of kings, but of a quasi-magic kind, and making quasi-magic profession of an impossible virtue. . . .

He was too great for his disciples. And in view of what he plainly said, is it any wonder that all who were rich and prosperous felt a horror of strange things, a swimming of their world at his teaching? Perhaps the priests and the rulers and the rich men understood him better than his followers. He was dragging out all the little private reservations they had made from social service into the light of a universal religious life. He was like some terrible moral huntsman digging mankind out of the snug burrows in which they had lived hitherto. In the white blaze of this kingdom of his there was to be no property, no privilege, no pride and precedence; no motive indeed and no reward but love. Is it any wonder that men were dazzled and blinded and cried out against him? Even his disciples cried out when he would not spare them the light. Is it any wonder that the priests realized that between this man and themselves there was no choice but that he or priestcraft should perish? Is it any wonder that the Roman soldiers, confronted and amazed by something soaring over their comprehension and threatening all their disciplines, should take refuge in wild laughter, and crown him with thorns and robe him in purple and make a mock Cæsar of him? For to take him seriously was to enter upon a strange and alarming life, to abandon habits, to control instincts and impulses, to essay an incredible happiness.

Is it any wonder that to this day this Gallilean is too much for our small hearts?

Yet be it noted that while there was much in the real teachthere was nothing that a follower of the actual teaching of ings of Jesus that a rich man or a priest or a trader or an imperial official or any ordinary respectable citizen could not accept without the most revolutionary changes in his way of living, yet Gautama Sakya might not receive very readily, nothing to prevent a primitive Buddhist from being also a Nazarene, and nothing to prevent a personal disciple of Jesus from accepting all the recorded teachings of Buddha.

Again consider the tone of this extract from the writings of a Chinaman, Mo Ti, who lived somewhere in the fourth century B. C., when the doctrines of Confucius and Lao Tse prevailed in China, before the advent of Buddhism to that country, and note how "Nazarene" it is.

"The mutual attacks of state on state; the mutual usurpations of family on family; the mutual robberies of man on man; the want of kindness on the part of the sovereign and of loyalty on the part of the minister; the want of tenderness and filial duty between father and son—there, and such as these, are the things injurious to the empire. All this has arisen from want of mutual love. If but that one virtue could be made universal, the people loving one another would have no battle-fields; the chiefs of families would attempt no usurpations; men would commit no robberies; rulers and ministers would be gracious and loyal; fathers and sons would be kind and filial; brothers would be harmonious and easily reconciled. Men in general loving one another, the strong would not make prey of the weak; the many would not plunder the few, the rich would not insult the poor, the noble would not be insolent to the mean; and the deceitful would not impose upon the simple."

This is extraordinarily like the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth cast into political terms. The thoughts of Mo Ti came close to the Kingdom of Heaven. . . .

Warned by the experiences of Christianity, Muhammad was very emphatic in insisting that he himself was merely a man and

so saved his teaching from much corruption and misrepresentation. . . .

His entry into Jerusalem was a pacific triumph. He had gathered a great following in Galilee—he had sometimes to preach from a boat upon the Lake of Galilee, because of the pressure of the crowd upon the shore—and his fame had spread before him to the capital. Great crowds came out to greet him. It is clear they did not understand the drift of his teaching, and that they shared the general persuasion that by some magic of righteousness he was going to overthrow the established order. He rode into the city upon the foal of an ass that had been borrowed by his disciples. The crowd accompanied him with cries of triumph and shouts of "Hosanna," a word of rejoicing.

He went to the temple. Its outer courts were cumbered with the tables of money-changers and with the stalls of those who sold doves to be liberated by pious visitors to the temple. These traders upon religion he and his followers cast out, overturning the tables. It was almost his only act of positive rule.

Then for a week he taught in Jerusalem, surrounded by a crowd of followers who made his arrest by the authorities difficult. Then officialdom gathered itself together against this astonishing intruder. One of his disciples, Judas, dismayed and disappointed at the apparent ineffectiveness of this capture of Jerusalem, went to the Jewish priests to give them his advice and help in the arrest of Jesus. For this service he was rewarded with thirty pieces of silver. The high priest and the Jews generally had many reasons for dismay at this gentle insurrection that was filling the streets with excited crowds; for example, the Romans might misunderstand it or use it as an occasion to do some mischief to the whole Jewish people. Accordingly the high priest Caiaphas, in his anxiety to show his loyalty to the Roman overlord, was the leader in the proceedings against this unarmed Messiah, and the priests and the orthodox mob of Jerusalem the chief accusers of Jesus.

How he was arrested in the garden of Gethsemane, how he was tried and sentenced by Pontius Pilate, the Roman procurator,

how he was scouraged and mocked by the Roman soldiers and crucified upon the hill called Golgotha, is told with unsurpassable simplicity and dignity in the gospels.

The revolution collapsed utterly. The disciples of Jesus with one accord deserted him, and Peter, being taxed as one of them, said, "I know not the man." This was not the end they had anticipated in their great coming to Jerusalem. His last hours of aching pain and thirst upon the cross were watched only by a few women and near friends. Towards the end of the long day of suffering this abandoned leader roused himself to one supreme effort, cried out with a loud voice, "My God! my God! why has thou forsaken me?" and, leaving these words to echo down the ages, a perpetual riddle to the faithful, died.

It was inevitable that simple believers should have tried to enhance the stark terrors of this tragedy by foolish stories of physical disturbances similar to those which had been invented to emphasize the conversion of Gautama. We are told that a great darkness fell upon the earth, and that the veil of the temple was rent in twain; but if indeed these things occurred, they produced not the slightest effect upon the minds of people in Jerusalem at that time. It is difficult to believe nowadays that the order of nature indulged in any such meaningless comments. Far more tremendous is it to suppose a world apparently indifferent to those three crosses in the red evening twilight, and to the little group of perplexed and desolated watchers. The darkness closed upon the hill; the distant city set about its preparations for the Passover; scarcely anyone but that knot of mourners on the way to their homes troubled whether Jesus of Nazareth was still dying or already dead. . . .

The souls of the disciples were plunged for a time into utter darkness. Then presently came a whisper among them and stories, rather discrepant stories, that the body of Jesus was not in the tomb in which it had been placed, and that first one and then another had seen him alive. Soon they were consoling themselves with the conviction that he had risen from the dead, that he had shown himself to many, and had ascended visibly into

heaven. Witnesses were found to declare that they had postively seen him go up, visibly in his body. He had gone through the blue—to God. Soon they had convinced themselves that he would presently come again, in power and glory, to judge all mankind. In a little while, they said, he would come back to them; and in these bright revivals of their old-time dream of an assertive and temporal splendor they forgot the greater measure, the giant measure, he had given them of the Kingdom of God. . . .

"St Paul understood what most Christians never realize, namely, that the Gospel of Christ is not a religion, but religion itself in its most universal and deepest significance.". . .

Paul had never seen Jesus. His knowledge of Jesus and his teaching must have been derived from the hearsay of the original disciples. It is clear that he apprehended much of the spirit of Jesus and his doctrine of a new birth, but he built this into a theological system, a very subtle and ingenious system, whose appeal to this day is chiefly intellectual. And it is clear that the faith of the Nazarenes, which he found as a doctrine of motive and a way of living, he made into a doctrine of *belief*. He found the Nazarenes with a spirit and hope, and he left them Christians with the beginning of a creed. . . .

Jesus called himself the Son of God and also the Son of Man; but he laid little stress on who he was or what he was, and much upon the teachings of the Kingdom. In declaring that he was more than a man and divine, Paul and his other followers, whether they were right or wrong, opened up a vast field of argument. Was Jesus God? Or had God created him? Was he identical with God or separate from God? It is not the function of the historian to answer such questions, but he is bound to note them, and to note how unavoidable they were, because of the immense influence they have had upon the whole subsequent life of western mankind. By the fourth century of the Christian Era we find all the Christian communities so agitated and exasperated by tortuous and elusive arguments about the nature of God as to be largely negligent of the simpler teachings of charity, service, and brotherhood that Jesus had inculcated.

Must Criminals be Reformed by Cruelty or Kindness?

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

It has been said that the three pests of a community are: A priest without charity; a doctor without knowledge, and a lawyer without a sense of justice.

All nations seem to have had supreme confidence in the deterrent power of threatened and inflicted pain. They have regarded punishment as the shortest road to reformation. Imprisonment, torture, death, constituted a trinity under whose protection society might feel secure.

In addition to these, nations have relied on confiscation and degradation, on maimings, whippings, brandings, and exposures to public ridicule and contempt. Connected with the court of justice was the chamber of torture. The ingenuity of man was exhausted in the construction of instruments that would surely reach the most sensitive nerve. All this was done in the interest of civilization—for the protection of virtue, and the well-being of states. Curiously enough, the fact is that, no matter how severe the punishments were, the crimes increased.

It was found that the penalty of death made little difference. Thieves and highwaymen, heretics and blasphemers, went on their way it was then thought necessary to add to this penalty of death, and consequently, the convicted were tortured in every conceivable way before execution. They were broken on the wheel—their joints dislocated on the rack. They were suspended by their legs and arms, while immense weights were placed upon their breasts. Their flesh was burned and torn with hot irons. They were roasted at slow fires. They were buried alive—given to wild beasts—molten lead was poured in their ears.

For petty offences men were degraded—given to the mercy of the rabble. Their ears were cut off, their nostrils slit, their foreheads branded. They were tied to the tails of carts and flogged from one town to another. And yet, in spite of all, the poor wretches obstinately refused to become good and useful citizens.

Degradation has been thoroughly tried, with its maimings and brandings, and the result was that those who inflicted the punishments became as degraded as their victims.

Only a few years ago there were more than two hundred offences in Great Britain punishable by death. The gallows-tree bore fruit through all the year, and the hangman was the busiest official in the kingdom—but the criminals increased.

Crimes were committed to punish crimes, and crimes were committed to prevent crimes. The world has been filled with prisons and dungeons, with chains and whips, with crosses and gibbets, with thumb-screws and racks, with hangmen and headsmen—and yet these frightful means and instrumentalities and crimes have accomplished little for the preservation of property or life. It is safe to say that governments have committed far more crimes than they have prevented.

Why is it that men will suffer and risk so much for the sake of stealing? Why will they accept degradation and punishment and infamy as their portion? Some will answer this question by an appeal to the dogma of original sin; others by saying that millions of men and women are under the control of fiends—that they are actually possessed by devils; and others will declare that all these people act from choice—that they are possessed of free wills, of intelligence—that they know and appreciate consequences, and that, in spite of all, they deliberately prefer a life of crime.

Have we not advanced far enough intellectually to deny the existence of chance? Are we not satisfied now that back of every act and thought and dream and fancy is an efficient cause? Is anything, or can anything, be produced that is not necessarily produced? Can the fatherless and motherless exist? Is there not a connection between all events, and is not every act related to all other acts? Is it not possible, is it not probable, is it not true, that the actions of all men are determined by countless causes over which they have no positive control?

Certain it is that men do not prefer unhappiness to joy. It can hardly be said that man intends permanently to injure him-

self, and that he does what he does in order that he may live a life of misery. On the other hand, we must take it for granted that man endeavors to better his own condition, and seeks, although by mistaken ways, his own well-being. The poorest man would like to be rich—the sick desire health—and no sane man wishes to win the contempt and hatred of his fellow men. Every human being prefers liberty to imprisonment.

Are the brains of criminals exactly like the brains of honest men? Have criminals the same ambitions, the same standards of happiness or of well-being? If a difference exists in brains, will that, in part account for the difference in character? Is there anything in heredity? Are vices as carefully transmitted by nature as virtues? Does each man in some degree bear burdens imposed by ancestors? We know that diseases of flesh and blood are transmitted—that the child is the heir of physical deformity. Are diseases of the brain—are deformities of the soul, of the mind, also transmitted?

How do we know that it is possible for all people to be honest? Are we certain that all people can tell the truth? Is it possible for all men to be generous, or candid, or courageous?

I am perfectly satisfied that there are millions of people incapable of committing certain crimes, and it may be true that there are millions of others incapable of practicing certain virtues. We do not blame a man because he is not a sculptor, a poet, a painter, or a statesman. We say he has not the genius. Are we certain that it does not require genius to be good? Where is the man with intelligence enough to take into consideration the circumstances of each individual case? Who has the mental balance, with which to weigh the forces of heredity, of want, of temptation—and who can analyze with certainty the mysterious motions of the brain? Where and what are the sources of vice and virtue? In what obscure and shadowy recesses of the brain are passions born? And what is that for the moment destroys the sense of right and wrong? Who knows to what extent reason becomes the prisoner of passion—of some strange and wild desire, the seeds of which were sown, it may be, thousands of years ago

in the breast of some savage? To what extent do antecedents and surroundings affect the moral sense?

Is it not possible that the tyranny of governments, the injustice of nations, the fierceness of what is called the law, produce in the individual a tendency in the same direction? Is it not true that the citizen is apt to imitate his nation? Society degrades its enemies—the individual seeks to degrade his. Society plunders its enemies, and now and then the citizen has the desire to plunder his. Society kills its enemies, and possibly sows in the heart of some citizen the seeds of murder.

Is it not true that the criminal is a natural product, and that society unconsciously produces these children of vice? Can we not safely take another step, and say that the criminal is a victim, as the diseased and insane and deformed are victims? We do not think of punishing a man because he is afflicted with disease—our desire is to find a cure. We send him, not to the penitentiary, but to the hospital, to an asylum. We do this because we recognize the fact that disease is naturally produced—that it is inherited from parents, or the result of unconscious negligence, or it may be of recklessness—but instead of punishing, we pity. If there are diseases of the mind, of the brain, as there are diseases of the body; and if these diseases of the mind, these deformities of the brain, produce, and necessarily produce, what we call vice, why should we punish the criminal, and pity those who are physically diseased?

Socrates, in some respects at least one of the wisest men, said: "It is strange that you should not be angry when you meet a man with an ill-conditioned body, and yet be vexed when you encounter one with an ill-conditioned soul."

We all know that there are deformed bodies, and we are equally certain that there are deformed minds.

Of course, society has the right to protect itself, no matter whether the persons who attack its well-being are responsible or not, no matter whether they are sick in mind, or deformed in brain. The right of self-defence exists, not only in the individual, but in society. The great question is, how shall this right of self-

defense be exercised? What spirit shall be in the nation, or in society—the spirit of revenge, a desire to degrade and punish and destroy, or, a spirit born of the recognition of the fact that criminals are victims?

The world has thoroughly tried confiscation, degradation, imprisonment, torture, and death, and thus far the world has failed.

There is no reformation in degradation. To mutilate a criminal is to say to all the world that he is a criminal and to render his reformation substantially impossible. Whoever is degraded by society becomes its enemy. The seeds of malice are sown in his heart and to the day of his death he will hate the hand that sowed the seeds.

There is also another side to this question. A punishment that degrades the punished will degrade the man who inflicts the punishment, and will degrade the government that procures the infliction. The whipping-post pollutes, not only the whipped, but the whipper, and not only the whipper, but the community at large. Wherever its shadow falls it degrades.

If, then, there is no reforming power in degradation—no deterrent power—for the reason that the degradation of the criminal degrades the community, and in this way produces more criminals, then the next question is, Whether there is any reforming power in torture? The trouble with this is that it hardens and degrades to the last degree the ministers of the law. Those who are not affected by the agonies of the bad will in a little time care nothing for the sufferings of the good. There seems to be a little of the wild beast in men—a something that is fascinated by suffering, and that delights in inflicting pain. When a government tortures, it is in the same state of mind that the criminal was in when he committed his crime. It requires as much malice in those who execute the law to torture a criminal, as it did in the criminal to torture and kill his victim. The one was a crime by a person, the other by a nation.

There is something in injustice, in cruelty, that tends to defeat itself. There were never as many traitors in England as when

the traitor was drawn and quartered—when he was tortured in every possible way—when his limbs, torn and bleeding, were given to the fury of mobs or exhibited pierced by spikes or hung in chains. These frightful punishments produced intense hatred of the government, and traitors continued to increase until they became powerful enough to decide what treason was and who the traitors were, and to inflict the same torments on others.

Think for a moment of what man has suffered in the cause of crime. Think of the millions that have been imprisoned, impoverished, and degraded because they were thieves and forgers, swindlers and cheats. Think for a moment of what they have endured—of the difficulties under which they have pursued their calling, and it will be exceedingly hard to believe that they were sane and natural people possessed of good brains, of minds well poised, and that they did what they did from a choice unaffected by heredity and the countless circumstances that tend to determine the conduct of human beings.

The other day I was asked these questions: "Has there been as much heroism displayed for the right as for the wrong? Has virtue had as many martyrs as vice?"

For hundreds of years the world has endeavored to destroy the good by force. The expression of honest thought was regarded as the greatest of crimes. Dungeons were filled by the noblest and the best, and the blood of the bravest was shed by the sword or consumed by flame. It was impossible to destroy the longing in the heart of man for liberty and truth. It is not possible that brute force and cruelty and revenge, imprisonment, torture, and death are as impotent to do away with vice as to destroy virtue?

In our country there has been for many years a growing feeling that convicts should neither be degraded nor tortured. It was provided in the Constitution of the United States that "cruel and unusual punishments should not be inflicted." Benjamin Franklin took great interest in the treatment of prisoners, being a thorough believer in the reforming influence of justice, having no confidence whatever in punishment for punishment's sake.

How perilous, after all, is the state of man. It is the work of a life to build a great and splendid character. It is the work of a moment to destroy it utterly, from turret to foundation stone. How cruel hypocrisy is!

Is there any remedy? Can anything be done for the reformation of the criminal?

He should be treated with kindness. Every right should be given him, consistent with the safety of society. He should neither be degraded nor robbed. The state should set the highest and noblest example. The powerful should never be cruel, and in the breast of the supreme there should be no desire for revenge.

A man in a moment of want steals the property of another, and he is sent to the penitentiary—first as it is claimed, for the purpose of deterring others; and secondly, of reforming him. The circumstances of each individual case are rarely inquired into. Investigation stops when the simple fact of the larceny has been ascertained. No distinctions are made, except as between first and subsequent offences. Nothing is allowed for surroundings.

All will admit that the industrious must be protected. In this world it is necessary to work. Labor is the foundation of all prosperity. Larceny is the enemy of industry. Society has the right to protect itself. The question is, Has it the right to punish?—has it the right to degrade?—or should it endeavor to reform the convict?

A man is taken to the penitentiary. He is clad in the garments of a convict. He is degraded—he loses his name—he is designated by a number. He is no longer treated as a human being—he becomes the slave of the state. Nothing is done for his improvement—nothing for his reformation. He is driven like a beast of burden; robbed of his labor; leased, it may be, by the state to a contractor, who gets out of his hands, out of his muscles, out of his poor brain, all the toil that he can. He is not allowed to speak with a fellow prisoner. At night he is alone in his cell. The relations that should exist between men are destroyed. He is a convict. He is no longer worthy to associate even with his keepers.

The jailor is immensely his superior, and the man who turns the key upon him at night regards himself, in comparison, as a model of honesty, of virtue, and manhood. The convict is a pavement, on which those who watch him walk. He remains for the time of his sentence, and when that expires he goes forth a branded man. He is given money enough to pay his fare back to the place from whence he came.

What is the condition of this man? Can he get employment? Not if he honestly states who he is and where he has been. The first thing he does is to deny his personality, to assume a name. He endeavors by telling falsehood to lay the foundation for future good conduct. The average man does not wish to employ an ex-convict, because the average man has no confidence in the reforming power of the penitentiary. He believes that the convict who comes out is worse than the convict who went in. He knows that in the penitentiary the heart of this man has been hardened—that he has been subjected to the torture of perpetual humiliation—that he has been treated like a ferocious beast; and so he believes that this ex-convict has in his heart hatred for society, that he feels he has been degraded and robbed. Under these circumstances, what avenue is open to the ex-convict? If he changes his name, there will be some detective, some officer of the law, some meddlesome wretch, who will betray his secret. He is then discharged. He seeks employment again, and he must seek it again by again telling what is not tre. He is again detected, and again discharged. And finally he becomes convinced that he cannot live as an honest man. He naturally drifts back into the society of those who have had a like experience; and the result is that in a little while he again stands in the dock, charged with the commission of another crime. Again he is sent to the penitentiary—and this is the end. He feels that his day is done, that the future has only degradation for him.

The men in the penitentiaries do not work for themselves. Their labor belongs to others. They have no interest in their toil —no reason for doing the best they can—and the result is that the product of their labor is poor. This product comes in compe-

tition with the work of mechanics, honest men, who have families to support, and the cry is that convict labor takes the bread from the mouths of virtuous people.

Why should the state take without compensation the labor of these men; and why should they, after having been imprisoned for years, be turned out without the means of support? Would it not be far better, far more economical, to pay these men for their labor, to lay aside their earnings from day to day, from month to month, and from year to year—to put this money at interest, so that when the convict is released after five years imprisonment he will have several hundred dollars of his own—not merely money enough to pay his way back to the place from which he was sent, but enough to make it possible for him to commence business on his own account, enough to keep the wolf of crime from the door of his heart? . . .

There are, however, men who pursue crime as a vocation—as a profession—men who have been convicted again and again, and who still persist in using the liberty of individuals to prey upon the rights of others. What shall be done with these men and women?

Put one thousand hardened thieves on an island—compel them to produce what they eat and use—and I am almost certain that a large majority would be opposed to theft. Those who worked would not permit those who did not to steal the result of their labor. In other words, self-preservation would be the dominant idea and these men would instantly look upon the idlers as the enemies of their society.

Such a community would be self-supporting. Let women of the same class be put by themselves. Keep the sexes absolutely apart. Those who are beyond the power of reformation should not have the liberty to reproduce themselves. Those who cannot be reached by kindness—by justic—those who under no circumstances are willing to do their share, should be separated. They should dwell apart, and dying, should leave no heirs.

What shall be done with the slayers of their fellow men—with murderers? Shall the nation take life?

It has been contended that the death penalty deters others—that it has far more terror than imprisonment for life. What is the effect of the example set by a nation? Is not the tendency to harden and degrade not only those who inflict and those who witness, but the entire community as well?

A few years ago a man was hanged in Alexandria, Virginia. One who witnessed the execution, on that very day, murdered a pedler in the Smithsonion grounds at Washington. He was tried and executed, and one who witnessed his hanging went home, and on the same day murdered his wife. . . .

The death penalty, inflicted by the government, is a perpetual excuse for mobs.

The greatest danger in a Republic is a mob, and as long as States inflict the penalty of death mobs will follow the example. If the State does not consider life sacred, the mob, with ready rope, will strangle the suspected. The mob will say: "The only difference is in the trial; the State does the same—we know the man is guilty—why should time be wasted in technicalities?" In other words, why may not the mob do quickly that which the State does slowly?

Every execution tends to harden the public heart—tends to lessen the sacredness of human life. . . . . .

A few years ago, in Illinois, a man escaped from jail, and, in escaping, shot the sheriff. He was pursued, overtaken—lynched. The man who put the rope around his neck was then out on bail, having been indicted for an assault to murder. And after the poor wretch was dead, another man climbed the trees from which he dangled and, in derision, put a cigar in the mouth of the dead; and this man was on bail, having been indicted for larceny.

Those who are the fiercest to destroy and hang their fellow-men for having committed crimes are, for the most part, at heart, criminals themselves.

As long as nations meet on the field of war—as long as they sustain the relations of savages to each other—as long as they put the laurel and the oak on the brows of those who kill—just so

long will citizens resort to violence, and the quarrels of individuals be settled by dagger and revolver.

If we are to change the conduct of men, we must change their conditions. Extreme poverty and crime must go hand in hand. Destitution multiplies temptations and destroys the finer feelings. The bodies and souls of men are apt to be clad in like garments. If the body is covered with rags, the soul is generally in the same conditions. Self-respect is gone—the man looks down—he has neither hope nor courage. He becomes sinister—he envies the prosperous—hates the fortunate, and despises himself.

As long as children are raised in the tenement and gutter, the prisons will be full. The gulf between the rich and poor will grow wider and wider. One will depend on cunning, the other on force. It is a great question whether those who live in luxury can afford to allow others to exist in want. The value of property depends, not on the prosperity of the few, but on the prosperity of a very large majority. Life and property must be secure, or that subtle thing called "value" takes its leave. The poverty of the many is a perpetual menace. If we expect a prosperous and peaceful country, the citizens must have homes. The more homes, the more patriots, the more virtue, and the more security for all that gives worth to life.

We need not repeat the failures of the old world. To divide lands among successful generals, or among favorites of the crown, to give vast estates for services rendered in war, is no worse than to allow men of great wealth to purchase and hold vast tracts of land. The result is precisely the same—that is to say, a nation composed of a few landlords and of many tenants—the tenants resorting from time to time to mob violence, and the landlords depending upon a standing army. . . . . .

Tenements and flats and rented lands are, in my judgment, the enemies of civilization. They make the rich richer, and the poor poorer. They put a few in palaces, but they put many in prisons. . . . . .

No one places a higher value upon the free school than I do; and no one takes greater pride in the prosperity of our colleges

and universities. But at the same time, much that is called education simply unfits men successfully to fight the battle of life. Thousands are today studying things that will be of exceedingly little importance to them or to others. Much valuable time is wasted in studying languages that long ago were dead, and histories in which there is no truth. . . . . .

In all the schools children should be taught to work in wood and iron, to understand the construction and use of machinery, to become acquainted with the great forces that man is using to do his work. The present system of education teaches names, not things. It is as though we should spend years in learning the names of cards, without playing a game. . . . . .

The fear of punishment may deter some, the fear of exposure others; but there is no real reforming power in fear or punishment. Men cannot be tortured into greatness, into goodness. All this, as I said before, has been thoroughly tried. The idea that punishment was the only relief, found its limit, its infinite, in the old doctrine of eternal pain; but the believers in that dogma stated distinctly that the victims would never be, and never could be reformed.

As men became civilized they become capable of greater pain and of greater joy. To the extent that the average man is capable of enjoying or suffering, to that extent he has sympathy with others. The average man, the more enlightened he becomes the more apt he is to put himself in the place of another. He thinks of his prisoner, of his employee, of his tenant—and he even thinks beyond these; he thinks of the community at large as man becomes civilized, he takes more and more into consideration circumstances and conditions. He gradually loses faith in the old ideas and theories that every man can do as he wills, and in the place of the word "wills," he puts the word "must." The time comes to the intelligent man when in the place of punishments he thinks of consequences, results—that is to say, not something inflicted by some other power, but something necessarily growing out of what is done. . . . . In the atmosphere of kindness the seeds of virtue burst into bud and flower. Cruelty,

tyranny, brute force, do not and can not by any possibility better the heart of man. He who is forced upon his knees has the attitude, but never the feeling, of prayer.

I am satisfied that the discipline of the average prison hardens and degrades. It is for the most part a perpetual exhibition of arbitrary power. There is really no appeal. The cries of the convict are not heard beyond the walls. The protests die in cells, and the poor prisoner feels that the last tie between him and his fellow-men has been broken. He is kept in ignorance of the outer world. The prison is a cemetery, and his cell is a grave. . . . . .

Every manly feeling, every effort toward real reformation, is trampled under foot, so that when the convict's time is out there is little left on which to build. He has been humiliated to the last degree, and his spirit has so long been bent by authority and fear that even the desire to stand erect has almost faded from the mind. The keepers feel that they are safe, because no matter what they do, the convict when released will not tell the story of his wrongs, for if he conceals his shame, he must also hide their guilt.

Every penitentiary should be a real reformatory. That should be the principal object for the establishment of the prison. The men in charge should be of the kindest and noblest. They should be filled with divine enthusiasm for humanity, and every means should be taken to convince the prisoner that his good is sought—that nothing is done for revenge—nothing for a display of power, and nothing for the gratification of malice. He should feel that the warden is his unselfish friend. When a convict is charged with a violation of the rules—with insubordination, or with any offense, there should be an investigation in due and proper form, giving the convict an opportunity to be heard. He should not be for one moment the victim of irresponsible power. He would then feel that he had some rights, and that some little of the human remained in him still. They should be taught things of value—instructed by competent men. Pains should be taken not to punish, not to degrade, but to benefit and ennoble.

We know, if we know anything, that men in the penitentiaries are not altogether bad, and that many out are not altogether good; and we feel that in the brain and heart of all there are the seeds of good and bad. We know, too, that the best are liable to fall, and it may be that the worst, under certain conditions, may be capable of grand and heroic deeds. Of one thing we may be assured—and that is, that criminals will never be reformed by being robbed, humiliated, and degraded.

Ignorance, filth, and poverty are the missionaries of crime. As long as dishonorable success outranks honest efforts—as long as society bows and cringes before the great thieves, there will be little ones enough to fill the jails. . . . . .

I cannot more fittingly close this address than by quoting the prayer of the Buddhist: "I pray thee to have pity on the vicious —thou hast already had pity on the virtuous by making them so."

Lincoln Opposed the Extension of Slavery and Negro Equality

By CARL SANDBURG

"Wherever slavery is it has been first introduced without law. The oldest laws we find concerning it are not laws introducing it, but regulating it as an already existing thing.

"Let me say I think I have no prejudice against the southern people. They are just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not now exist among them, they would not introduce it. If it did now exist among us, we should not instantly give it up. This I believe of the masses North and South. Doubtless there are individuals on both sides who would not hold slaves under any circumstances, and others who would gladly introduce slavery anew if it were out of existence.

"We know that some southern men do free their slaves, go North, and become tiptop Abolitionists, while some northern ones go South and become most cruel slave-masters. When southern people tell us they are no more responsible for the origin of slav-

ery than we are, I acknowledge the fact. When it is said that the institution exists, and that it is very difficult to get rid of in any satisfactory way, I can understand and appreciate the saying. I surely will not blame them for not doing what I should not know how to do myself."

Was this oratory? debating? The man, Abraham Lincoln, was speaking to thousands of people as if he and another man were driving in a buggy across the prairie, exchanging their thoughts. He was saying that if all earthly power were given him he couldn't know what to do as to slavery.

There were not ships and money to send the slaves anywhere else; and when shipped anywhere else outside of America they might all die. "What then? Free them all, and keep them among us as underlings? Is it quite certain that this betters their condition? I think I would not hold one in slavery at any rate, yet the point is not clear enough for me to denounce people upon.

"What next? Free them, and make them politically and socially our equals? My own feelings will not admit of this, and if mine would, we well know that those of the great mass of the whites will not. Whether this feeling accords with justice and sound judgment is not the sole question, if indeed it is any part of it. A universal feeling, whether well or ill founded, cannot be safely disregarded. We cannot then make them equals. It does seem to me that systems of gradual emancipation might be adopted, but for their tardiness in this I will not undertake to judge our brethren of the South."

And yet, while he could not say what should be done about slavery where it was already established and operating, he was sure it would be wrong to let it spread North. "Inasmuch as you do not object to my taking my hog to Nebraska, therefore I must not object to your taking your slave. Now, I admit that this is perfectly logical, if there is no difference between hogs and negroes."

The South had joined the North in making the law that classified African slave traders as pirates and provided hanging as the punishment. "If you did not feel that it was wrong, why did

you join in providing that men should be hung for it? The practice was no more than bringing wild negroes from Africa to such as would buy them. But you never thought of hanging men for catching and selling wild horses, wild buffaloes, or wild bears."

The speaker at times was in a way lost from his audience, as though language had not been invented for what he was trying to say. He referred to the man whose business was to operate "sort of negro livery stable," buying and selling slaves. "He watches your necessities, and crawls up to buy your slaves, at a speculating price. If you cannot help it, you sell to him; but if you can help it, you drive him from your door. You despise him utterly. You do not recognize him as a friend, or even as an honest man. Your children must not play with his; they may rollick freely with the little negroes, but not with the slave dealer's children. If you are obliged to deal with him, you try to get through the job without so much as touching him, instinctively shrinking from the snaky contact. If he grows rich and retires from business, you still remember him, and still keep up the ban of nonintercourse upon him and his family. Now, why is this? You do not so treat the man who deals in corn, cotton, or tobacco."

The speech was three hours long. Through most of it Lincoln spoke as though he were not debating, trying to beat and crush an opponent, but rather as though he were examining his own mind, his own facts and views, his own propositions and the demonstrations of them.

And again he was no philosopher at all; he was a sad, lost man chanting a rhythm of the sad and lost. "Little by little, but steadily as man's march to the grave, we have been giving up the old for the new faith. Near eighty years ago we began declaring that all men are created equal; but now from that beginning we have run down to the other declaration that for some men to enslave others is a 'sacred right of self-government.' These principles cannot stand together. They are as opposite as God and Mammon; whoever holds to the one must despise the other"

He pointed to "the liberal party throughout the world," watch-

ing slavery "fatally violating the noblest political system the world ever saw." And he intimated his knowledge of the movement on foot to extend slavery from the black race to certain lower grades of white labor, in saying: "Is there no danger to liberty itself in discarding the earliest practice and first precept of our ancient faith? In our greed-chase to make profit of the negro, let us beware lest we 'cancel and tear to pieces' even the white man's charter of freedom."

He stood among neighbors, in his shirt-sleeves, on a warm October day. The words came slow, hesitating, to begin with, and he spoke often in the tang of his childhood speech. "Just" sounded a little like "jist," and "such" suspiciously like "sich." As his body loosened and swayed to the cadence of his address, and the thoughts unfolded, drops of sweat stood out on his forehead; he was speaking not only with his tongue but with every blood-drop of his body.

A scholarly man said: "His manner was impassioned and he seemed transfigured; his listeners felt that he believed every word he said, and that, like Martin Luther, he would go to the stake rather than abate one jot or title of it." A farmer said: "I don't keer fur them great orators. I want to hear jist a plain common feller like the rest of us, thet I kin foller an' know where's he's drivin'. Abe Lincoln fills the bill."

And the *Springfield Journal* account, written by Bill Herndon: "Lincoln quivered with feeling and emotion. The whole house was as still as death. And the house approved the glorious triumph of truth by loud and continued huzzas. Women waved their white handkerchiefs in token of woman's silent but heartfelt assent. Douglas felt the sting. He frequently interrupted Mr. Lincoln. The Nebraska Bill was shivered, and like a tree of the forest, was torn and rent asunder by the hot bolts of truth. It was a proud day for Mr. Lincoln. His friends will never forget it."

The speech came to an end. The crowd that heard it scattered out of the Statehouse to their homes. But in Peoria twelve days later, Lincoln gave the same speech again to a crowd of

thousands and then went home to Springfield and wrote it out for publication.

Now among many politicans and people in Illinois it was seen there was one man in the state who could grapple and hold his own with Stephen A. Douglas.

"I now do no more than oppose the extension of slavery. I am not a know-nothing; that is certain. How could I be? How can any one who abhors the oppression of negroes be in favor of degrading classes of white people? Our progress in degeneracy appears to me to be pretty rapid. As a nation we began by declaring, 'All men are created equal.' We now practically read it, 'All men are created equal, except negroes.' When the know-nothings get control, it will read, 'All men are created equal except negroes, foreigners, and Catholics.' When it comes to this I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty—to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, and without the alloy of hypocrisy."

Though commanding higher pay as a lawyer, he was driving his own cow from pasture and milking her, cutting wood and carrying it into the house, shoveling the snow off his sidewalks.

He had asked a Kentuckian why it was becoming more respectable than it used to be to own slaves. The Kentuckian answered: "You might have any amount of land, money in your pocket, or bank stock, and while traveling around, nobody would be any wiser; but if you had a darky trudging at your heels, everybody would see him and know you owned a slave. It is the most glittering property in the world. If a young man goes courting, the only inquiry is how many negroes he or she owns. Slave ownership betokens not only the possession of wealth, but indicates the gentleman of leisure, who is above labor and scorns labor."

"Those arguments that are made, that the inferior race are to be treated with as much allowance as they are capable of enjoying; that as much is to be done for them as their condition will allow—what are these arguments? They are the arguments

that kings have made for enslaving the people in all ages of the world. You will find that all the arguments in favor of kingcraft were of this class; they always bestrode the necks of the people—not that they wanted to do it, but because the people were better off for being ridden. That is their argument, and this argument of Judge Douglas is the same old serpent that says, "You work and I eat, you toil and I will enjoy the fruits of it."

Lincoln pasted the Declaration of Independence paragraph declaring all men created equal, followed by two passionate sentences from Henry Clay of Kentucky. "I repeat it, sir, I never can, and never will, and no earthly power will make me vote, directly or indirectly, to spread slavery over territory where it does not exist. Never, while my heart sends the vital fluid through my veins—never!"

Amusing Story of Why Men Lie and the Different Kind of Liars

By Judge Joe Baldwin

I, therefore take the responsibility of saying, after due reflection, that in my opinion, Bolus's reputation stood higher for lying than for anything else; and in thus assigning pre-eminence to this poetic property, I do it without any desire to derogate from other characteristics belonging to the same general category, which have drawn the wondering notice of the world. Some men are liars from interest, not because they have no regard for truth, but because they have less regard for it than for gain; some are liars from vanity, because they would rather be well thought of by others, than have reason for thinking well of themselves; some are liars from a sort of necessity, which overbears, by the weight of temptation, the sense of virtue; some are enticed away by the beguilements of pleasure, or seduced by evil example and education. Bolus was none of these; he belonged to a higher department of the fine arts, and to a higher class of professors of this sort of Belles-Letters. Bolus was a natural

liar, just as some horses are natural pacers, and some dogs natural setters. What he did in that walk, was from the irresistible promptings of instinct, and a disinterested love of art. His genius and his performances were free from the vulgar alloy of interest or temptation. Accordingly, he did not labor a lie, he lied with a relish, he lied with a coming appetite, growing with what it fed on, he lied from the delight of invention and the charm of fictitious narrative. It is true he applied his art to the practical purposes of life; but in so far did he glory the more in it; just as an ingenious machinist rejoices that his invention, while it has honored science, has also supplied a common want. Bolus's genius for lying was encyclopediacal, it was what German criticism calls many-sided. It embraced all subjects without distinction or partiality. It was equally good upon all, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Bolus's lying came from his greatness of soul and his comprehensiveness of mind. The truth was too small for him. Fact was too dry and common-place for the fervor of his genius. Besides, great as was his memory—for he even remembered the outlines of his chief lies—his invention was still larger.

He had a great contempt for history and historians. He thought them tame and timid cobblers; mere thinkers of other people's wares—simple parrots and magpies of other men's sayings or doings; borrowers of and acknowledged debtors for others' chattels, got without skill; they had no separate estate in their ideas they were bailers of goods, which they did not pretend to hold by adverse title; buriers of talents in napkins making no usury; barren and unprofitable non-producers in the intellectual vineyard. He adopted a fact occasionally, but, like a Sheffield razor and the crude ore, the workmanship, polish and value were all his own." His experiments upon credulity, like charity, began at home. He had long torn down the partition wall between his imagination and his memory. Bolus's life was not a common man's life. His world was not the hard, work-day world the groundlings live in; he moved in a sphere of poetry; he lived amidst the ideal and romantic. He bought goods and

chattels, lands and tenements like other men; but he got them under a state of poetic illusion, and paid for them in an imaginary way. Even the titles he gave were not of the earthly sort—they were sometimes clouded. There was nothing narrow, sectarian or sectional in Bolus's lying. It was on the contrary broad and catholic. It had no respect to times or places."

The Debate on Mormon Polygamy—Brigham H. Roberts Denied Seat in Congress—Pleads His Own Cause

From The Congressional Record, December, 1899

Mr. McRae. Mr. Speaker, I object to the gentleman from Utah being sworn in. . . . He is a polygamist, and his election is an assault upon the American home, an effort to degrade American womanhood and to destroy the sacred marriage system of one man to one woman. He has not only violated the laws of the United States, but also the fundamental compact made by his State with her Government. . . . If the facts charged can be proved or established there ought not to be a single member of this House who would vote to have him take his seat. (Applause.)

Mr. Roberts. . . Mr. Speaker, I invoke the protection that is given to the constituency of a sovereign State against the proceedings that are instituted here to deprive me of the privilege of being sworn in as a member of this House. . . . I am not asking any privilege in this House. I am not begging any favor of the members of this House. Under the shadow of the Constitution of the United States, I demand, both for myself and for the people of my State, the protection that is due to us. It is a demand that I make and not a favor I ask. (Applause on the Democratic side and in the galleries.) . . . What mighty emergency has arisen that demands this disregard of constitutional limitations? What vital force or principle of our Government is threatened? Who is in arms against our institutions, that you should resort to methods that never were resorted to except in

the midst of civil war. . . . It is alleged that a man guilty of having married under the sanction of his church a plurality of wives has been elected to the House of Representatives, and hence that the American home is in danger and these extraordinary proceedings must be invoked against it. . . . The Jewish people were made the depository of God's revelation to humanity. You will not find the crime of polygamy referred to regarded among that people as of the character that it is described here in the report of the committee. Evidently it is not from its nature a sin or a crime. If it were, you would not find the Jewish law enforcing it under some circumstances, regulating it under other circumstances, and men after God's own heart sustaining those relations which are now supposed to justify you in closing the doors against the member from Utah. If you go to the teachings of the great Master, whom, I take it, we all revere, although He denounced every crime, every sin that man can commit, you shall find no word of His in condemnation of the conduct of the patriarchs or of the law relating to this matter as it was given by Moses to ancient Israel. . . . I passed a magnificent heroic statue of stern old Martin Luther, . . . the nations of western Europe and America owe no man more than they do him for the religious and civil liberty that they possess, the founder of Protestant Christendom; and that man upon this subject that is here so much denounced declared. . . . I indeed must confess that I can not protest when one takes many wives, for it does not contradict the Scriptures. . . . I desire to call attention to the origin of this institution of plurality of wives in the Mormon Church. It began under sanction of a revelation purporting to have been received by Joseph Smith. . . . It was a part of their religion, and they considered themselves protected alike in their belief and in the practice thereof under the provisions of the Constitution—that provision which said: Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . . Special funds were granted to the courts in Utah and a judicial crusade started. . . . A perfect reign of terror existed throughout the Territory. Women and

children were driven into exile. . . . I remember that the day I myself stood before the court. . . . A personal friend said to the court. "This man need not go to prison if he will speak the word and say that he will obey the law and give up this institution." I refused to say the word, because I felt at that time that it would have been like deserting the cause of God to do it. (Applause in the galleries.) Hence, I stood true to the convictions that had been instilled into my heart from boyhood, and so far as I was personally concerned in the matter, I felt as if I could have stood to have the flesh hewed piece by piece from my body rather than to have been untrue to that religious conviction. Some of the papers . . . have said, "Brand this man with shame and send him back to his people," Mr. Speaker, I thank God that the power to brand me with shame is something quite beyond the power of this House, great as that power is. . . . I have lived up to this day in all good conscience in harmony with the moral teachings of the community in which I was reared and am sensible of no act of shame in my life. Brand me with shame! Why, if you finally determine either to exclude or expel me, I shall leave this august Chamber with head erect and brow undaunted and walk God's earth as the angels walk the clouds, with no sense of shame upon me. (Applause on the floor and hisses from the gallery.) And, if in response to the sectarian clamors, you violate the Constitution of your country, either in excluding or expelling me, all the shame that there is in this case will be left behind me and rest with this House. . . . (Applause.)

The Heart Balm Racket

From The Press

A few weeks ago a Chicago jury of 100 per cent. American males rewarded a young woman for her success in catching a so-called sugar daddy by a verdict of $125,000. Next they carried her about the courtroom on their shoulders while news photographers snapped pictures showing plenty of ankle.

And then in Detroit a mixed jury gave almost a half million dollars to a boarding-house proprietress who declared that one of

her tenants, who was seven years younger than she, promised to marry her and then didn't. The testimony showed that since the days when the defendant was young and indigent he had paid her some $11,000 plus stipends of from $500 to $1,800 a month. As in the Chicago case, the jury seemed to feel that the fact that the man had the money was sufficient reason for paying a woman more money for alleged damage to her affections than ten honest stenographers can earn in forty-five years of actual work. No wonder the breach-of-promise racket is increasing.

Some time or other there may have been a breach-of-promise case brought in good faith in which unrequited love deserved a pay-off. Such phenomena are admittedly rare, however, in comparison with the shaking down of rich young rulers and rich old duffers by the type of woman that jurors ordinarily select for carrying about on their shoulders. The fact that nobody has much sympathy for the victims of this racket does not mitigate its evils nor obliterate the insult to decent women implied in the reduction of a promise of marriage to a commodity which can be sold to a jury by particularly obnoxious salesmanship.

President Andrew Johnson Defends His Policies Before the People in the Tragic Era of Reconstruction

The Press

The New York *Herald* tells us there was a complete jam from curbstone to doorways. Every window was filled with happy, smiling faces, roofs were crowded, while every tree and awning post was alive with men and boys. . . . Amid tumults of applause Johnson was then introduced. "All that is wanting in the great struggle in which we are engaged," he said, "is simply to develop the popular heart of the nation. It is like latent fire. . . . We have just passed through a bloody, perilous conflict . . . we have, gentlemen . . . with us . . . who have . . . participated in these struggles for the preservation of the Union. . . . " (Great applause.) The suppression of the Rebellion, he told them, had established the great fact that no states had the right "by forcible or by peaceable means to separate themselves from

the Union. (Cheers.) That having been settled in the field, and in . . . the executive department of the government. There is another department of your government which has . . . declared that the government was dissolved and the states were out of the Union. And now when the doctrine is established that they have no right to withdraw . . . and the states again . . . renew their relations, as far as in them lies, with the federal government, we find that when they present representatives to the Congress of the United States, in violation of the sacred charter of liberty, which declares that you cannot even by amendment of the Constitution . . . deprive any of them of their representation . . . that these states of the Union have been and still are denied their representation in the Senate and in the House of Representatives . . . " Johnson continued to inquire if the country were prepared to permit the states to "remain as they are, in practical dissolution," amid cries of "No, no." "Are we prepared to renew the scene through which we have passed? . . . Are we again prepared to see . . . this land . . . drenched in a brother's blood?" "Never, never." (Cheers.) "Are we not rather prepared to bring from Gilead the balm that has relief in its character and pour it into the wound?" (Loud cheering.) Comparing his distracted country to a family rent by quarrels, in language that was now on fire, he thus spoke of his Southern fellow countrymen: "They are our brethren. . . . (Cheers.) They are part of ourselves. ("Hear, hear!") They are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. (Cheers.) They have lived with us and been part of us from the establishment of the government to the commencement of the Rebellion. They are identified with its history, with all its prosperity. . . . We have had a hiatus, as it were, but . . . we have come together again; and now, after having understood what the feud was, and the great apple of discord removed; having lived under the Constitution of the United States in the past, they ask to live under it in the future. Why is a Southern man not to be believed?" he asked. The audience cried out: "They are to be believed." And Johnson went on: "Thank God, though I say it myself, I feel that I have obtained opinions . . . that are

coextensive with all these states, with all the people of them." Johnson went on: "While I am a Southern man, I am a Northern man; that is to say, I am a citizen of the United States (cheers) and I am willing to concede to all other citizens what I claim for myself. . . . The Southern States or their leaders proposed a separation. . . . We said, 'You shall not separate, you shall remain with us, and the Constitution shall be preserved and enforced.' . . . (Cheers.) We said to them before the termination of the Rebellion, 'Disband your armies, return to your original position in the government, and we will receive you with open arms. . . . The query comes up," continued Johnson, "will they be accepted? Do we want to humiliate and degrade them and tread them in the dust?" ("No, no!" Cheers.) "I do not want them to come back into this Union a degraded and debased people. (Loud cheers.) They are not fit to be a part of this great American family if they are degraded and treated with ignominy and contempt. I want them when they come back to become a part of this great country, an honored portion of the American people. I want them to come back with all their manhood; then they are fit and not without that to be a part of these United States. . . . (Cheers.) I fought those in the South who commenced the Rebellion, and now I oppose those in the North who are trying to break up the Union. (Cheers.) I am for the Union. (Great applause.) I am against all those who are opposed to the Union. (Great applause.) I am for the Union, the whole Union, and nothing but the Union. . . . (Renewed applause.) The cup of my ambition has been filled to overflowing with the exception of one thing. Will you hear what that is? (Cries of "Yes!") I find the union of these states in peril. If I can now be instrumental in keeping the possession of it in your hands, in the hands of the people; in restoring prosperity and advancement in all that makes a nation great, I will be willing to exclaim as Simeon did of old of Him who had been born in a manger, that I have seen the glory of thy salvation, let thy servant depart in peace. . . . (Applause.) I would rather live in

history, in the affection of my countrymen, as having consummated this great end, than to be President of the United States forty times."

Defense of Mary Harris

By SENATOR DANIEL W. VOORHEES

Gentlemen of the Jury:

It is not necessary for me to attempt to increase your sense of the solemnity of the issue which is placed in your hands. Nor need I dwell upon the fact that this is one of the most remarkable cases ever submitted to a jury for trial. In many of its aspects it wears features more startling and extraordinary than we have hitherto met with in the annals of jurisprudence. There is no man in this court-room, no one throughout this broad land, whatever his experience or profession may be, who has ever seen its like in all respects before.

A few months ago, in open day, in one of the public buildings of this capital, and in the presence of numerous observers, a human being shot down by the frail hand of the prisoner at the bar, and sent to his final, dread account. . . . .

Let us pause and reason together for a few moments on a primary question in this case. The life of this defendant, from the days of her early and happy childhood to the present hour, has been investigated and laid open before you. Every trait of her character, all the general incidents of her conduct since she was ten years old, have been elucidated and detailed in your hearing. Of what vice has she ever been guilty? In what immorality has she ever indulged? Not one, at no time, and under no circumstances. Her life has been amiable, kind, affectionate, blameless, and pure. . . . At the very threshold of this case you are to answer this question: Can a young and generous mind, wholly uncontaminated with vice, unsullied and unstained by contact with the evil practices of life, without previous training even in the contemplation of crime, at once, while in a healthy state, in the undisturbed enjoyment of all its faculties, incur that awful

grade of guilt at which civilized human nature in all ages stands aghast? Is it within your experience that the soil of virtue bears spontaneously the hideous fruits of vice? Are there no graduations in human character and conduct? Where is the hardened criminal who ever ascended the gibbet in expiation of his offenses who has not marked his downfall from small beginnings, increasing gradually and swelling in volume until he was hurled onward to the commission of those gigantic crimes for which the law claimed his life as forfeit? And yet you are called on to believe that this defendant, at one single bound, sprang from the paths of virtue, gentleness, and purity, without any intervening preparation, to the highest and most revolting grade of guilt and ferocity known to human society. Those who have predetermined her guilt and passed a verdict in advance of the evidence and the law may indulge in this absurd and repulsive philosophy. They may cherish this libel on human nature. And, in doing so, they may as well go further. Let the school-houses be torn down and the churches abandoned. The instruction and moral culture of youth are useless and in vain. The precepts of morality and the principles of religion afford no security to the minds of their possessors and the sudden, instantaneous development of the most appalling wickedness.

In the name of reason and universal experience I utterly repudiate this shocking theory, which the prosecution is forced to embrace before it can proceed a single step against the life of this girl. In the name of undefiled and virtuous human nature I repel it. In the name of innocent childhood and unstained womanhood, in the name of your own dear ones at home, I pronounce it a slander upon those holy attributes of the human heart which tend upwards, and ally us with heaven. I deny that Marry Harris is a criminal. I deny that any murder has been committed. I deny that this young prisoner is responsible for the death of A. J. Burroughs. I assert that his death was not a crime. He was not slain in violation of law, for offenses against the law can only come by those who possess a sound mind and an unimpaired intelligence. And now, invoking your attention, I shall proceed to

show you from the story of her life, which must constitute her defense, that it is not your duty to lay your hands in further punishment on the suffering head of Mary Harris, but that it will rather be your pleasing task to open her prison doors and bid her go free, attended by the charitable blessings of all Christian people.

Who is this unfortunate defendant, and whence came she, when her weary feet bore her still more weary heart to this crowded capital? A short time since, and but few here could have answered; but now all is known. We see at a single glance a gliding, panoramic view of the life of an earnest, devoted girl. Our eyes first rest upon a point nearly ten years ago. At this time Mary Harris was a beautiful and happy child. . . . In that hour of tender childhood the evidence shows that Burroughs first met her; and would to God that in that hour she had died! Gentle memories would have clustered around her peaceful grave, and this bitter cup whose very dregs she is now drinking would have been spared her. There is a mercy at times in death, for which the stricken soul longs and gasps as the parched and feverish earth does for the cooling rain. . . .

. . . Need I dwell at length upon the imperious nature of the influence which he obtained over her? The child became absorbed in the man. What else could happen? They walked the pathway of life hand in hand for many long years of hope and fond anticipation. He taught her to regard him as her future destiny. He was all the world to her. Her heart opened and expanded under the influence of his smile as the bud becomes a flower beneath the rays of the sun. She grew up to womanhood in unquestioning obedience to his will. The ties by which she was bound to him were the growth of years, and embraced all the strength of her whole being. And did all this have no effect on the subsequent condition of her mind when disaster came? He had carried her to the highest pinnacle of happiness and hope. She stood upon the summit of joyous expectations, and all around her was a sunshine and gladness. . . . Yes; though poor and humble, yet she loved and was beloved, and it was enough; she

was content. For in that hour, when a virtuous woman feels for the first time that she possesses the object of her devotion, there comes to her a season of bliss which brightens all the earth before her. The mother watching her sleeping babe has an exclusive joy beyond the comprehension of all hearts but her own. The wife who is graced by her husband's love is more beautifully arrayed than the lilies, and envies not the diadems of queens. But to the young virgin heart, more than all, when the kindling inspiration of its first and sacred love is accompanied by a knowledge that for it in return there burns a holy flame, there comes an ecstacy of the soul, a rapturous exaltation, more divine than will ever again be tasted this side of the bright waters and perennial fountains of paradise. The stars grow brighter, the earth more beautiful, and the world for her is filled with a delicious melody. This, peculiarly, is woman's sphere of happiness. There she concentrates all the wealth, the unsearchable riches of her heart, and stakes them all upon the single hazard. . . .

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, where thou lodgest I will lodge:

"Thy people shall be my people, thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and there I will be buried:

"May the Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me."

It was the man still pointing the course for the child to follow. And shall this be imputed to her as a fault? Will this prosecution, fed as I believe it to be free from the springs of private malice, assail her because she trusted Burroughs and confided in his honor? Had Burroughs been faithful to his vows, as he was called on to be, by every attribute which ennobles manhood, by every law human and divine, then this unhappy girl would have been today his respected wife, and the world would have applauded her sublime devotion to him when the truth between them was sought to be poisoned by whispering tongues. Now, because he was false and broke her heart, you are called on to believe that this act abased her virtuous brow into the dust of

shame. I repel this calumny. Not only do I pronounce it a slander upon Mary Harris, but it is equally a slander upon the truth, fidelity, and virtue of womanhood. She did no more than what the proudest, the purest, and the best have done in all countries and at all times. She endowed upon him whose arm she leaned with the principles of justice and honor; she crowned his brow with a constellation of all the Virtues, and then trusted him. She turned her back on home, kindred, and friends, and with him faced the world alone.

. . . Shall this trial impress upon the public mind, as a lesson for future action, that it is a part of the Christian character to win the love and confidence of a child, to cultivate her affections as years advance, engage to become her husband, induce her to leave her home in order to enjoy his society, and to escape from another proposal of marriage; and then, after seven years of hope deferred, to dispel all her bright dreams of life by quitting her in a moment, by dropping all connection with her without a word of explanation, by marrying another woman and turning his back on her forever. Government and its officials, churches and their ministers, the press and its editors are all powerful auxiliaries of public opinion, and I have heard their loud and clamorous notes throughout this trial, but when they ask me to subscribe to this idea of Christian grace and human excellence, I shall confidently appeal to you against them all. . . .

According to this new theology falsehood has become respectable, treachery noble, and the base, cowardly betrayal of young, inexperienced female confidence, a qualification for a seat with the just made perfect. I can join in no such wretched blasphemy. I cling to the old and homely virtues according to those whose teachings such conduct has been loaded with infamy from the earliest dawn of civilized human society; and taking my stand on this universal verdict of all ages, this irreversible judgment of enlightened mankind, I say that such conduct is more injurious to morality than murder, that it is worthy of the punishment of death, and that he who is guilty of it ought to die. I do not, it is true, place this defense on that ground, but when the prosecution

sees fit to tender an issue upon the character of the deceased in the face of the black and revolting record of his guilt, it is proper that it should be met. When an effort is openly made to debauch the public mind into the belief that vice is virtue, that turpitude is morality, and that crime against unsuspecting innocence is one of the adornments of the Christian religion, then I conceive that the voice of truth should be heard. . . .

Seven years of love were spurned in an instant. Seven years of patient hope were turned in a moment to despair. He had lifted her up almost to celestial heights, only that her fall might be sufficiently great to dash her to pieces. Though without sin, yet she was cast out from her place of blissful abode and fell like the sun of the morning to hope no more forever. In order to understand the effect of disappointment and misfortune, we must fully consider the condition of the mind when the shock came. Adopting this rule in the present instance, and we shudder at the bare contemplation of the mental agony of the defendant when she realized that she was abandoned by him for whom she had abandoned all but her honor. . . .

Let it not then be said that because Mary Harris is pure, her wrongs are less. I have even heard it urged that because, through all the long and intimate years which she passed with Burroughs, she kept the vestal fires of chastity alive in her heart, that therefore her sufferings could not have been so great, when he abandond her, and attempted to stain her name with pollution, as if she had fallen. This is not my theory of female character. The just, the pure, the good, those who have never consented unto iniquity, are those who, as a general rule, are unable to relieve themselves from those burning memories of cruelty and injustice which so often bring distraction. . . .

He not merely left this girl alone in the world, robbing her of all the priceless treasures of hope which she had laid up in the future, but he endeavored, in the very wantonness of wickedness, to trample her in the mire under his feet; to make her an object of scorn; to taint her name with moral leprosy, and to consign her to odium and shame.

And must the brother come now, and struggle to drag this wan, emaciated, and striken being to an awful and ignominious death? Is he not satisfied with the ruin already wrought? Are you not ready to exclaim, "Spare her, Dr. Burroughs; oh! spare her! Spare her for the sake of the name you bear. Enough she has suffered in that name. For the love of God and for the sake of His mercies spare her broken life. Do not press and trample on the fallen and undone. She may meet you no more in this world. You may forget her mortal agonies in the honeyed commendations of your followers. But there comes a day when the one who murdered her peace, and the one who now seeks to murder her life, will both meet their victim in the presence of the Great Judge, and in a court above the sun, where misfortune is not a crime, and where earthly distinctions fade away; where the poor are rich, and the merciful blessed; where the feeble are strong, and the oppressor's rod is broken; and in that awful presence they will be called to answer why, at their hands, Mary Harris was beaten and scouraged to madness and death. Spare her; oh! spare her! lest, if you succeed in your purpose to slay her here, she will confront you in the eternal world as a bright angel, with her fair hair dabbled in her own innocent blood, shed by your hand, and there shriek into your shrinking ear, "False, fleeting, and perjured'!"

Alas! how often the great rules of right—eternal and unchangeable right—are perverted in man's administration of justice! How often the accused should be the accuser! How often the unoffending sufferer bears the punishment due alone to others! What a scene is this in which we are all engaged! Here, before you, sits one of the feeblest and saddest beings ever born of woman—a mere helpless atom, buffetted and driven here by angry and malignant winds. The babe in its mother's arms was never more unconscious of the evil purposes of crime, than the heart of this pale and wasted prisoner. Yet the freezing terrors of the law surround her on all sides; the judge upon the bench, with wise and patient calmness elucidating its principles; this jury, listening to the story of her blighted life, and solemnly weighing the evi-

dence; this crowded and anxious audience watching the result; and men, bearded men, earnestly discussing the issue, whether she may live or die!

Gentlemen, I sometimes tire of life when I see wrong and injustice spreading their prosperous branches as the green and flourishing palm; when those by whom offences come in this world, who prey upon virtue and turn it into vice, who sport with innocence in order to poison it, who make a mockery of love and a plaything of truth, go not only unscathed of the law, but even applauded by the hired panderers to a depraved and debauched public sentiment. . . .

And why, without one solitary witness to support their theory of the case, do the prosecutors so hunger and thirst for the conviction of this most desolate and bereaved of sorrowing mortals? Why do they clamor so fiercely against the barriers of the law and of the evidence which encompass her about, in order to drag that sick and fragile body to a miserable death? Is it punishment they seek? She has suffered more already than the king of terrors in his most frightful form can inflict. If she had been broken on the wheel, her limbs disjointed, and her flesh torn in piecemeal by the most fiendish skill of the executioner, her tortures would have been merciful compared to the racking which sunders into fragments the immortal mind. There is no arrow in death's full quiver that can give this young breast a new sensation of agony. She has sounded all the depths and shoals of misery and pain. She has lived in "A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame." Restore her by your verdict to the soothing influences of friends, of home. Let her go and lay her aching head on the maternal bosom of that Church which for eighteen centuries has tenderly ministered to her children in distress. Let her go and seek, in the love and mercy of the Father of us all, consolation for the cruelty and inhumanity of man.

. . . When you are discharged from your protracted confinement and return to your homes, as you will in a few hours, ask those whom you meet there, whether they desired you to cut the feeble thread of this girl's life by your verdict. I will abide by

their answer. To no one has she appeared as the criminal, save to those who conduct and inspire the prosecution. To all others in your midst she has presented the sad spectacle of calamity and misery. Her purity, her gentleness, her guileless truth, shining out in every word and act, have won to her side in this dark hour your oldest, your best, and most honored citizens. Her prison abode has been brightened by the presence of the noblest and purest of her own sex, and delicate flowers from the loftiest station in the world have mingled their odors with the breath of her captivity. . . . Men venerable in years, and strong in their convictions of the principles of immutable right, have been drawn to her assistance by an instinctive obedience to the voice of God, commanding them to succor the weak, lift up the fallen, and alleviate the distress of innocence. And now for Mary Harris, and in the name of Him who showered his blessing on the merciful, who spoke the parable of the Samaritan, who gave the promise to those who feed and clothe the stranger in their gates, and who visit the sick and them that are in prison, I thank the people of the capital. Add one more obligation for her to remember until the grave opens to hide her from the world. It is in your hands to grant. The law in its grave majesty approves the act. The evidence with an unbroken voice demands it. Your own hearts press forward to the discharge of a most gracious duty. The hour is almost at hand for its performance. Unlock the door of her prison, and bid her bathe her throbbing brow once more in the healing air of liberty. Let your verdict be the champion of law, of morality, of science. Let it vindicate civilization and humanity, justice and mercy.

Appealing to the Searcher of all hearts, to that omnipresent eye which beholds every secret thought, for the integrity of my motives in the conduct of this cause, and for the sincerity of my belief in the principles which I have announced, I now, with unwavering confidence in the triumph of innocence, surrender all into your hands.

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